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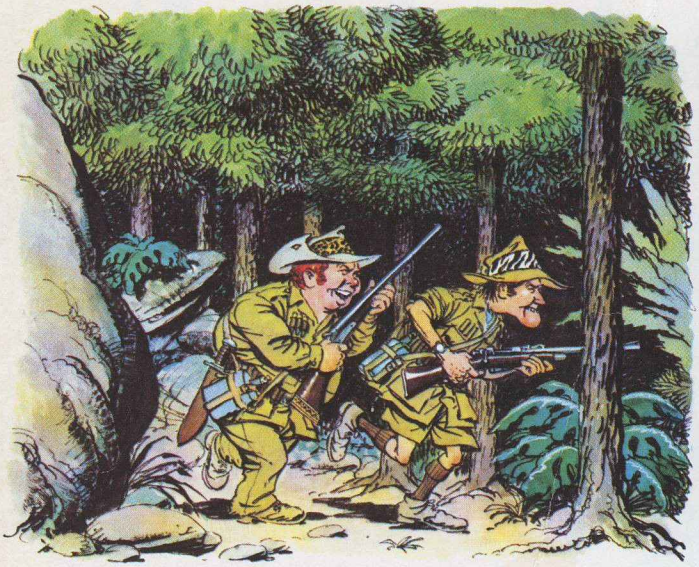

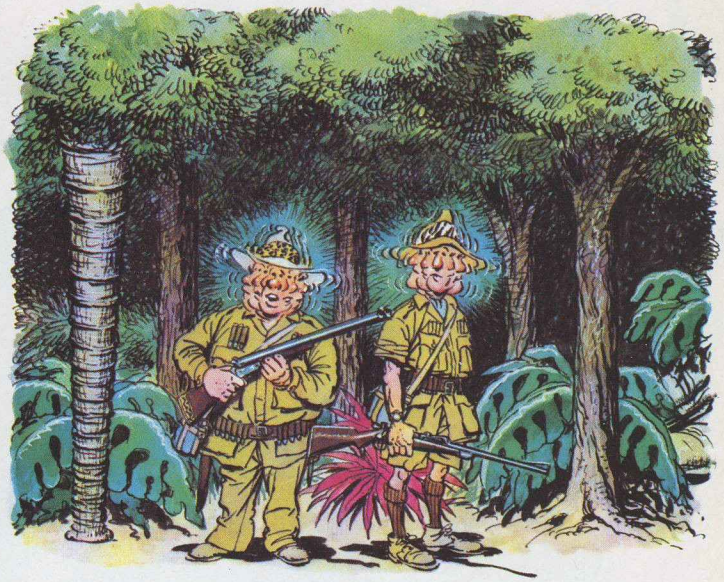

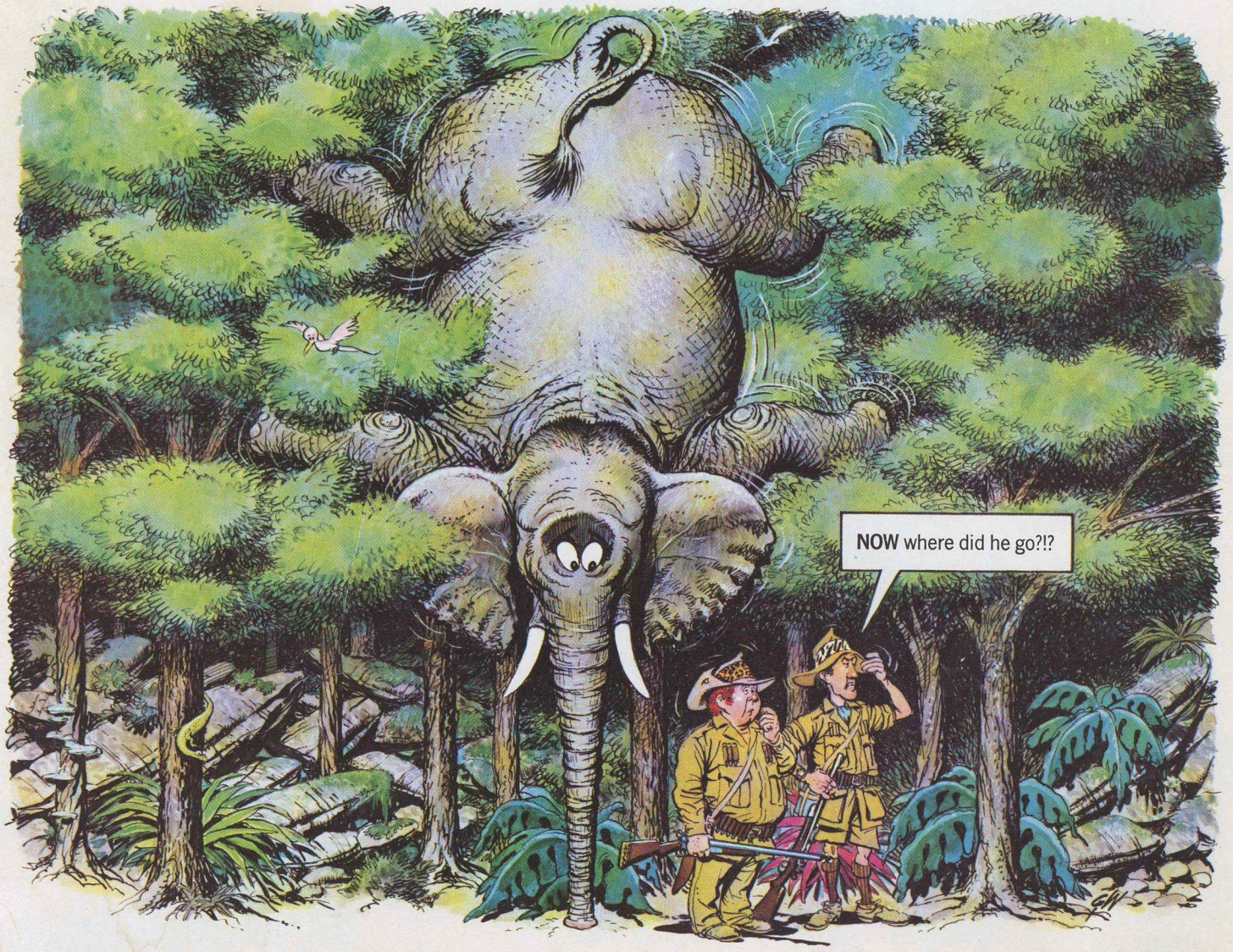

WRITER: DON EDWING ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

MAD
SUMMER 1980 SUPER SPECIAL
NUMBER THIRTY-ONE

"The early bird gets the worm . . .
but look what happens to the early worm!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
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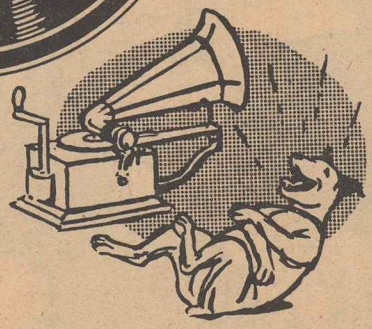
the usual gang of idiots



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DEPARTMENTS
(In Order Of Their Appearance)

"FAMILY" REUNION DEPARTMENT
"The Odd-Father Part, Too!" (Movie Satire) 2

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
Don Martin Beats The High Cost Of Gasoline 10
One Morning On The Assembly Line 21
One Fine Day In Suburbia 37
One Beautiful Evening Last May 59
One Saturday Night At The North Pole 74

NEUMANCLATURE DEPARTMENT
Additions To The Dictionary 13

REIGNING CATS AND DOGS DEPARTMENT
You Know You're Really A Pet Owner When 14

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Chores 16
The Lighter Side Of The Fast-Food Craze 52

SOUR GRIPES DEPARTMENT
It Ain't Fair When 22

ECCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT
Pollution Alert 24

MINOR DISASTER DEPARTMENT
Young Sports Illustrated Magazine 25

ROUND TRIP-SCHTICK DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Commuting 30

FLIPPED DISC DEPARTMENT
The MAD Mystery Record
"It's A Super-Spectacular Day" ..... Insert

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 33, 62

FROM BAD TIMES TO VERSE DEPARTMENT
MAD's Recession Mother Goose 34

FLOAT SOME AND JETTISON SOME DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look at Burial At Sea 38

AFFRONTAL ATTACK DEPARTMENT
TV Disclaimers We'd Like To See 40

SHOE-BIZ DEPARTMENT
Footnotes To Football 44

JEST DESSERTS DEPARTMENT
Some Real Life Scenes We'd Like To See 46

ADVICE TO THE FORLORN DEPARTMENT
What Is A Guidance Counselor? 50

INFERIORITY COMPLEX DEPARTMENT
A Modern Business Success Story 57

ERR APPARENT DEPARTMENT
How Many Mistakes
Can You Find In This Picture? 60

DOIN' THE VARSITY DRAGON DEPARTMENT
MAD's College Football Coach Of The Year 63

ODDS FOR THE LOVE OF MOOLA DEPARTMENT
Other Betting Pools 68

CAMP-SIGHT-GAGS DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Back-Packing 70

TIRED BLOOD HOUNDS DEPARTMENT
"Barnacle Groans" (A MAD TV Show Satire) 75

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones ..... **

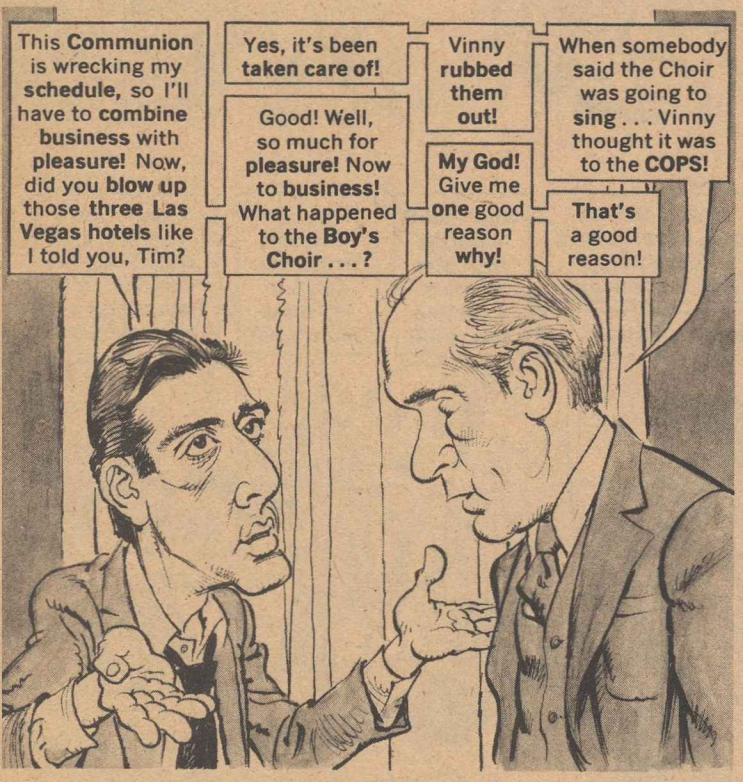
**Various Places Around The Magazine

"FAMILY" REUNION DEPT.

When last we saw the beloved Minestrone Family three years (and a couple of hundred bodies, and several Academy Awards, and $100 million in box office grosses) ago, God had made Vino, the original Odd Father, an offer he couldn't refuse and called him to that "Great Pizzeria In The Sky," and Micrin, Vino's youngest son, had taken over. We pick up the action again with Micrin Minestrone as Head of the Family and determined to prove that *he* can play . . .

THE O PA

DD FATHER
RT, TOO!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Some family I got! My Sister, Canny, wants to marry a bum . . . and my Brother, Freako, is married to a tramp!!

Don't say that about my wife, Micrin! It's not fair!

Come on, Freako! She treats you like a dog!

That's a dirty lie!!

Freako, have you seen today's newspaper . . .?

I'll go and fetch it for you, Honey!

Isn't that disgusting!? A marriage should be based on mutual love and respect!

Then how come I'm Number 74 in line to see you?

I'll make it up to you, Fay! Tomorrow is our Wedding Anniversary, and I've got a surprise for you!

Oh, what is it, Micrin? Tell me! I can't wait!!

I'm moving you up to Number 38!

What's happening to us!?! We're drifting apart! You have to get out of the rackets and go straight!

Supposing I don't want to! Supposing I'm happy exactly the way I am!

I want a Husband I can look up to!

Supposing I wear platform heels!

Don't they make a real nice couple . . . dancing cheek to cheek . . .?

It's more like cheek to neck!

This is all very nice, but shouldn't we be getting on with the action?!?

KILL . . .! KILL . . .!

Who's that? A Button Man who wants to kill some poor soul?

No . . . the Screen-Writer who wants to kill some more time!

Okay . . . let's flash back to when Vino, the original Odd Father, was only nine years old!

SICILY, 1901

Don Choochoo, esteemed Mafioso, I would like you to meet my Son, Vino . . .

Such a handsome boy! Soon he will look just like his Father!

But his Father is dead!

That's what I meant!! KILL HIM!!

Please, Don Choochoo! You killed my Husband and other Son! Vino is all I have! He will never try to avenge those killings! I swear it! He's an innocent little boy! Vino! Show Don Choochoo how sweet you are! Recite the poem you learned in your Sicilian Grammar School . . .

Simple Simon met a Pieman going to the fair, Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Let me taste your ware?"

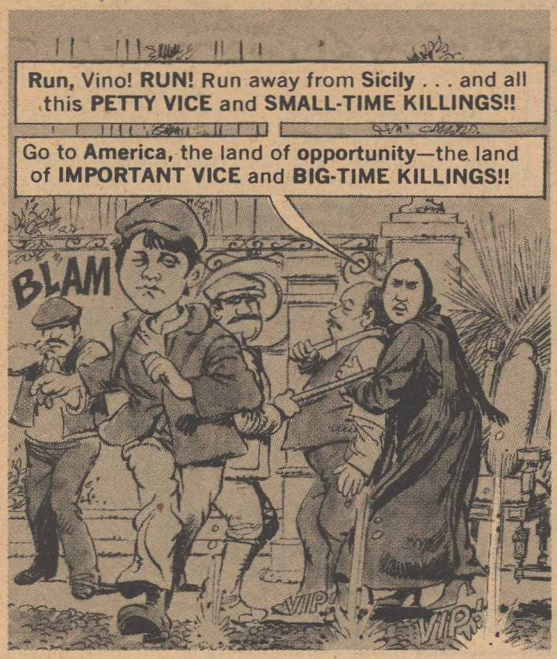
Aw! Isn't he cute!

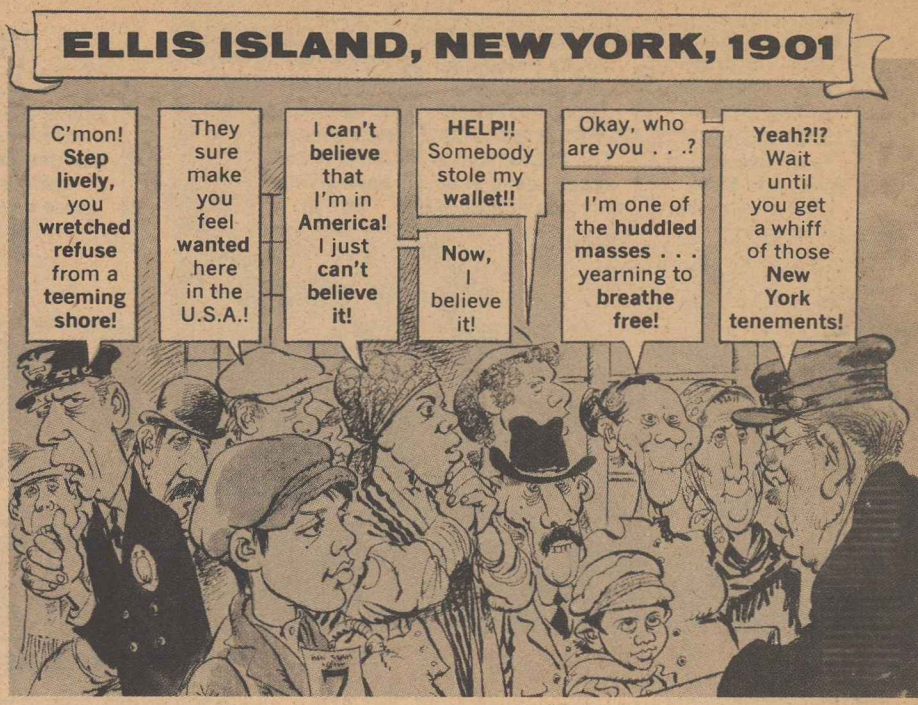
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon "Show me first your penny!" Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Indeed I haven't any!"

That's just adorable! Okay, let the boy go!

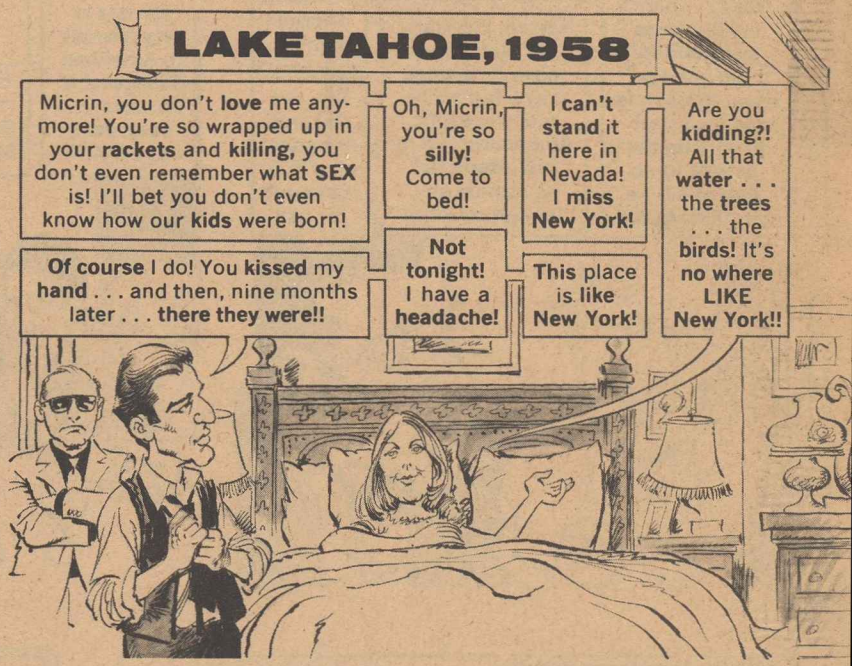
Then Simple Simon made the Pieman an offer he couldn't refuse!

KILL that kid! KILL HIM!!

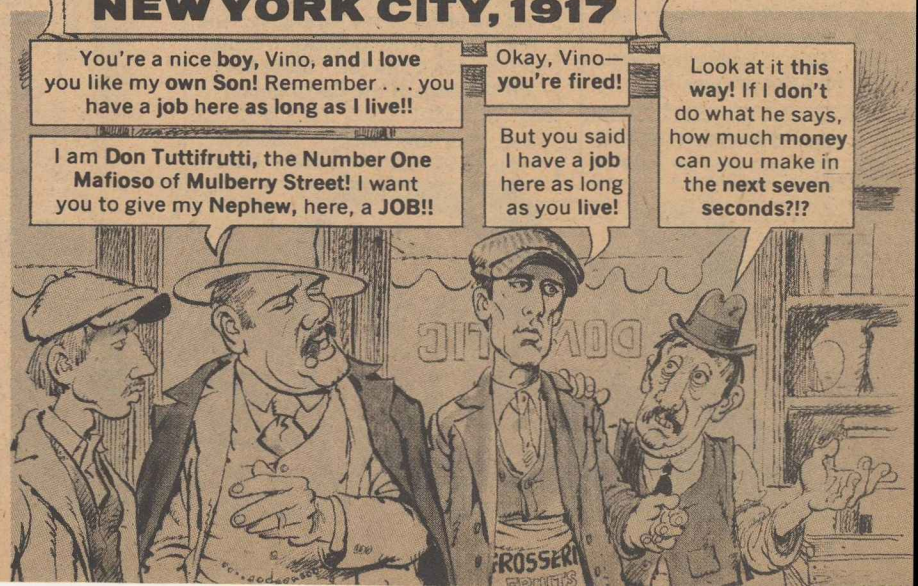

Run, Vino! RUN! Run away from Sicily . . . and all this PETTY VICE and SMALL-TIME KILLINGS!!
Go to America, the land of opportunity—the land of IMPORTANT VICE and BIG-TIME KILLINGS!!
BLAM
VIP!
VIP!

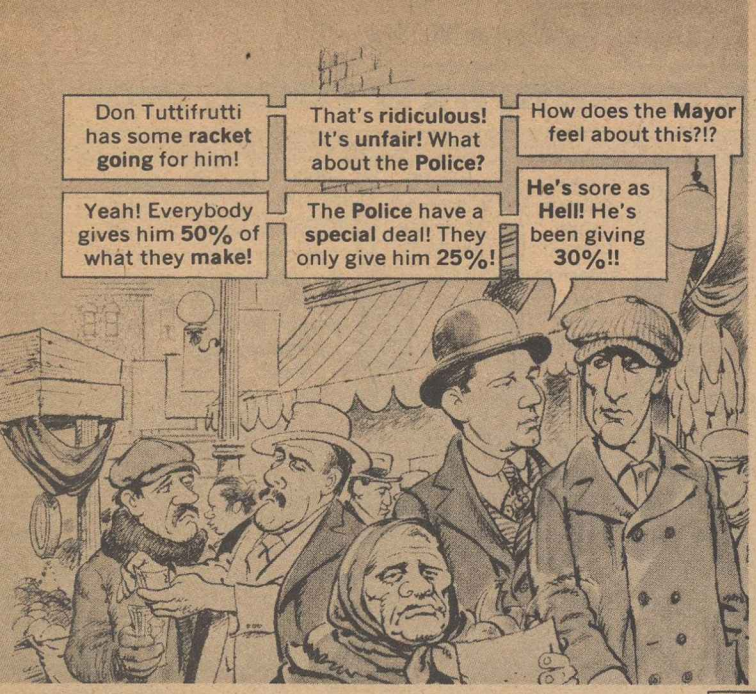

ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK, 1901
C'mon! Step lively, you wretched refuse from a teeming shore!
They sure make you feel wanted here in the U.S.A.!
I can't believe that I'm in America! I just can't believe it!
HELP!! Somebody stole my wallet!!
Now, I believe it!
Okay, who are you . . .?
I'm one of the huddled masses . . . yearning to breathe free!
Yeah?!? Wait until you get a whiff of those New York tenements!

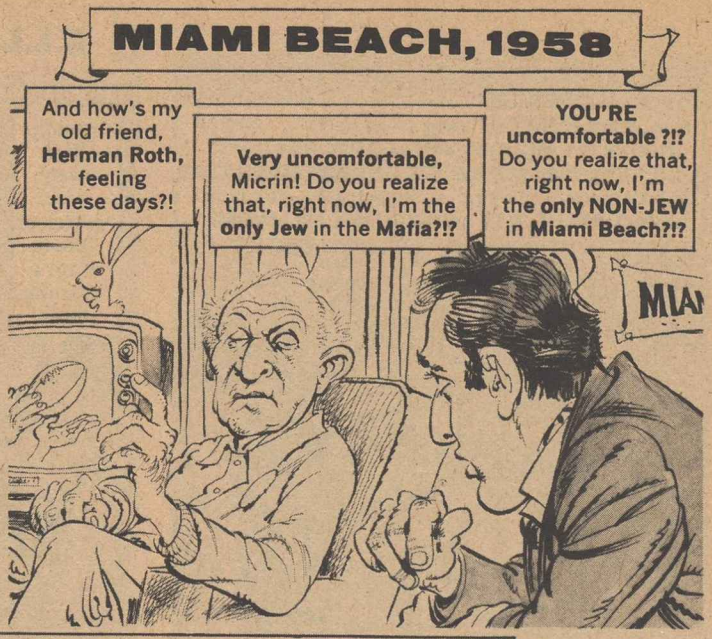
I plan to be a teacher here in the New World!
I plan to be a great scientist!
I want to make this country a much cleaner place to live in!
That's sweet! And how do you plan to do that, little boy . . .?
By controlling all the garbage collection on the Whole East Coast! Or . . .
Or what?
Or ELSE?

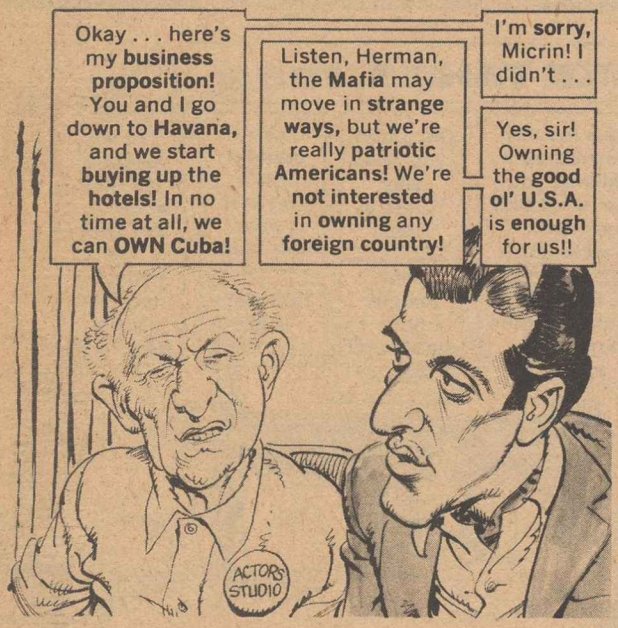

LAKE TAHOE, 1958
Micrin, you don't love me anymore! You're so wrapped up in your rackets and killing, you don't even remember what SEX is! I'll bet you don't even know how our kids were born!
Oh, Micrin, you're so silly! Come to bed!
I can't stand it here in Nevada! I miss New York!
Are you kidding?! All that water . . . the trees . . . the birds! It's no where LIKE New York!!
Of course I do! You kissed my hand . . . and then, nine months later . . . there they were!!
Not tonight! I have a headache!
This place is like New York!

NOW it's like New York!!
VIP
VIP
VIP
RATATATATAT

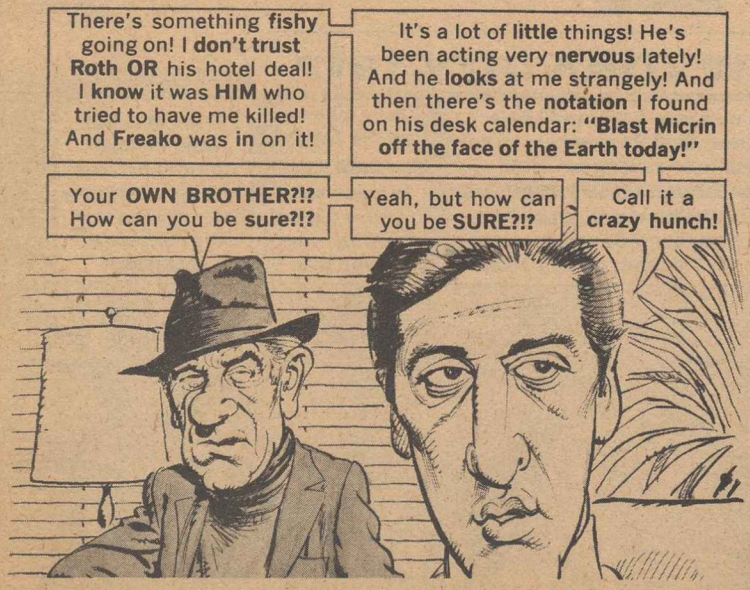

NEW YORK CITY, 1917
You're a nice boy, Vino, and I love you like my own Son! Remember . . . you have a job here as long as I live!!
I am Don Tuttifrutti, the Number One Mafioso of Mulberry Street! I want you to give my Nephew, here, a JOB!!
Okay, Vino—you're fired!
But you said I have a job here as long as you live!
Look at it this way! If I don't do what he says, how much money can you make in the next seven seconds?!?


Don Tuttifrutti has some racket going for him!
That's ridiculous! It's unfair! What about the Police?
How does the Mayor feel about this?!?
Yeah! Everybody gives him 50% of what they make!
The Police have a special deal! They only give him 25%!
He's sore as Hell! He's been giving 30%!!


MIAMI BEACH, 1958
And how's my old friend, Herman Roth, feeling these days?!
Very uncomfortable, Micrin! Do you realize that, right now, I'm the only Jew in the Mafia?!?
YOU'RE uncomfortable ?!? Do you realize that, right now, I'm the only NON-JEW in Miami Beach?!?


Okay . . . here's my business proposition! You and I go down to Havana, and we start buying up the hotels! In no time at all, we can OWN Cuba!
Listen, Herman, the Mafia may move in strange ways, but we're really patriotic Americans! We're not interested in owning any foreign country!
I'm sorry, Micrin! I didn't . . .
Yes, sir! Owning the good ol' U.S.A. is enough for us!!
ACTORS STUDIO

HAVANA, CUBA, 1958
Batista is very friendly to American Business! If we close this hotel deal, we're MADE!
As the President of Cuba, I welcome all you important Industrialists! Please state your company affiliation!
I'm with General Motors!
I'm with United Airlines!
Mmm! I love the sound of those names!
I'm with Castro Convertibles!
YOU, get out!

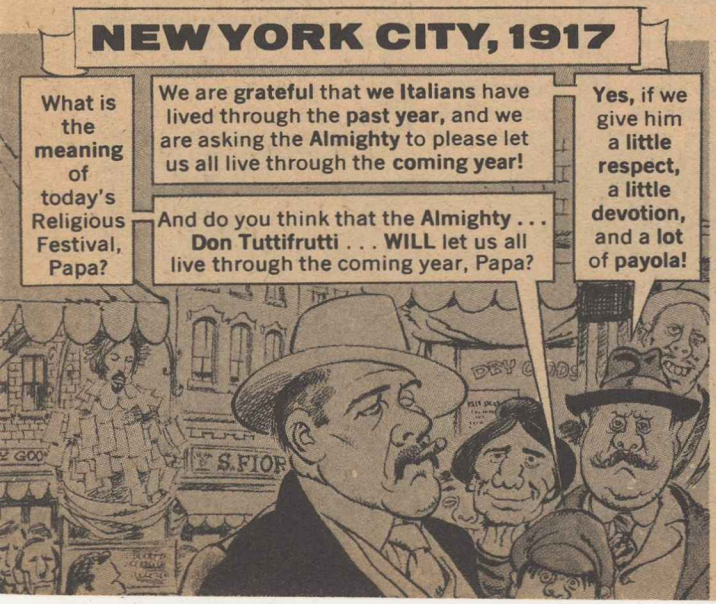

There's something fishy going on! I don't trust Roth OR his hotel deal! I know it was HIM who tried to have me killed! And Freako was in on it!
It's a lot of little things! He's been acting very nervous lately! And he looks at me strangely! And then there's the notation I found on his desk calendar: "Blast Micrin off the face of the Earth today!"
Your OWN BROTHER?!? How can you be sure?!?
Yeah, but how can you be SURE?!?
Call it a crazy hunch!

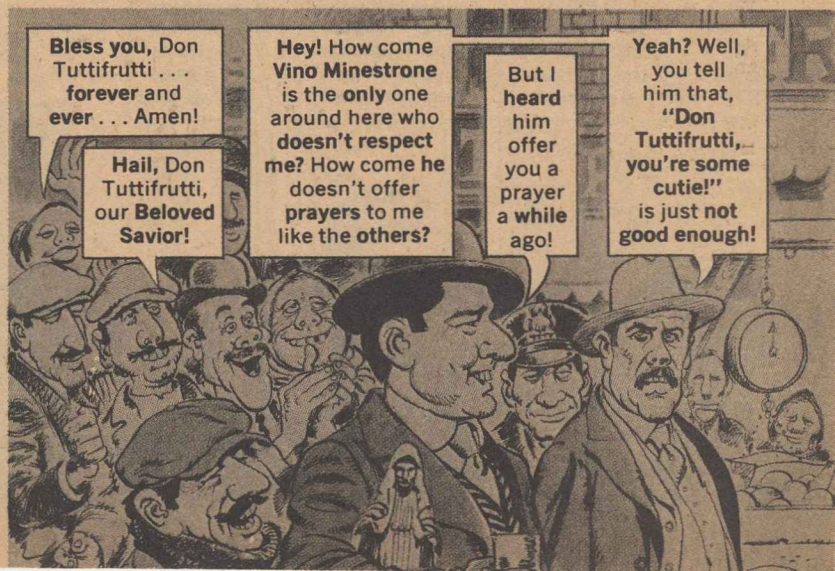
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
LONG LIVE CUBA!
Freako, you fink! You'll pay for what you did!
Look! It's the "Kiss of Death!"
You're telling me! He kissed me, too! That GARLIC! Phew! I thought that I would DIE!

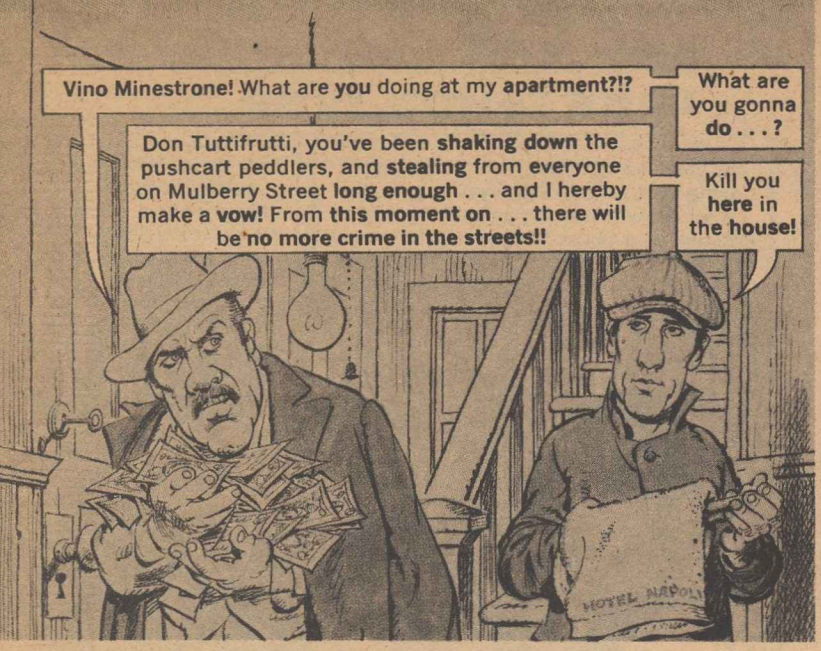
LAKE TAHOE, 1959

WASHINGTON, D.C. 1959

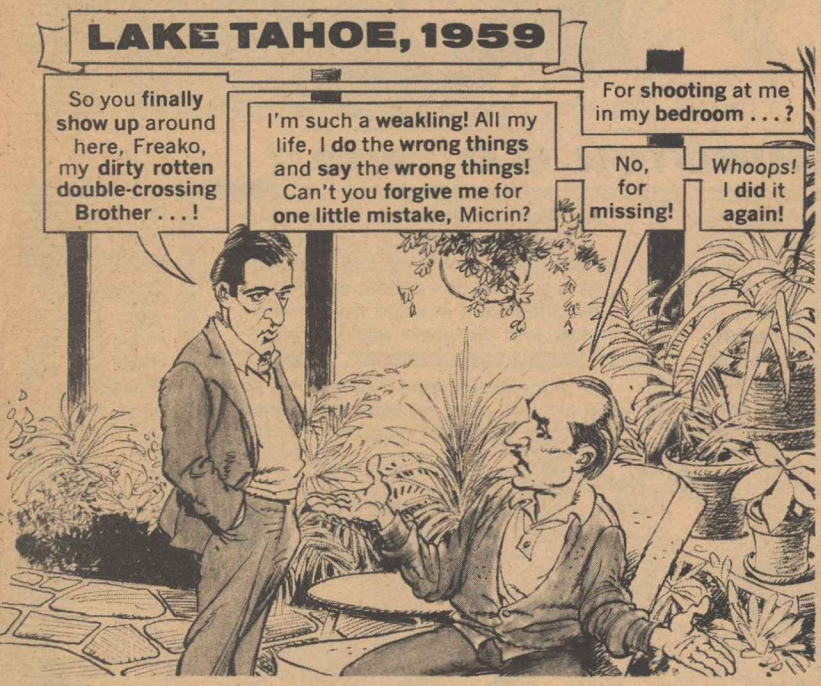
NEW YORK CITY, 1917

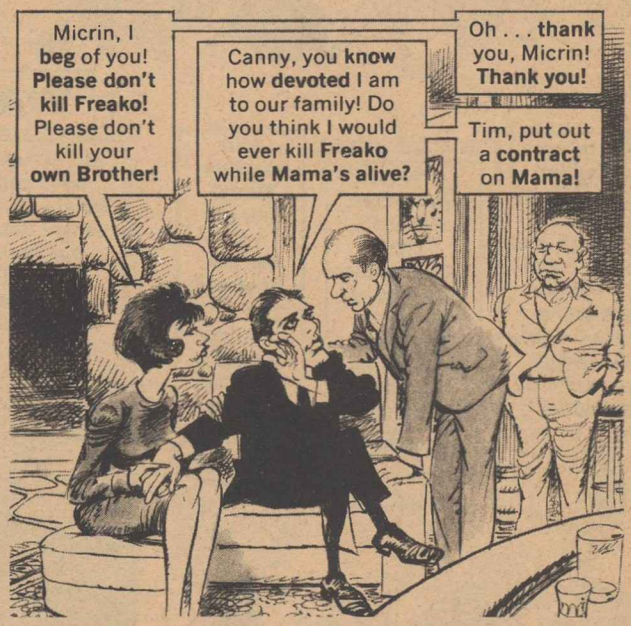


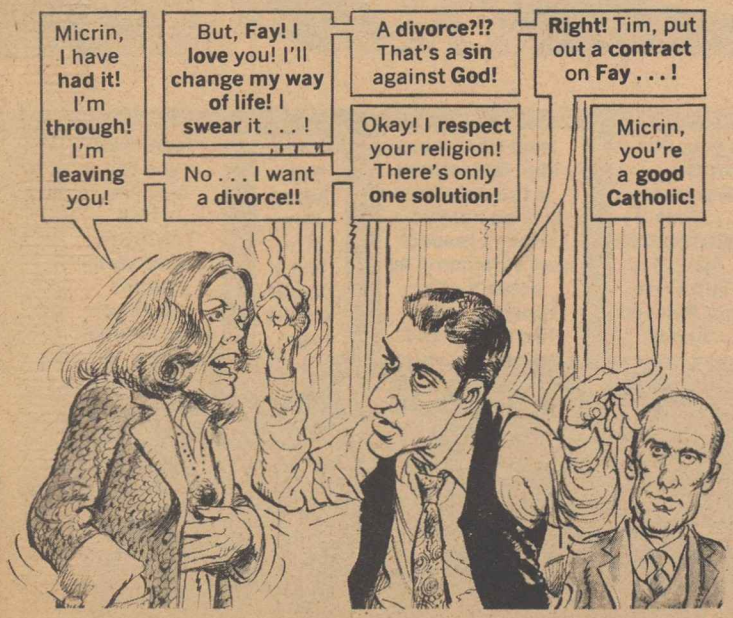


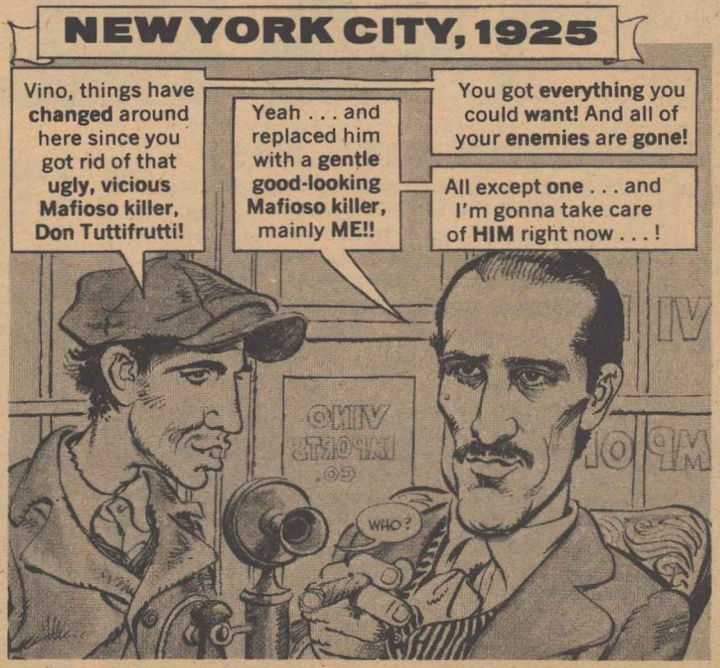

Vino Minestrone! What are you doing at my apartment?!?
What are you gonna do . . . ?
Don Tuttifrutti, you've been shaking down the pushcart peddlers, and stealing from everyone on Mulberry Street long enough . . . and I hereby make a vow! From this moment on . . . there will be no more crime in the streets!!
Kill you here in the house!

BLAM! BLAM!


LAKE TAHOE, 1959
So you finally show up around here, Freako, my dirty rotten double-crossing Brother . . . !
I'm such a weakling! All my life, I do the wrong things and say the wrong things! Can't you forgive me for one little mistake, Micrin?
For shooting at me in my bedroom . . . ?
No, for missing!
Whoops! I did it again!


Micrin, I beg of you! Please don't kill Freako! Please don't kill your own Brother!
Canny, you know how devoted I am to our family! Do you think I would ever kill Freako while Mama's alive?
Oh . . . thank you, Micrin! Thank you!
Tim, put out a contract on Mama!

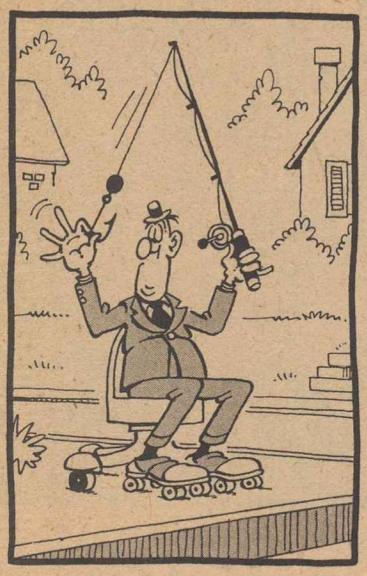

Micrin, I have had it! I'm through! I'm leaving you!
But, Fay! I love you! I'll change my way of life! I swear it . . . !
No . . . I want a divorce!!
A divorce?!? That's a sin against God!
Okay! I respect your religion! There's only one solution!
Right! Tim, put out a contract on Fay . . . !
Micrin, you're a good Catholic!

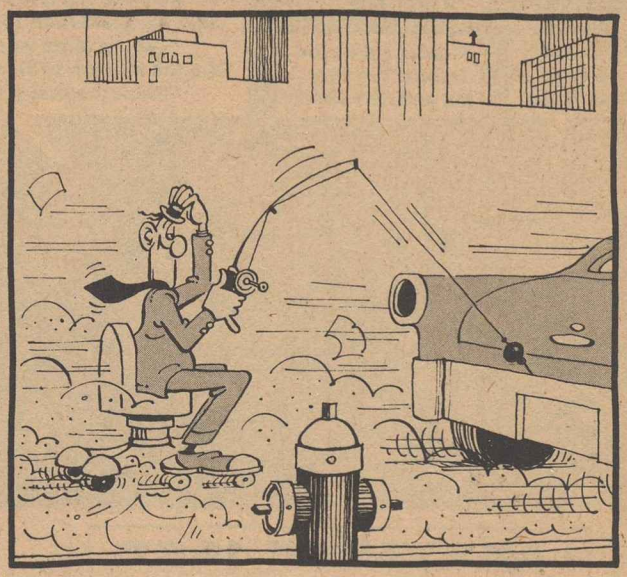

NEW YORK CITY, 1925
Vino, things have changed around here since you got rid of that ugly, vicious Mafioso killer, Don Tuttifrutti!
Yeah . . . and replaced him with a gentle good-looking Mafioso killer, mainly ME!!
You got everything you could want! And all of your enemies are gone!
All except one . . . and I'm gonna take care of HIM right now . . . !
WHO?

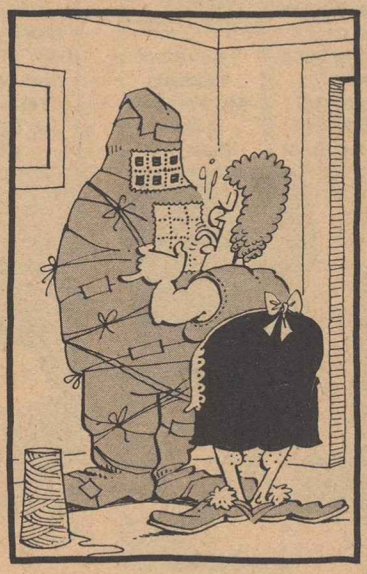
SICILY, 1925
Remember me, Don Choochoo?
Try! Think back twenty-four years! A Mother . . . and a little boy . . .
Let me refresh your memory . . .
Please! I'm just a tired old man!
Please! Leave me alone! I'm very old and very tired!
Simple Simon met a Pieman going to the fair, Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Let me taste your ware?" Said the Pieman to Simple Simon, "Show me first your penny . . ."
Yecch! It was horrible! What a terrible way for an old man to die!
Stabbed in the gut with a knife?
No . . . bored to death by a dumb Nursery Rhyme!!
LAKE TAHOE, 1959
Well . . . all of my enemies are gone now!
All of MY enemies are gone now, too!
POP!! What are you doing in MY decade?
Mama mia! With all the crazy switching back and forth in this picture, I KNEW this would happen!
It's a miracle!
You're not kidding! My own Son is older than me!
Well, Pop! They made a lot of money on these two "Odd Father" movies! But I'm retiring now, so I guess it's all over!
It's too bad, too! We still got 16 years of blood and gore between NOW and 1975! It would be nice if we could squeeze out one more picture . . . !
It sure would! But who could possibly be The Odd Father Number III?!?
Hi, Pop! Hello, Grandpa!
DON ANTONIO!!
We'll make the Producer an offer he can't refuse!!

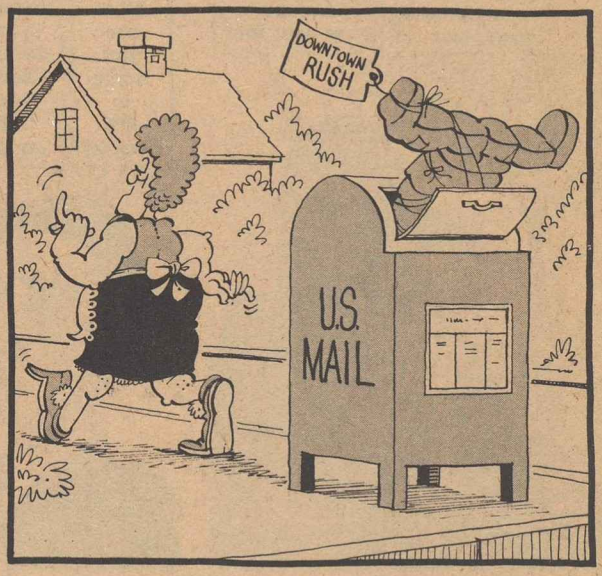
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

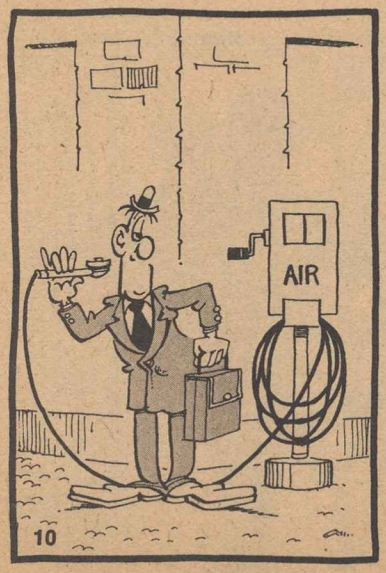
DON MARTIN BEATS THE

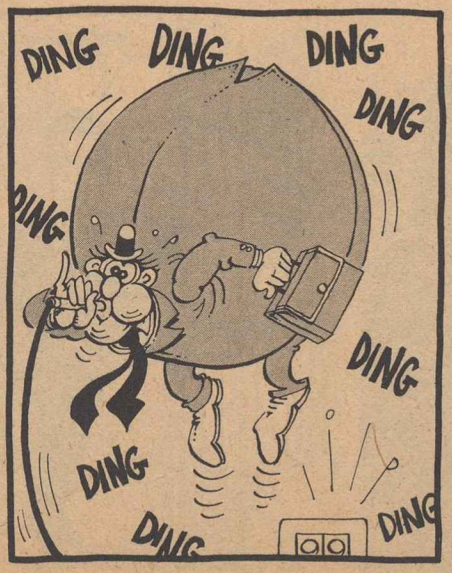


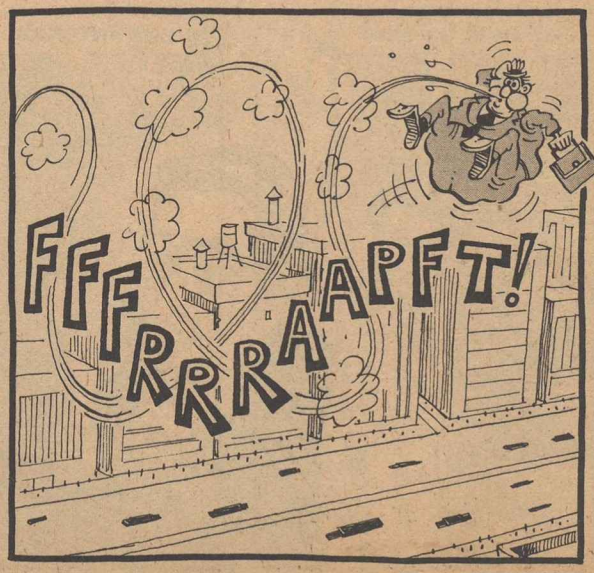




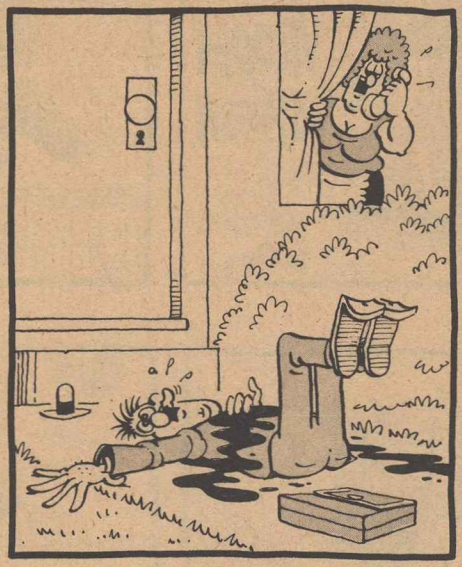


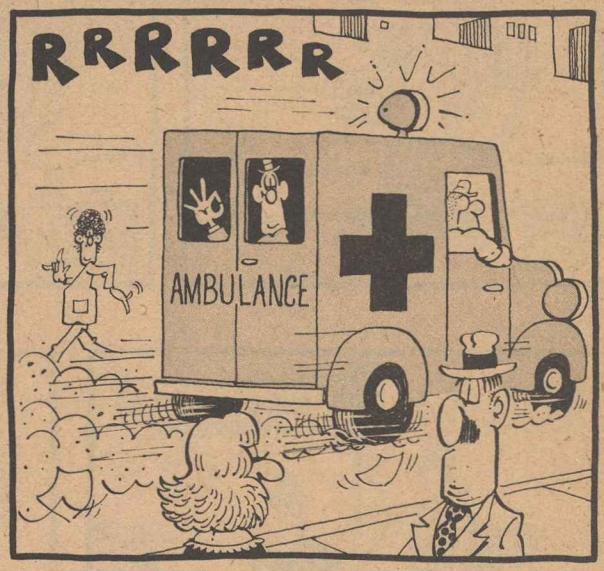


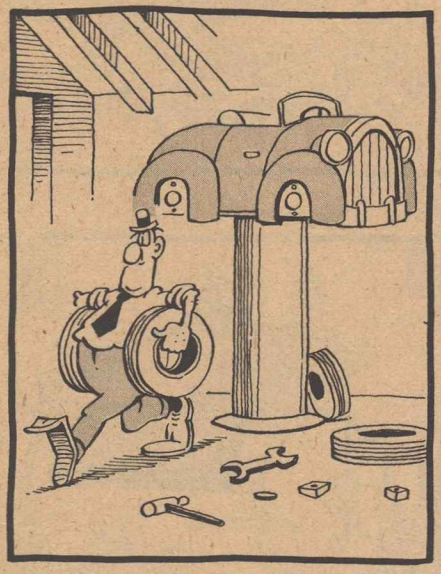


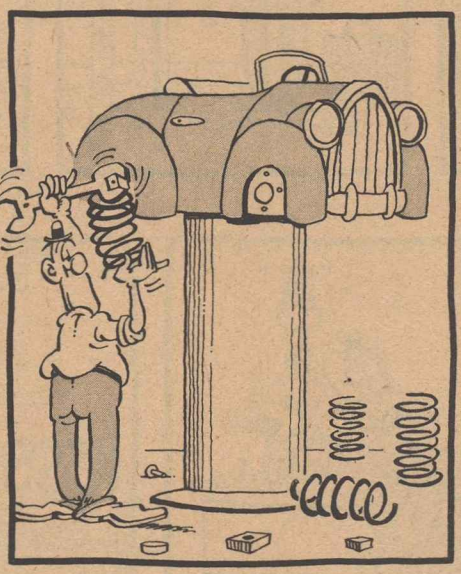


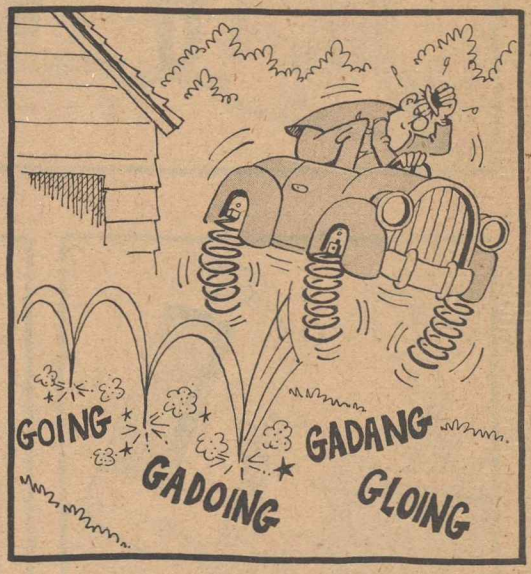
HIGH COST OF GASOLINE

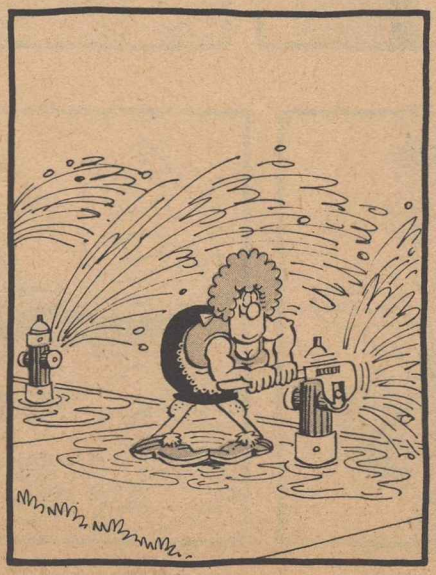


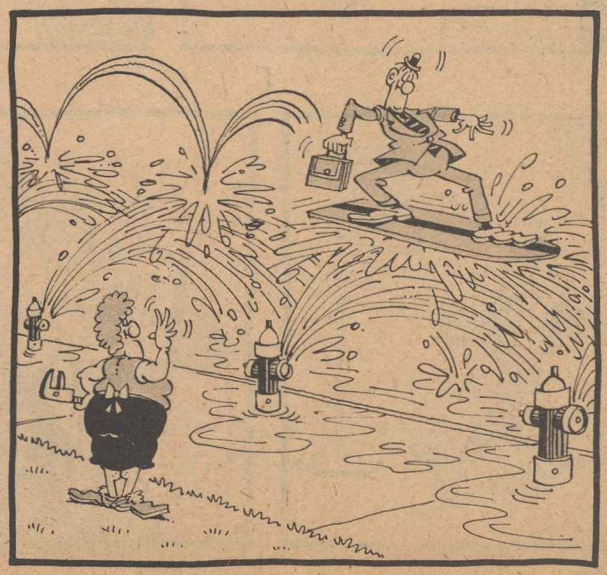


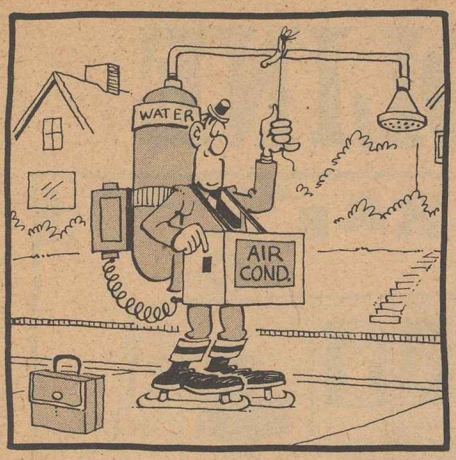


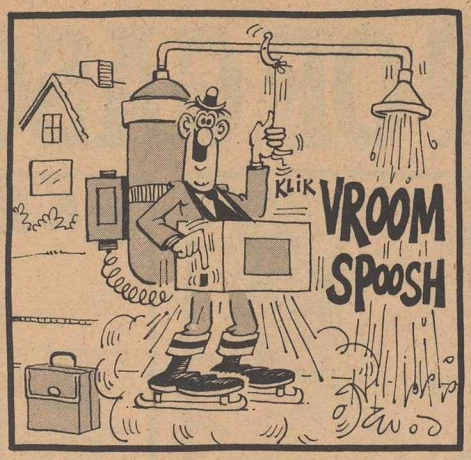


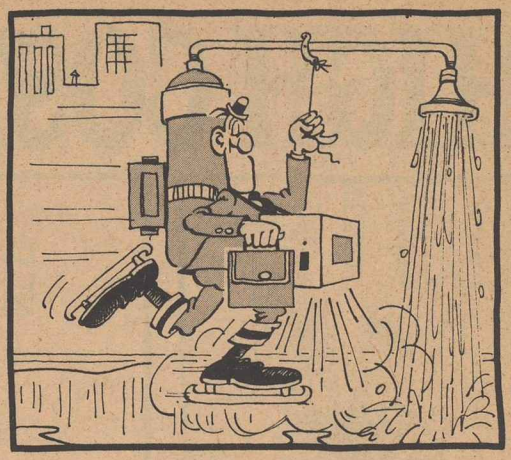


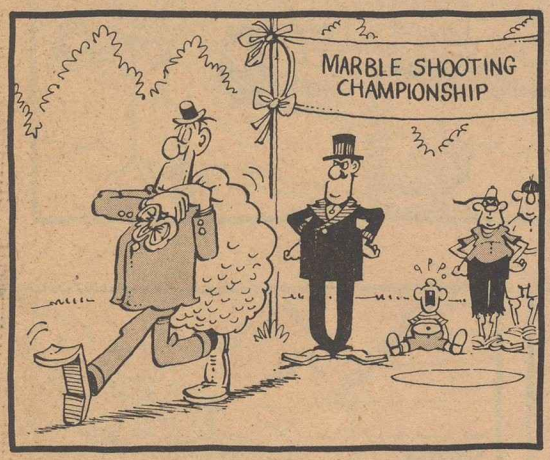


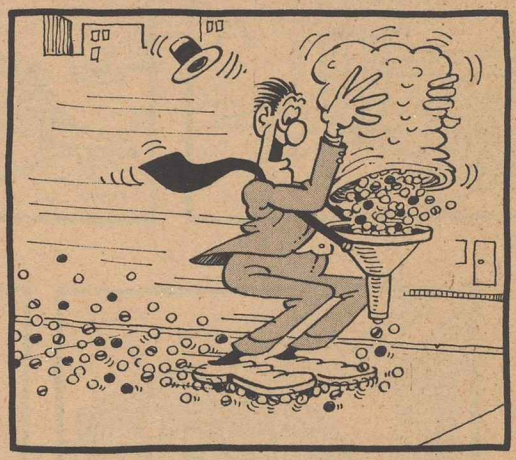


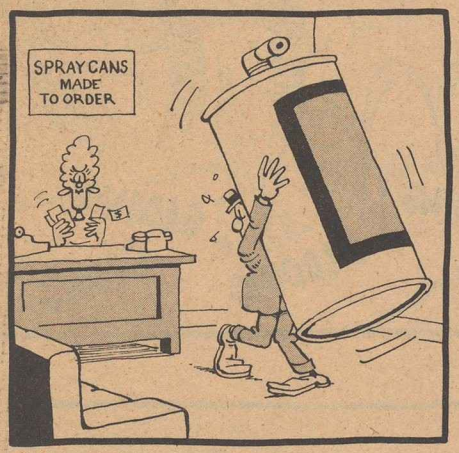

WATER
AIR COND.

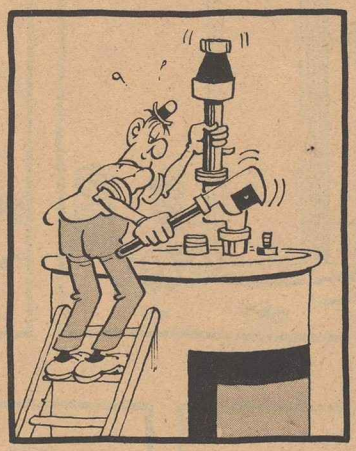

KLIK
VROOM
SPOOSH

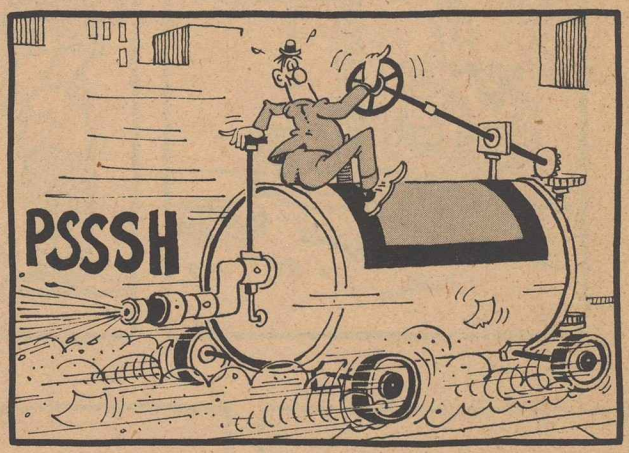


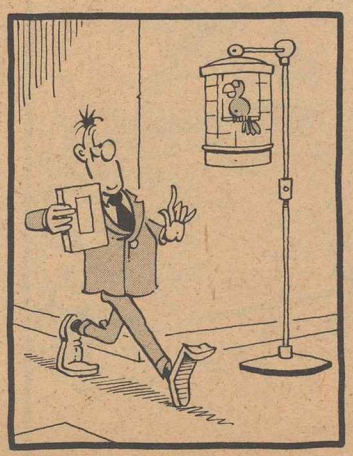

MARBLE SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIP

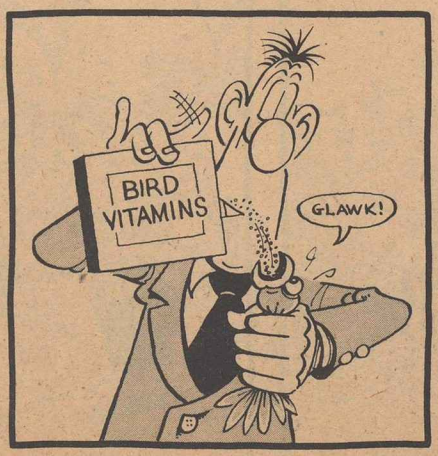


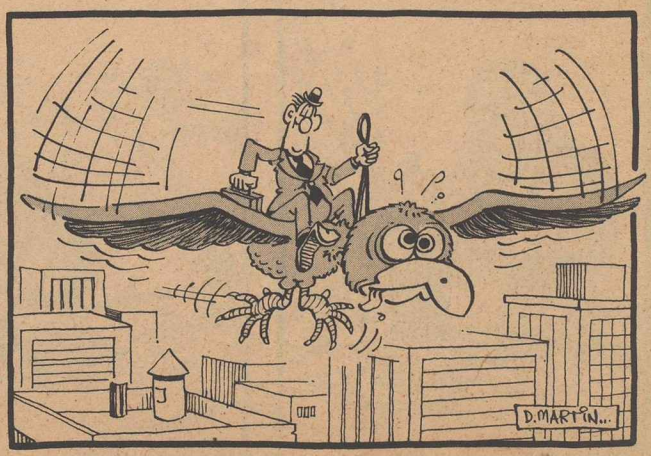

SPRAY CANS MADE TO ORDER



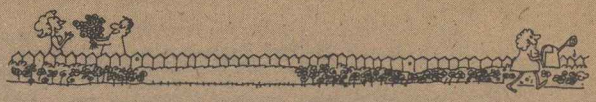

PSSSH




BIRD VITAMINS
GLAWK!


D. MARTIN...

NEUMANCLATURE DEPT.



Dozens of the words we use today come from the names of real people. For instance, "sandwich" is named after the Earl of Sandwich, "bloomer" after Amelia Bloomer, and "zeppelin" after Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin. You never know when someone's name is going to become part of our language and get in the dictionary, but there are a lot of celebrities today who have a good chance. In fact, MAD believes it's time that Noah Webster immortalized these current-day big-shots, namely with these...

ADDITIONS TO THE DICTIONARY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

abzug ('ab-zug) *n.* : a violent eruption, such as from a volcano. (*Run for your lives or the* abzug *will get us!*)

agnew ('ag-nū) *v.i.* : to turn out differently than expected; to boomerang. (*The ball* agnewed *and hit him in the face.*)

ali (äl-'ē) *adj.* : made of clay.

brando ('bran-dō) *v.i.* : to speak incoherently; to mumble. (*Who can understand him, the way he* brandos!)

[1]**buckley** ('buk-lē) *v.i.* : to make a succession of right turns until one returns to his original position.

[2]**buckley** *adj.* : intellectual to the point of being incomprehensible.

carson ('kar-sun) *n.* : a glib huckster. **syn.** griffin, cavett, bishop (*obs.*).

chiang (che-äng) *n.* : a small, broken fragment of antique china.

[1]**cosell** (kō-'sel) *v.i.* : to infuriate an audience by speaking in a tiresome manner. (*He* coselled *until twelve million viewers turned off their sets in disgust.*)

[2]**cosell** *n.* : an inflammation of the mouth. ("*I thought it might be strep, but it's only a* cosell," *the doctor said.*)

eagleton ('ē-gul-tun) *n.* : anything supported one thousand per cent.

faisal ('fī-zul) *n.* : an energy crisis. (*We can't turn on the lights, baby, because of the* faisal.)

fischer ('fish-ur) *n.* : a victory without a winner.

[1]**fonda** ('fon-duh) *n.* : a parent bewildered by the generation gap.

[2]**fonda** *v.i.* : to take a wild ride, esp. on a motorcycle.

[3]**fonda** *n.* **1:** a peace chant intoned by North Vietnamese in times of war. **2:** a war chant intoned by North Vietnamese in times of peace.

friedan (fri-'dan) *adj.* : unresponsive to the needs of man. (*His marriage, alas, was* friedan *and doomed.*)

getty ('get-ē) see **onassis.**

hughes (huz) *n? adj?* meaning obscure.

humphrey ('hum-frē) *v.i.* : to speak in a single breath a sentence of more than fifty words covering six or more topics. (*He* humphreyed, *but, as usual, no one listened.*)

irving ('ir-ving) *n.* **1:** a tall tale. **2:** a cliff-hanger.

kunstler ('kunst-lur) *n.* : a mouthpiece for blowing one's horn.

leary ('li·u·rē) *n.* : an unidentifiable flying object. (*It's a* leary," *the navigator said, "and it's gaining on us."*)

lindsay ('lin-zē) *v.i.* : to party-hop.

liz (liz) *adj.* : split; severed; disconnected.

lovelace ('luv-lās) *n.* a union of two or more people; an unlimited partnership.

mao (mȧo) *n.* a Chinese staple, usually consumed with rice. (*An hour after having our* mao, *we were hungry again.*)

[1]**neuman** ('nü-mun) *n.* : an expected disaster.

[2]**neuman** *adj.* : nothing. (*It was a* neuman *year.*)

[3]**neuman** *v.i.* to worry. (*What? Me* neuman?)

nixon ('nik-sun) *n.* **1:** a busted football play. **2:** an illness lasting six years. ("*You must let the* nixon *run its course," the doctor said.*)

onassis (ō-'nas-is) *n.* : an ancient unit of wealth, five of which equal one getty.

plimpton ('plimp-tun) *v.t.* : to imitate poorly something done expertly. (*I thought he was action, but all he could do was* plimpton.)

puzo ('pū-zō) *n.* an offer impossible to refuse. (*The shotgun in his face told him it was a* puzo.)

rainier (ran-'yā) *adj.* : ruling with grace.

redgrave ('red-grāv) *n.* : any species of English bird exhibiting peculiar mating habits.

riggs (rigs) *n.* **1:** a female impersonator. **2:** an old pretender to the throne of a king. (*The court bowed to the* riggs, *but the king did not.*)

roth (rȯth) *n.* : a four-letter word.

sadat (sȧ-'dȧt) *n.* : a hot wind of the desert, which blows hard but goes nowhere. (*Get back on your camels; it's only a* sadat.)

schulz (shulz) *adj.* : describing someone who works for peanuts.

spitz (spits) *v.i.* : to worship one's self. (*While others prayed to God, he* spitzed.)

spock (spok) *interj.* : the cry of a spoiled child. (*One more* spock *and you can say bye-bye to "Sesame Street."*)

susskind ('sus-kīnd) *n.* : a liberal dose difficult to swallow.

tim (tim) *n.* **1:** a male camp follower. **2:** a female camp follower.

unitas (ü-'nīt-us) *n.* : a colt put out to pasture.

wayne (wān) *adj.* : saddle-sore.

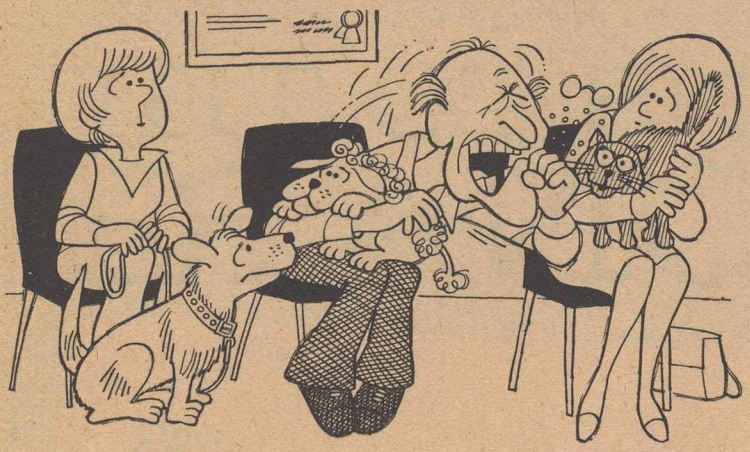
welch (welch) *n.* : a well-stocked chest. (*Her* welch *would sustain her through the winter.*)

welk (welk) *adj.* : rockless. (*Everywhere we looked it was* welk *and flat.*)

REIGNING CATS AND DOGS DEPT.

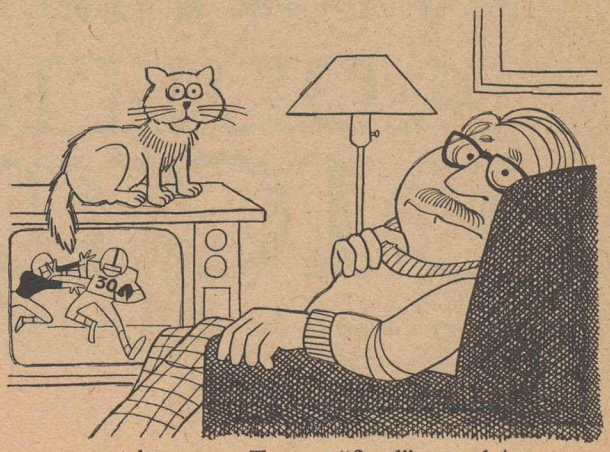
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REAL

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



...you're constantly taking your dog to the Veterinarian for a check-up...and you haven't seen your own Doctor in years.

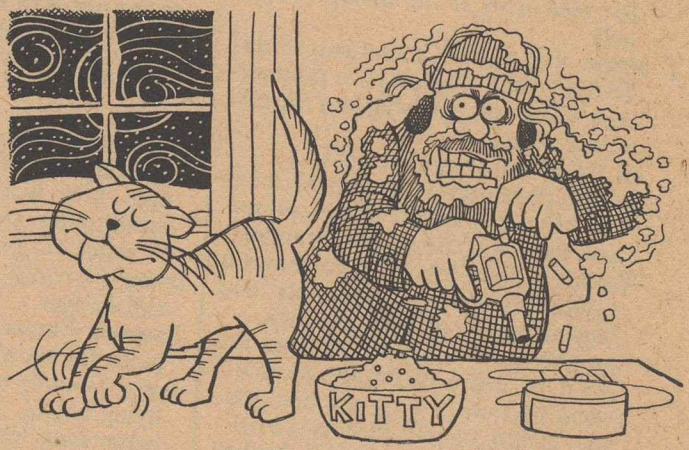
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



...you have your Tomcat "fixed"...and now all he does is sit around and stare at you.

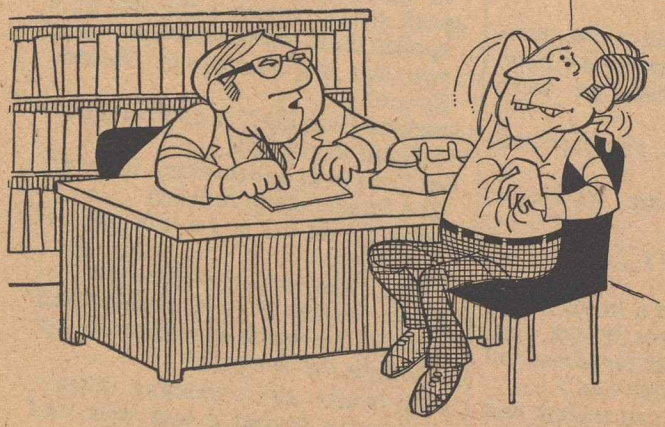
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

...you force yourself to venture out during a howling blizzard because you discover you're out of cat food...



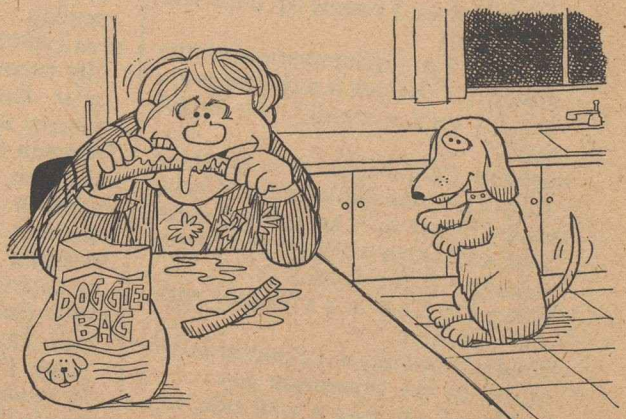
...and then she refuses to eat!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



...a Dermatologist charges you twenty-five bucks to come up with a diagnosis of your skin problem...mainly, fleas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

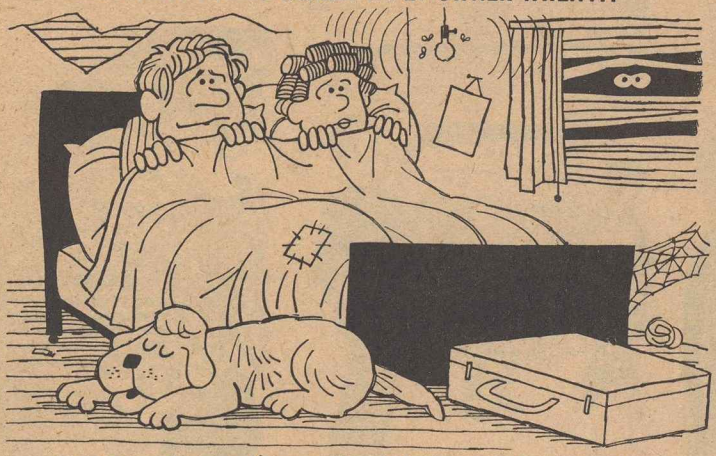


...you decide that the stuff you brought home in the Doggie-Bag is too good to give to a dog.

LY A PET OWNER WHEN...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



. . . you go on a vacation, and you have to stay in third-rate motels because they're the only ones who will accept your dog.

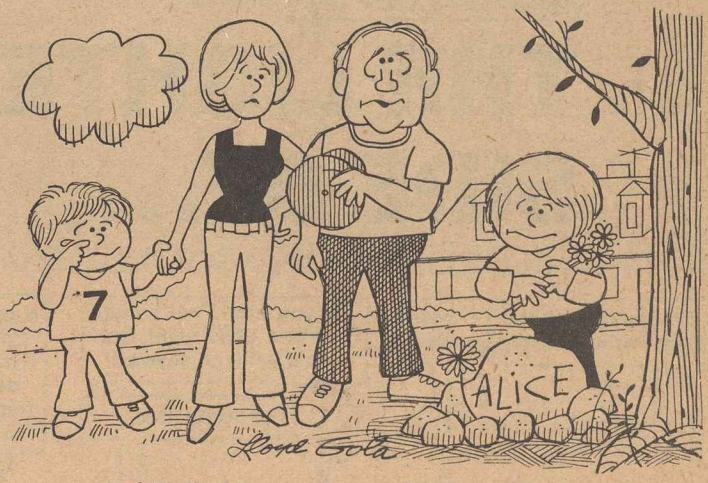
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

...you buy a dog because you're lonely ...and he sleeps for twenty hours a day.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

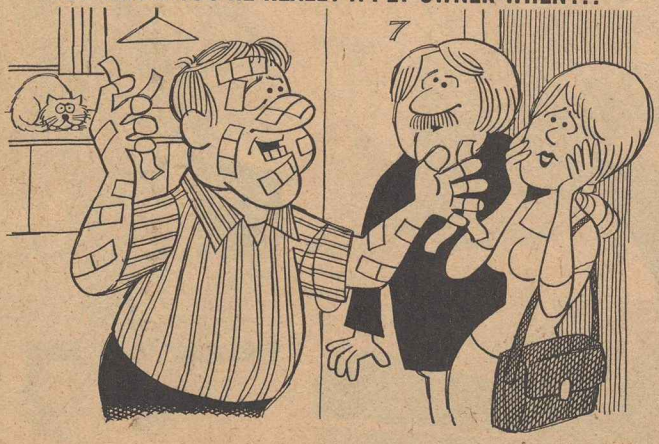
. . . you get a "Poop-Scoop" for Christmas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



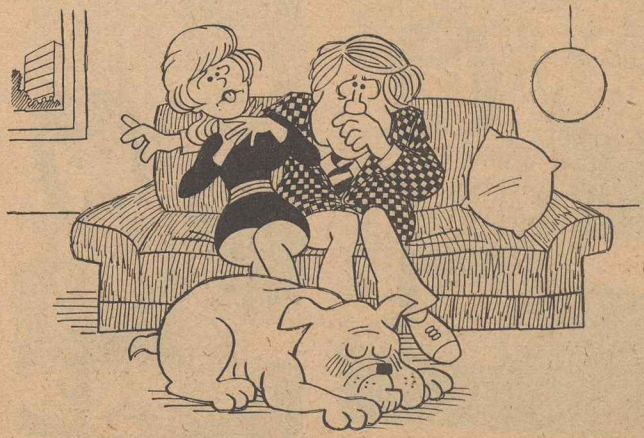
. . . you're asked to say a few words at a gerbil's funeral.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

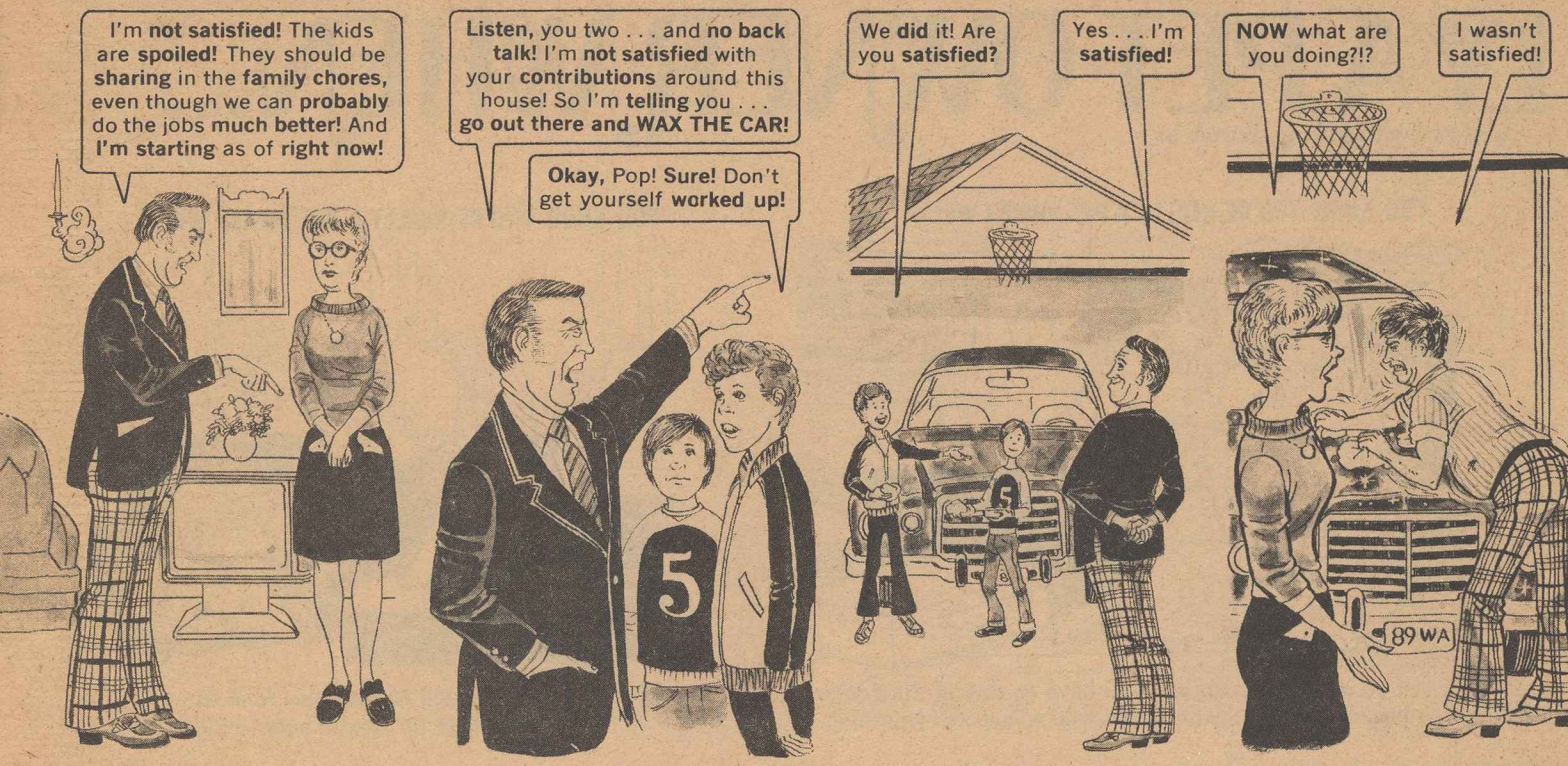


. . . you have to explain to friends that you weren't in a horrible accident, but merely tried to give your cat a bath.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

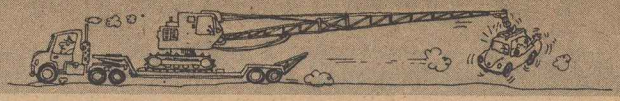


. . . your aged Bulldog spoils your big love scene by suddenly making the air unbreathable.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CH



ORES

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

How about **that?!** What do you think of your husband **NOW?!** Tonight, they made me **"Man Of The Year"** and threw me a **special dinner!**

Every V.I.P. in **town** was there, making speeches **praising** me! And then, they presented me with this **gorgeous plaque!**

Why, there was **even** talk about running me for **MAYOR!** Wow . . . what a **night** this has been!

Wait! It's **not over** yet!

When we get **home,** you **STILL** have to take out the **garbage!**

I helped myself to all of your **change** because I'm going down to the **Washing Machines!!**

Is there anything **special** you want **cleaned?**

YEAH! THIS WHOLE DARN DIRTY POLLUTED CITY!

Sorry! You **don't** have **enough change!!**

I'm sorry to tell you that Michael is not doing very well in **Physics!**

Really?!? He's very good with **electricity** at **home!**

Well, here in **school,** he's **failing!**

We'd be living with **kerosene lamps** at home if it weren't for his **know-how** and **special attributes!**

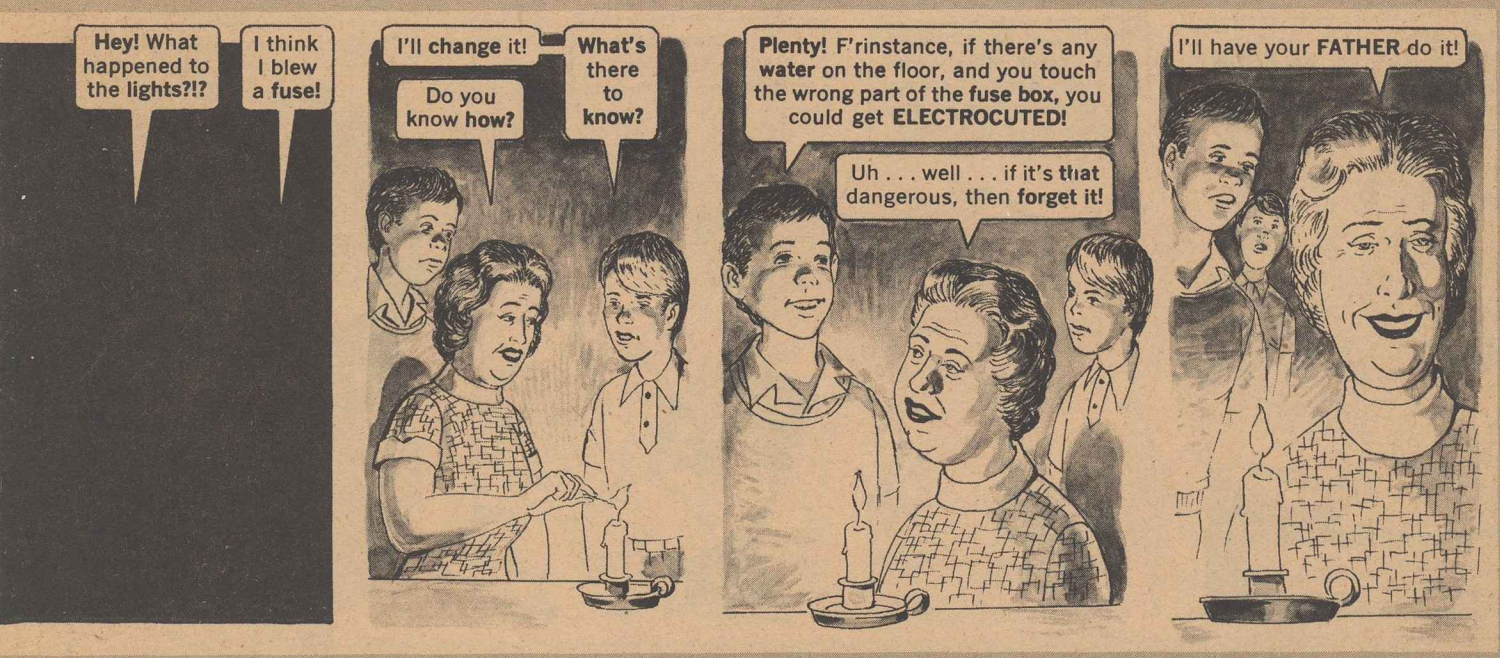
Is that so?! You mean he has a complete knowledge of **volts, amperes** and **electrical wiring?**

Er . . . **not exactly . . .**

He's the **only** one in the family that's **tall enough** to **change a ceiling light bulb!**

Judy, dear! Set the table . . .
That's **not fair!** I **always** set the table!
You COOK the food! **Tina** helps **SERVE** it! **Daddy** does the **CARVING** . . .
. . . but **little Bobby** doesn't do **ANYTHING** at the family meal!
I **do so!**
I **EAT!!**
The **back steps** need **fixing,** and the **kitchen faucet** keeps **dripping!**
Listen— you **KNOW** I **can't fix anything!**
They'll just have to wait until **Cousin Milty** visits! He's **very handy!** I **always** con him into fixing a **few things** when he's here!
I've got **news** for you! Cousin Milty **isn't visiting here** any more!
Oh? How come?
That's **one** thing you **DID** fix!
STOP RIGHT THERE, YOU! I just **washed** this floor! You're not coming in **here** with those muddy shoes and soaking wet socks!
Okay! **Okay!** I'll take them **off** . . .

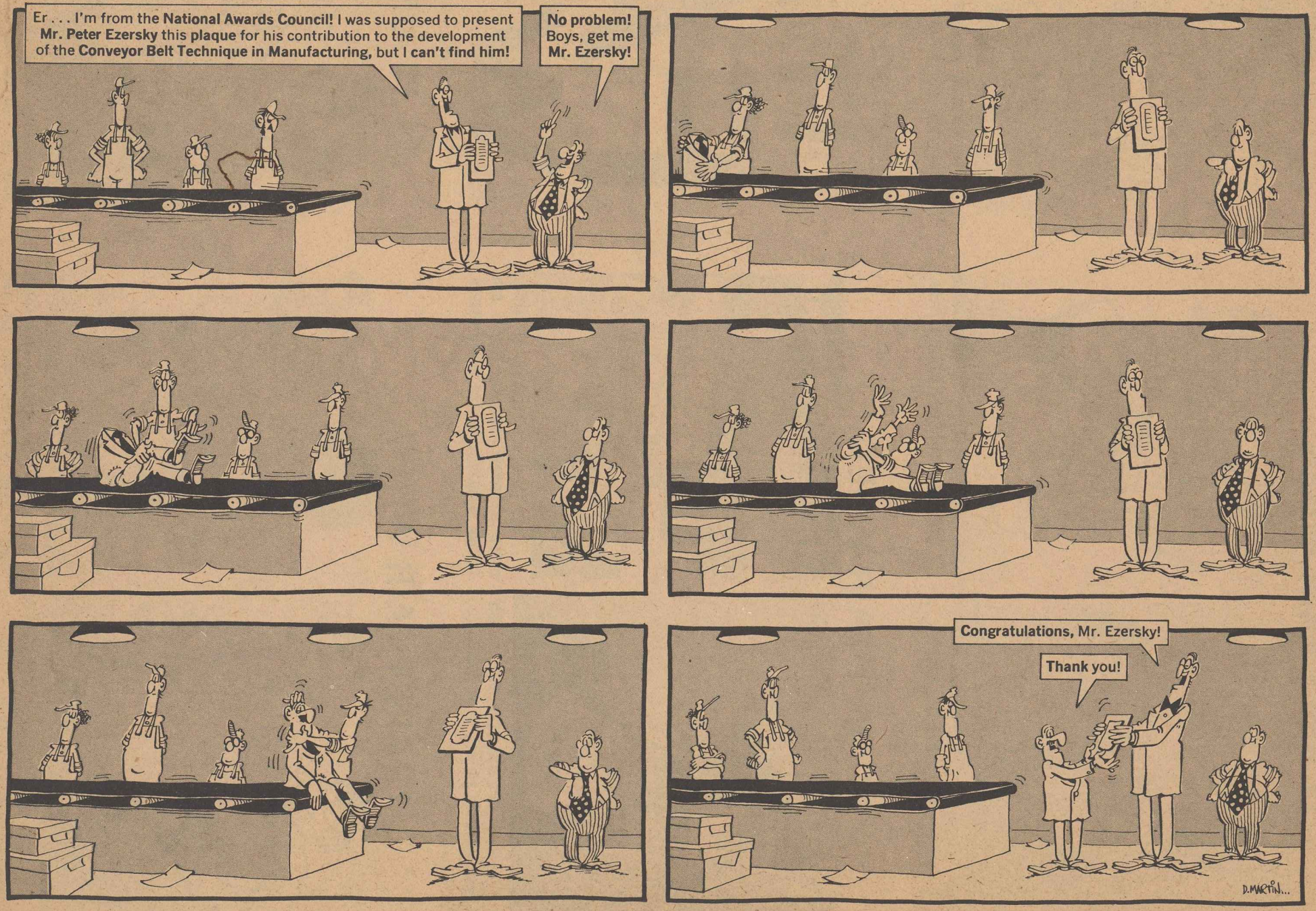
Oh, my goodness! Look at that tub!! OKAY! WHO WAS THE SLOB THAT TOOK A BATH LAST?!?
I did!
You know what you're supposed to do after you take a bath!!
Yeah, and I did it!
So how do you account for that dirty ring around the tub?!
You should have seen it BEFORE I washed it!


Hey! What happened to the lights?!?
I think I blew a fuse!
I'll change it!
Do you know how?
What's there to know?
Plenty! F'rinstance, if there's any water on the floor, and you touch the wrong part of the fuse box, you could get ELECTROCUTED!
Uh . . . well . . . if it's that dangerous, then forget it!
I'll have your FATHER do it!

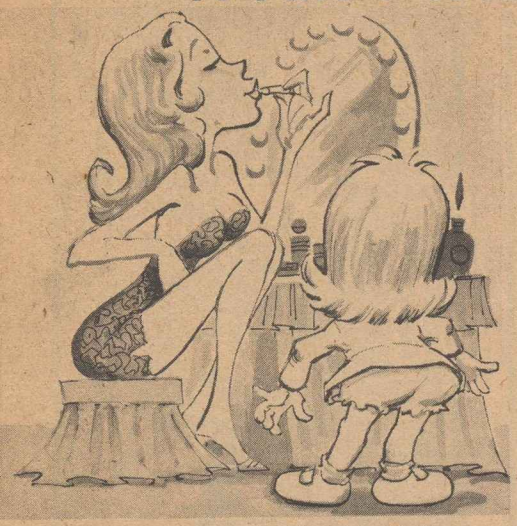
WILL YOU SHUT OFF THAT DARNED STEREO!?!
I CAN'T HEAR THE VACUUM CLEANER!!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

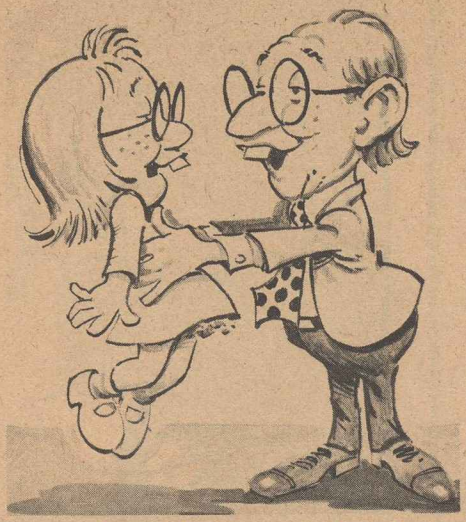
ONE MORNING ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE



IT AIN'T FAIR WHEN...

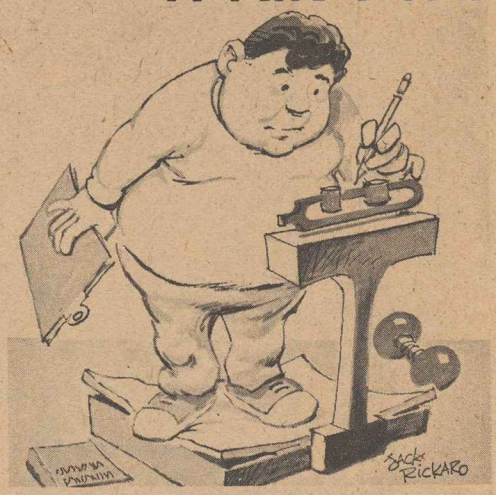


... you've got a good-looking Mother ...



... and you inherit your Father's looks.

IT AIN'T FAI



... you carefully watch everything you eat, and you still put on weight ...

IT AIN'T FAIR WHEN...

... you go to a ball game, and the only seats available are way up in Heaven ...

... and there are hundreds of terrific seats, all empty, because they're sold to rich companies for the entire season.

SOUR GRIPES DEPT.

IT AI FA WH

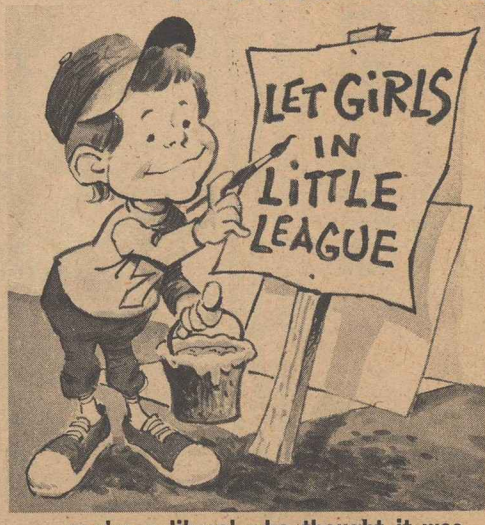
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

IT AIN'T FAIR WHEN...

... some dumb jock gets three hundred scholarship offers to go to college ...

... and the class egghead—who comes from a poor family—doesn't get one.

IT AIN'T FAI



... you're a liberal who thought it was okay for girls to play in Little League

R WHEN...

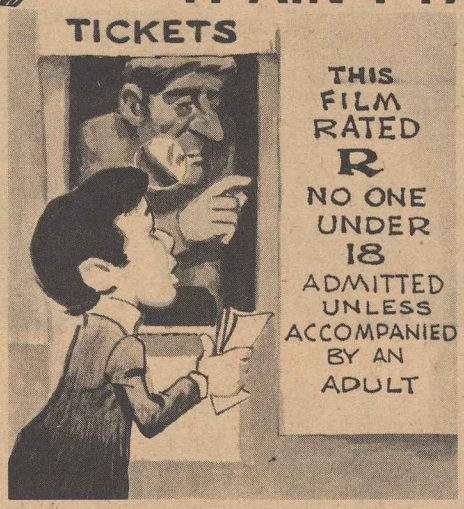
. . . and your skinny friend eats everything in sight and never gains an ounce.

IT AIN'T FAIR WHEN...

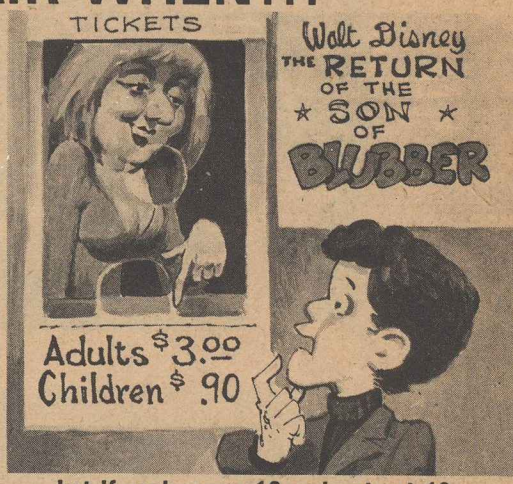
. . . some incompetent teacher gives you grades that go on your record forever . . .

. . . but nobody grades the teacher's work.

IT AIN'T FAIR WHEN...



. . . you have to be over 18 to get in to see an R-rated or an X-rated movie . . .



. . . but if you're over 12 and not yet 18, you still have to pay "Adult" prices to see those crummy G and PG kids' movies!

N'T IR EN...

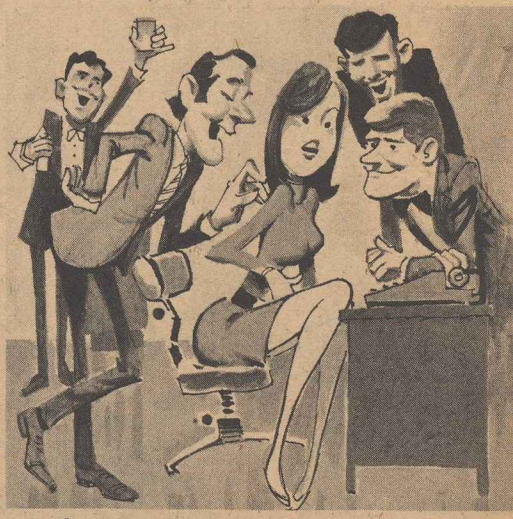
WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE

R WHEN...

. . . and some redhead beats you out so you spend most of the time warming the bench.

IT AIN'T FAIR WHEN...

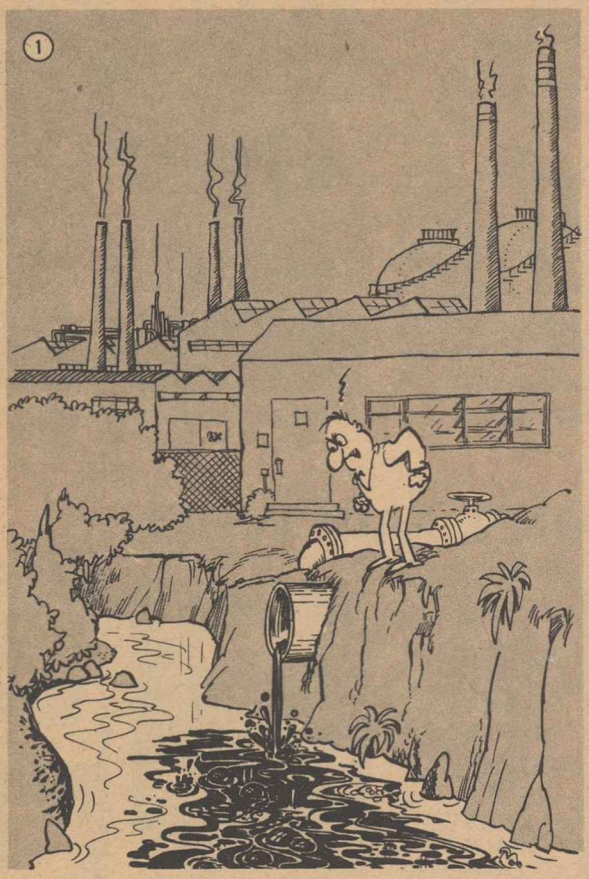
. . . they're single and available, all the guys in your office ignore you . . .

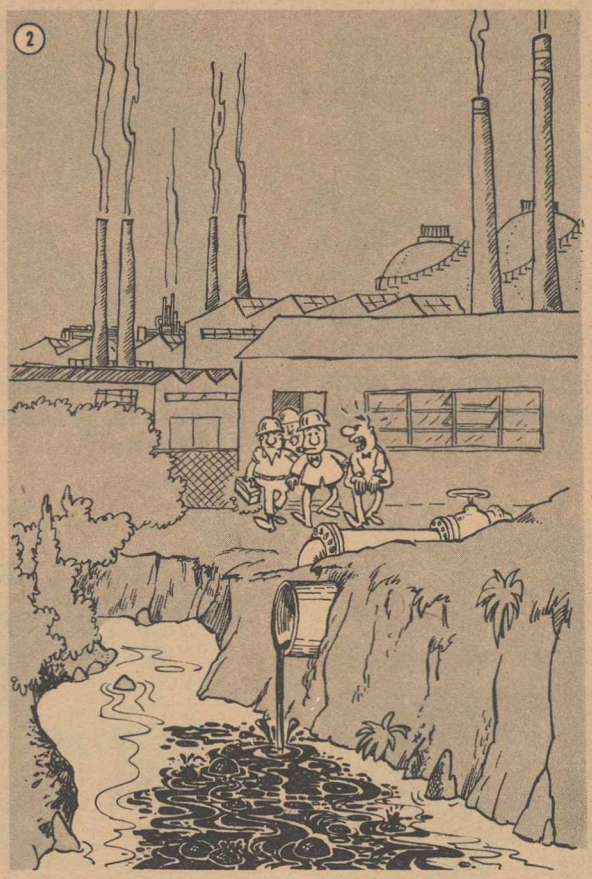


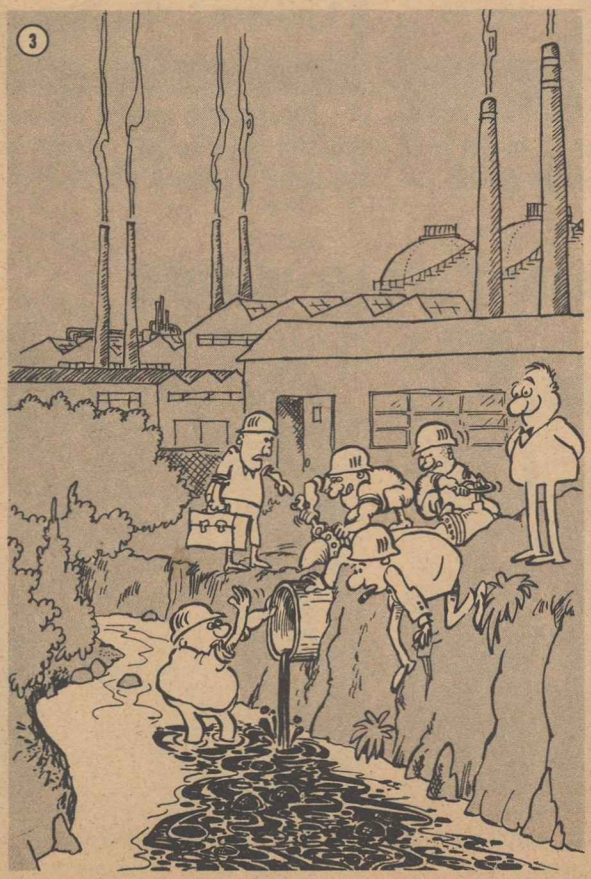
. . . but as soon as they're married and unavailable, they suddenly discover you.

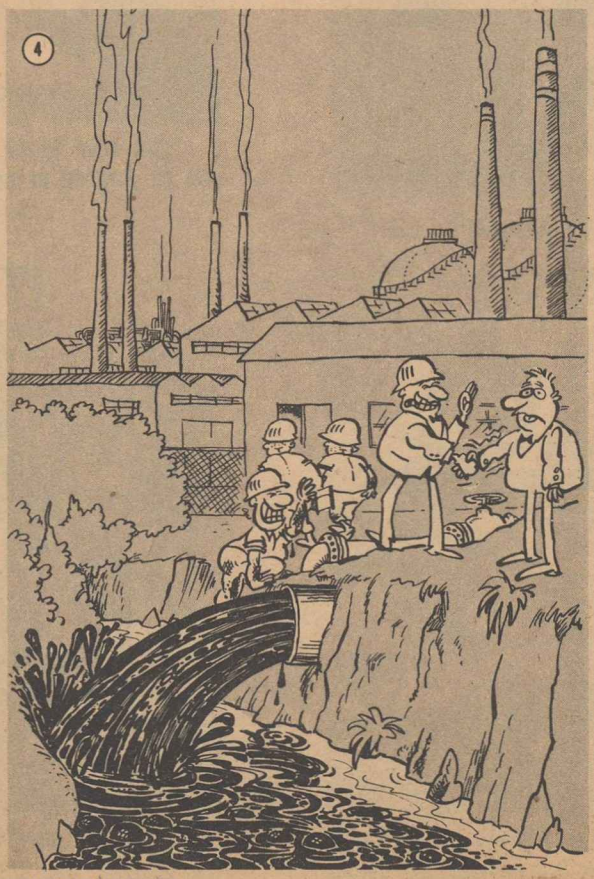
ECCHOLOGY DEPT.

Pollution Alert









ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

MINOR DISASTER DEPT.

Little League sports are no longer *little*. These fine youth programs have now grown large enough to entertain us with lawsuits over discrimination, squabbles over eligibility, young women's lib, championship brawls, and all the other exciting things we once associated with *big* leagues! What they *don't* have is a magazine to tell us all about it, a magazine like . . .

Young Sports Illustrated

Covering The Field Of Character-Building Pre-Teen Athletics

ROOKIE RECRUITING SEASON 1975

50¢ PER COPY
(Or $2.25 When Obtained From Officially Sanctioned League Distributors)

IN THIS ISSUE:

Can "Uppers" Really Increase The Stamina Of An Eight-Year-Old?

Throwing The Big Game Without Losing Your Amateur Standing

Grid Fatalities Up Only 17%, Thanks To New Safety Equipment

Informative Tips For Making Out With Little League Groupies

Starting A New Life After You Miss That Vital Free Throw

A .178 HITTER TELLS HIS STORY:
"My Dad Loves A Winner, Which Is Why He Hates Me"

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH

Editorial Viewpoint

LET'S KEEP PARENTS FROM INTERFERING IN KIDS' GAMES

Traditionally, the school gym, the playground and the corner lot have been places where youngsters could play harmless games without interference from their parents. But now, after hard-working coaches and promoters have helped the kids organize their pastimes on a profitable basis, suddenly Mom and Dad have decided they want to meddle in after-school activities.

This department recently heard of a nervy mother in Ohio who dared complain to her son's coach about midnight-to-dawn practice sessions, even though the kid was a rookie who obviously needed the work-outs. In Seattle, parents actually refused to let their talented outfielder-son accompany his Little League team on a two-month exhibition tour of Siberia and the Gobi Desert.

And so it goes throughout the land, as coaches and league officials suffer harassment from parents who stupidly intervene in athletic matters they know nothing about. Many don't even realize that harsh player discipline, rigid training schedules and occasional injuries are all involved in building a winner. Coddled kids finish last!

Taking legal custody of pre-teen athletes away from parents and giving it to sports promoters who know what's best is the logical solution to this problem. We urge you to support legislation permitting such action now, for the good of athletics and the American Way of Life!

Jock Bender, Editor

...Says Star Ouarterback Roman Orgy

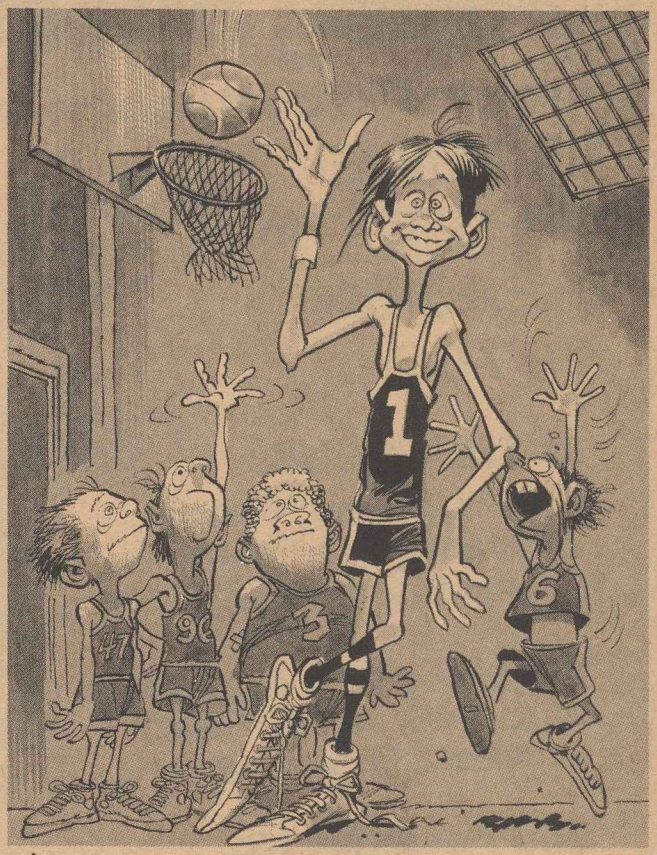
In 1974, Roman Orgy made the All-Detroit Midget League team by completing 94 passes in 172 attempts for 822 yards and 13 touchdowns. His ground gaining average of 5.63 yards per carry shattered a city rushing record that had stood since 1962. So if Roman doesn't know which pre-teen aftershave lotion you ought to buy, who would?

BRUISE

For Kids Who Want To Smell Older Than They Are!

NEW

STAR CAGER BLINKNY WILL ATTEND JAGGER JUNIOR HIGH



Blinkny is shown here displaying his cheerful attitude toward the game, a sportsmanlike characteristic that first attracted the recruiters' attention to the youth.

Months of breathless anticipation in the juvenile basketball world ended this week when Grammar School Cage Wonder Kermit Blinkny announced that he will attend Mick Jagger Junior High in Miami, Fla. The personable sixth grader had received recruiting offers from more than 300 junior highs, coast to coast.

"I picked Jagger mostly because of what it will mean to my family," the unselfish youth told reporters. "They offered to make Dad principal of the school at $200,000 a year, which is pretty good for a man who's spent his life working in the mail room at a tree nursery. Of course, they're also giving me a condominium and any girl in the 7th grade I want."

Blinkny first made headlines as a promising six-footer who sparked Miss Rexrote's Kindergarten to the National Nursery School title in 1968. At P.S. 247 in his native Kansas City, he averaged 91 points a game over the next six seasons, adding a foot to his height as he matured. More important, as officials at Jagger hastened to point out, he was a brilliant D+ student.

Blinkny displayed his superior intellect in explaining why he never even considered attending the junior high in his home district, which offered no bonus. "An athlete has to make the best deal he can while he's still in his prime," the boy stated. "Also, I found the academic program I was offered at Jagger very appealing."

Young Blinkny will major in physical education and study hall during his junior high career, although there are no requirements that he actually attend school.

S FRONTS

"GOAT" OF DIAPER BOWL NAMED PEE-WEE M.V.P.

Colorful Quarterback Bubby Clatnik has learned that the fortunes of big time football in the Pee-Wee League can change swiftly.

It was only last New Year's Day that an eye-gouging penalty called against the personable five-year-old cost his team a probable victory in the Diaper Bowl, and made Bubby the "goat" of the game. But the hooting of enraged fans was all but forgotten last week as Clatnik was chosen to receive the Liceman Trophy, symbolizing his supremacy as the nation's top grid toddler.

The surprise choice was explained at presentation ceremonies by Pee-Wee League Commissioner Pete Gazelle. "Bubby had a brilliant season that was marred only by the mistake of getting caught cheating on one key play," said Gazelle. "It would be a great loss to football if he went ahead with the suicide he's been contemplating ever since he caused his team to lose the big one. Even a bungled attempt to kill himself could sideline him for several pre-season games next year, and hurt us badly at the box office."

In his acceptance speech, Bubby admitted telling reporters at the time of his Diaper Bowl humiliation that he planned to "stick my head in the bathtub and breathe water 'til I die." However, he said he didn't realize that carrying out the threat would have caused him to miss next season.

This year's Liceman Trophy Winner Clatnik accepts the coveted award from Commissioner Gazelle at the Pee-Wee League Banquet as delighted franchise owners look on.

KEN NOSEBLOW: LIVING PROOF OF YOUNG SPORTS BOOM

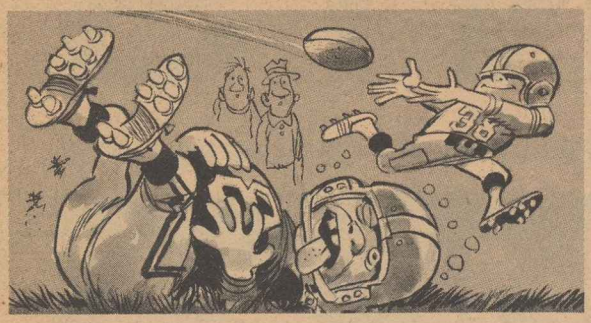
Australian-born Ken Noseblow, is shown here returning a serve in the recent National Six-and-Under Tournament.

Further evidence of the growing interest in Young Sports was offered this week when the World Tiny Tennis League filed a $500,000 damage suit against Ken Noseblow for breach of contract. It was the largest court award ever sought from a junior star, far surpassing the $20,000 collected from A.J. Cute for cheating in the 1972 Soap Box Derby.

Noseblow seemed jubilant over becoming the central figure in the biggest legal dispute yet to hit the Young Sports world. "I just knowed those grown-ups were going to get real, real mad at me," the talented four-year-old chortled. "There wasn't no way in a trillion, zillion years that I could have played in the Tiny League and with Jack Framer's Touring Toddlers at the same time. But I signed with both of them so I could make the biggest, giantest lawsuit that ever was."

Attorneys for both sides agree that little Kenny has created a highly complex dispute that could drag on in the courts until the boy is too old to play tennis at all.

STOP BEING BOOED BY YOUR PARENTS!



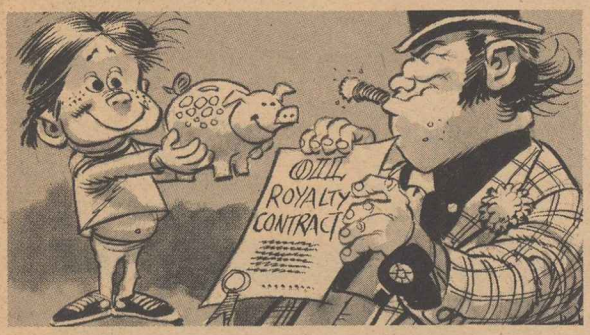
If you're sick of being hooted at by Mom, Dad and the other grown-ups in the stands every time you pull a boner, then it's time you learned to fake injury or exasperation the way the pros do to gain spectator sympathy.

Our amazing new sports drama instruction book, *"Gestures of Anguish,"* will teach you how to limp off the field or stamp your little feet in rage, or simply fall unconscious after each klutzy act you commit. Send only $6.95 today, and start winning cheers instead of jeers for your incompetence.

BRAHMS' ALIBIS

Book Division P.O. Box 928 Driving Falls, Ida.

WILL YOU BE FINANCIALLY SECURE WHEN YOUR PLAYING DAYS ARE OVER?



Chances are that you're currently receiving lots of money under the table from junior high school and pro team recruiters. But did you know that such gifts are **SUBJECT TO INCOME TAX?** Since many star athletes are crippled for life before age 25, you should be making plans to **OUTWIT THE I.R.S. NOW,** while the cash is still rolling in.

The key to your secure financial future lies in the **TAX SHELTERED INVESTMENT PROGRAM** being generously offered by the **GRUBSTAKE OIL EXPLORATION CO.**

The program is so simple that even a kid like yourself can understand it, without suffering the embarrassment of asking Mom or Dad for advice. Just send us your recruiting bonus, and we'll drill you an oil well for only **$49.95 per foot.** When we hit a gusher, you'll be **RICH!** But even if you never hear from us again, your investment is **FULLY TAX DEDUCTIBLE.** So either way, **YOU CAN'T LOSE!**

GRUBSTEAK OIL EXPLORATION CO.

P. T. BARNUM MEMORIAL BLDG., SHADY HAVEN, OKLA.

THE MANGLE

(Renowned Sports Strategist and Youth Character Builder Garo (The Mangler) Yrpediatrician offers words of wisdom and guidance to our junior readers.)

Dear Mangler,
I am already nine, but still haven't been able to make the grade in any league sport, mostly because I can't see without real thick glasses. I think that practicing hard until I become the best junior chess player in the world might make me feel like less of a schlep. Can you suggest a training and practice schedule for me to follow? W. C., St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Four Eyes,
It's little Commies like you who are threatening to undermine our whole American system of Young Sports. If you're a loser and can't make a team, you can still volunteer to launder uniforms or be a tackling dummy. That's the way to regain your self-respect, not by staying in the house and playing sissy games.

Dear Mangller,
I aint doing gude in skule becawz I spend awl my hoamwerk time playing sports. My mom is mad becawz I do that and sez I better git promoated to the thurd graid this yeer for shure. Or els she is gowing to maik me stop playing sports so much. I am strawng enuff to deck her if she gives me trubble. But is their sum uther way to handel the problum?
Joey, Sinsunnatta, Ohioh

Dear Joey,
Beating up your mother will only waste energy that can be put to better use on the playing field. Instead, why not try pointing out to her that Joe Namath, Jerry West and O. J. Simpson each make more money than the President of the United States? For the real clincher, mention casually that Wilt Chamberlain once built a $250,000 house for his mother.

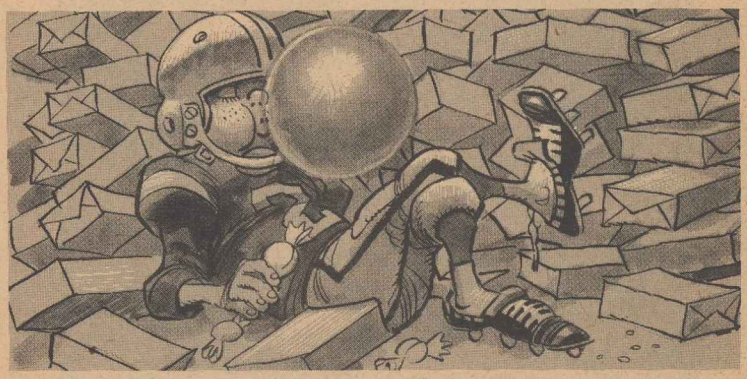
Dear Mangler,
My Pre-Teen League football coach keeps me warming the bench because he says I'm too light to be a first string lineman.

I KID You Not!

Random Ramblings And Assorted Brick-a-Brats!

by Rick Young

Golden Mittens Boxing Champ TERRENCE (KID) McANNANNANNY may be forced to give up his Atomweight Title, due to inability to make the 40-pound weight limit. McAnnannanny, who captured the crown as a five-year-old, will be 13 next month . . . Quarterback TWEETIE BOXFENDER is the latest Pop Warner League star to jump to the new Small World Football League. Boxfender's reported bonus for signing was $7,500 and a year's supply of Bubble Gum . . .



Hide-And-Go-Seek figures to be the next Young Sport to go big time. As wealthy promotor LAMAR $. LAMAR explains it to U.S.I.: "There are millions of talented kids playing the game all over the country, and nobody's paying to watch them. So I'm now selling franchises that will put a Pro Hide-And-Go-Seek League in operation by 1977". . . Coincidence Dept.: Pee-Wee Hockey's SEYMOUR (BOOM-BOOM) Le BLANC, who had his baby teeth knocked out last season in a brawl with the Montreal Petit Canadiens, has now had his permanent teeth knocked out in a brawl with the same team. . .

R'S MAILBOX

Can you suggest a training diet to help a growing boy put on a lot of weight fast?
Slim, Ogden, Utah

Dear Slim,
Large quantities of beer are often helpful in creating the bloat that adds pounds quickly. I'd recommend consuming at least a six-pack a day, along with plenty of macaroni and fudge. If your local liquor store won't sell beer to a minor, I'm sure that any conscientious coach will be glad to buy it for you.

Dear Mr. Expert,
In basketball practice, I'm able to hit from all over the floor. However, I'm small for my age. So once the game begins, the bigger opponents just reach up and bat my shots away. Does this mean I'll have to waste my career concentrating on defense, even though I'm a good shooter?
Short and Sad, Omaha, Neb.

Dear S & S.,
Certainly not. You just have to learn to jump when you release the ball. Once you can get high enough to knee an opposing guard in the groin, I guarantee you that he won't even think about reaching up to bat your shot away.

Dear Mangler,
Ever since I was in the Kindergarten League, I've known I have the killer instinct to become a big hockey star. But now I've got a prissy Sunday School teacher for a coach, and all he talks about is being a good sport, win or lose. I know this is a crock of you-know-what, but my folks won't let me cross the street alone to join a good, gutsy team in the next block. How can I keep up my morale?

Dear C. V.,
If God had meant for you to be a "good loser," He wouldn't have given you the skill to handle sports equipment. Or, to express it another way, coaches who get fractured skulls from being hit with hockey sticks have to step aside and turn the job over to somebody who can handle it. Get the picture, kid?

Hammerin' HANK AADNOYD, the 1974 batting champ of the El Paso Little League, has been recalled by his team's parent club, the Chicago White Booties. Hank's parents say they'll sell their home and quit their jobs in Texas to accompany the youth as he tries to capitalize on his big chance to break into the Minor's Majors . . . Disciplinary tactics employed by Football Coach ELBERT (BLOODY) HAYES are being investigated by Small Ten Conference officials. Hayes reportedly kicked a nine-year-old pass receiver 65 yards (against the wind) after the boy bobbled the ball on a recent key play . . .

Sore arm trouble has forced Former Pitching Great LEFTY GRMBOTCH to abandon hopes for a Juvenile League comeback. The washed-up 12-year-old now spends his days hanging around a neighborhood lemonade stand, cadging drinks and begging other patrons to listen to his baseball reminiscences... News of the latest triumph for Civil Rights: Promising Slugger WILLIE LEE JACKSON will be the first to break the color barrier in New York's 125th Street Junior Stickball League. Until Jackson volunteered, no white kid had ever mustered the nerve to try out in the Harlem loop . . .

The Juvenile Jockey Association may soon lower its minimum age limit from 7 to 4. Explains Association President EDDIE EMBARCADERO: "A four-year-old may not be quite big enough to race a Shetland pony, but he's just the right size to ride greyhounds at the dog track.". . . But don't get me wrong—I love the little creeps! See ya next month!

SPEND THIS SUMMER LEARNING TO BECOME A WINNER!

Only 8 Weeks at Brute Monohan's Sports Clinic Can Make You a Star!

Will you be among the millions of pre-teen boys who waste another school vacation without improving their athletic skills? Or will you be one of the select few in training at **BRUTE MONOHAN'S SPORTS CLINIC** for a bright future of cushy college scholarships, fat pro contracts and all the broads you can handle?

Learn the **EASY ROAD TO SPORTS STARDOM** this summer under the guidance of Former All-Pro Brute Monohan (Decatur Staleys, 1921), and his equally famous staff of retired jocks.

Just check out these vital subjects to be taught at this year's clinic:

- HANDLING YOUR COACH
- OUTWITTING THE REFEREE
- TERRORIZING YOUR TEACHERS

MAIL THE ATTACHED COUPON NOW, AND TAKE THE FIRST STEP TOWARD A SUCCESSFUL CAREER IN THE ONLY PROFESSION THAT NEVER REQUIRES YOU TO GO TO WORK!

BRUTE MONOHAN'S SPORTS CLINIC FOR BOYS
MESQUITE, NEVADA

Dear Brute and his Famous, Wealthy Staff:

I sure welcome this chance to spend my time and my parents' money learning all I need to know for a lifetime of stardom in sports.

Please enroll me and accept my tuition under the following payment plan: (check one)

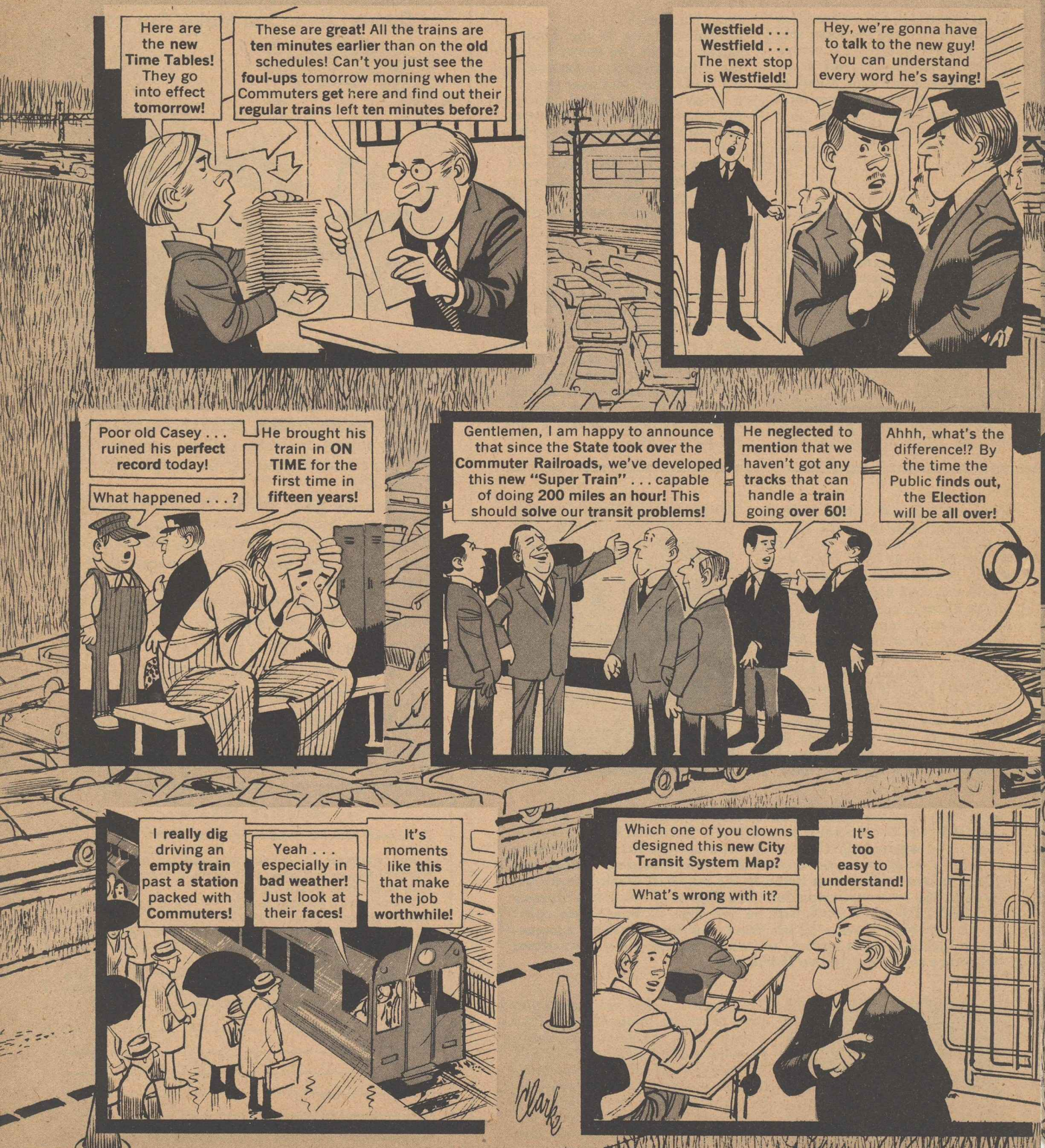
☐ **PLAN A**—My father's check for **$950** is enclosed.
☐ **PLAN B**—My father's wallet and all I found in it is enclosed.
☐ **PLAN C**—I'll also take your **$200 Home Body Building Course**, and then force my father to write a check for the full **$1,150.**

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
AGE _____

(Must be over **6** and under **12**, unless you have money now!)

ROUND TRIP-SCHTICK DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT CO



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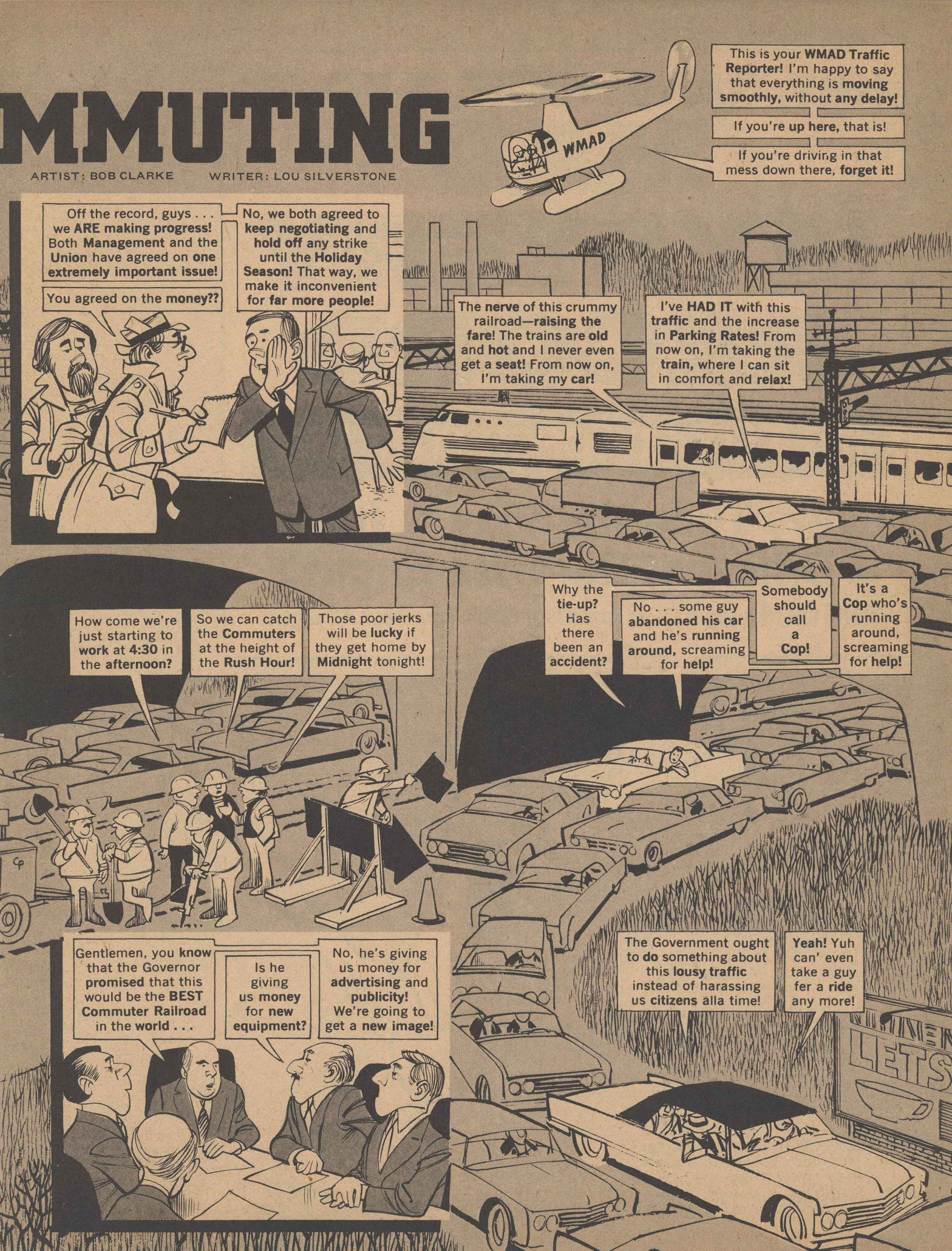
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

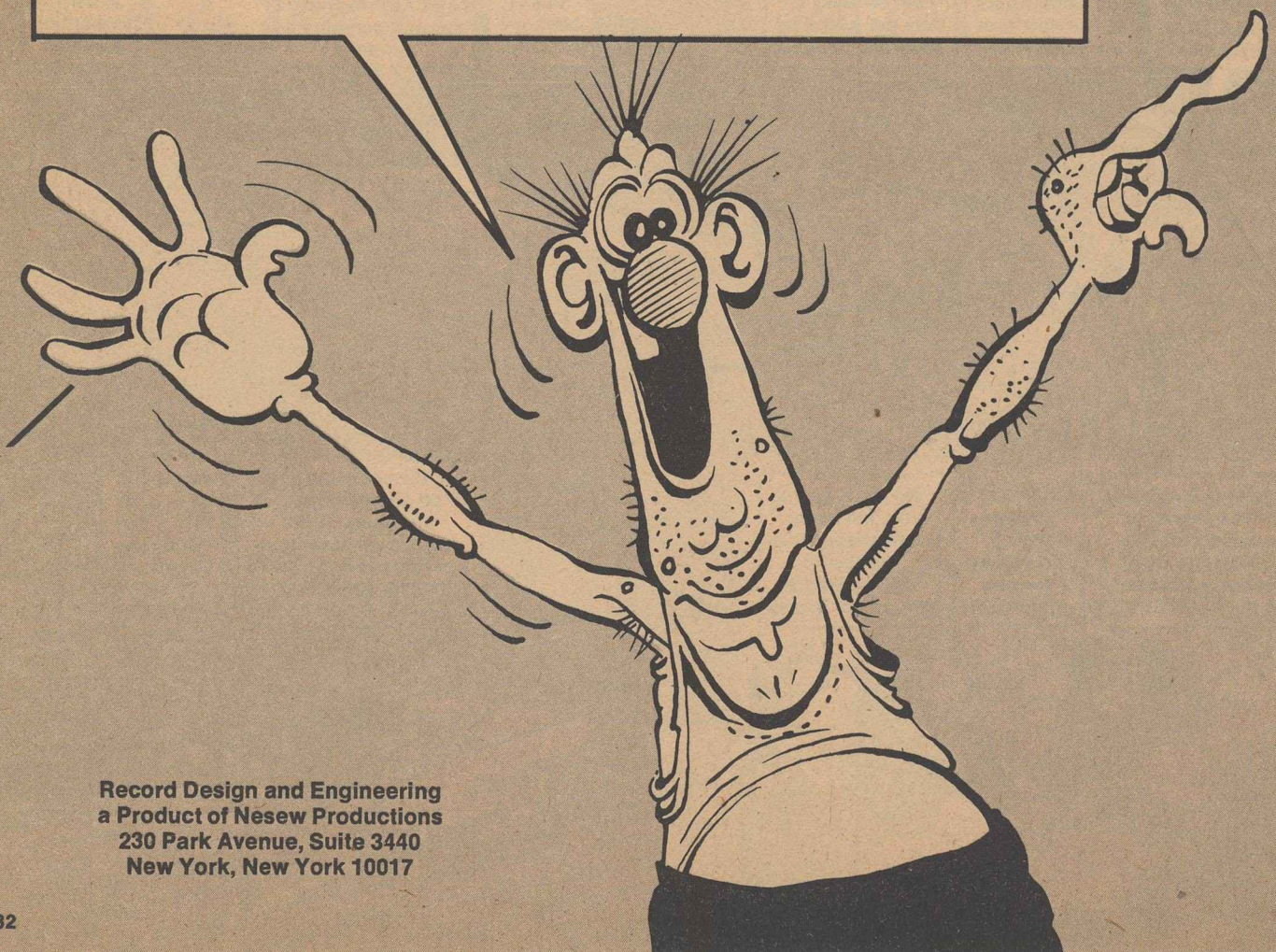


HEY, GANG! HERE IS YOUR MAD MYSTERY RECORD

"It's A Super-Spectacular Day"

Every Time You Play It, It Has A Different Surprise Ending!

Keep On Playing It Over And Over Until You Hear All Eight!



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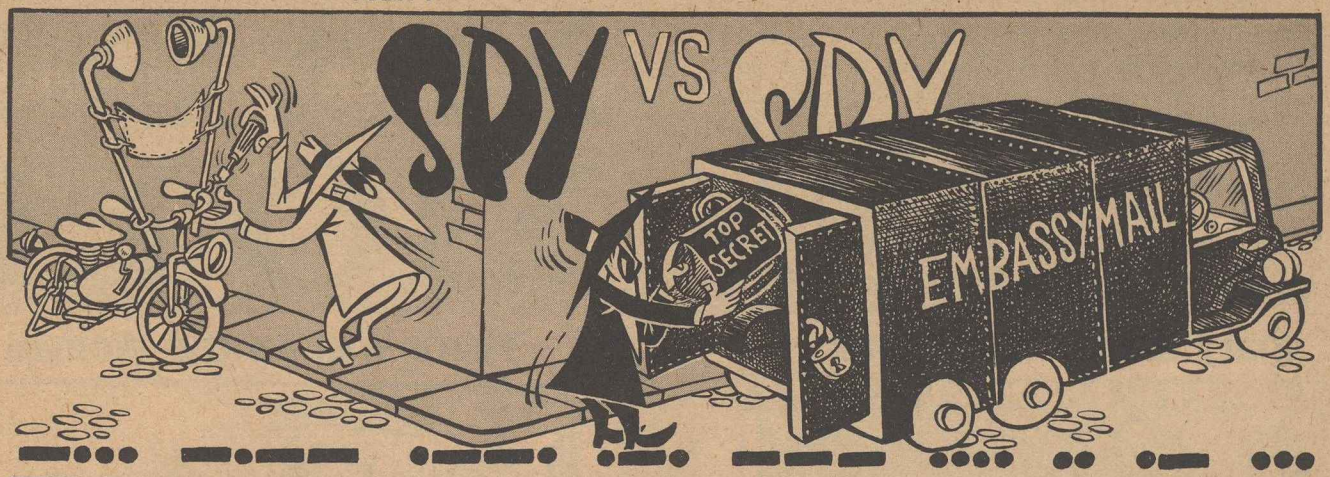
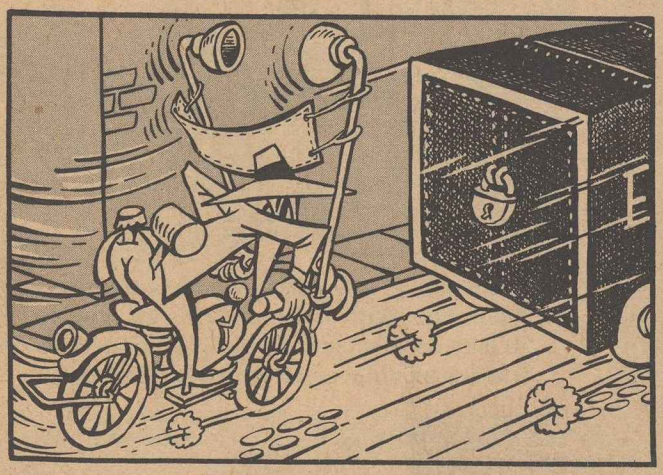
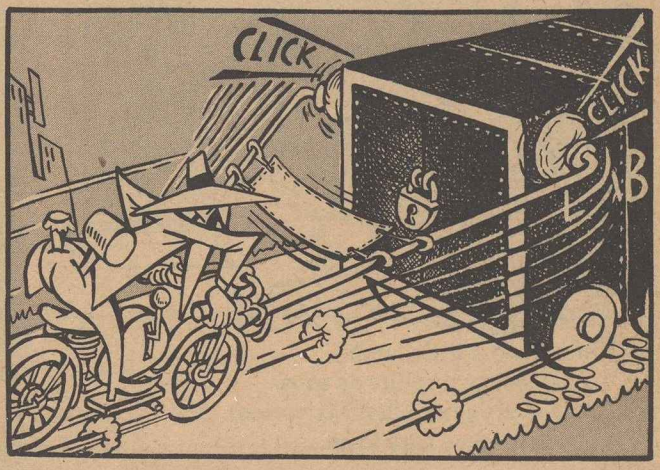
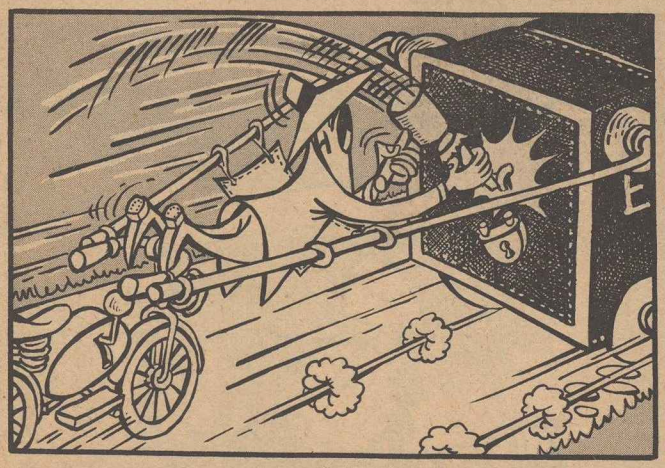
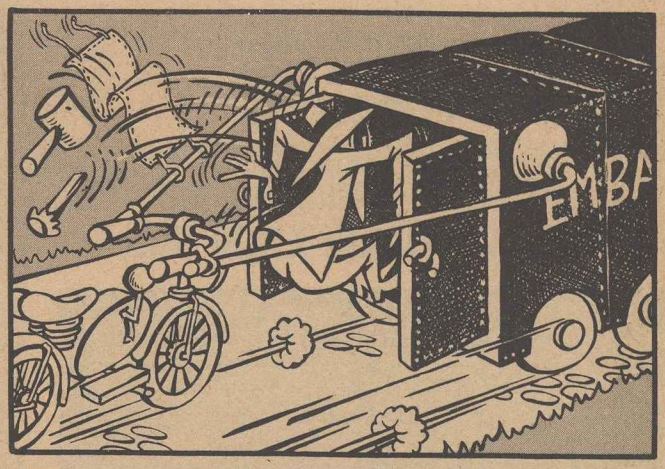
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

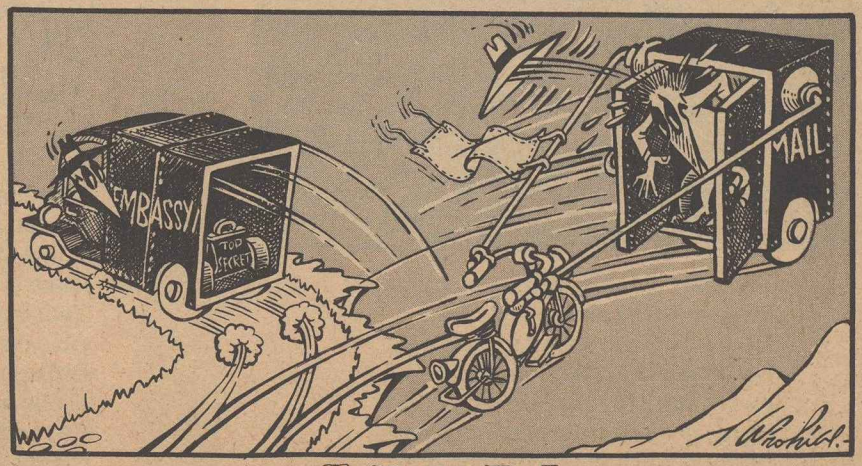










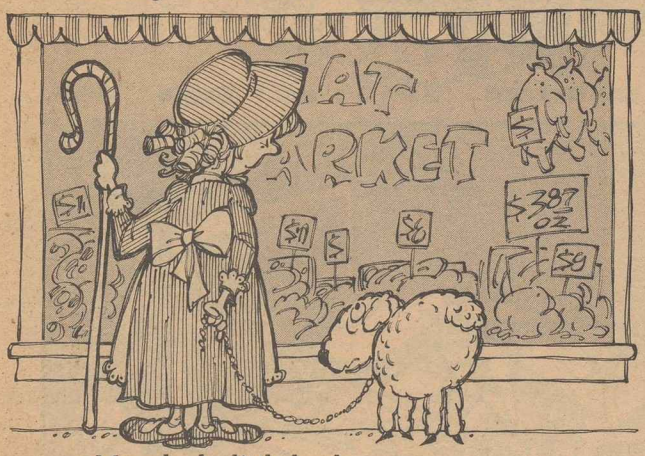


FROM BAD TIMES TO VERSE DEPT.

Jack Sprat and his Wife aren't splitting the meat these days. They can't afford any. Little Miss Muffet has hocked her tuffet and hasn't had curds and whey in a month. Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard is twice as bare as it used to be, and Peter Peter's so broke he can't pay for a pumpkin. Like the rest of us, the Nursery Rhyme Folks have fallen on bad times, which is our way of introducing . . .

MAD'S MOTH

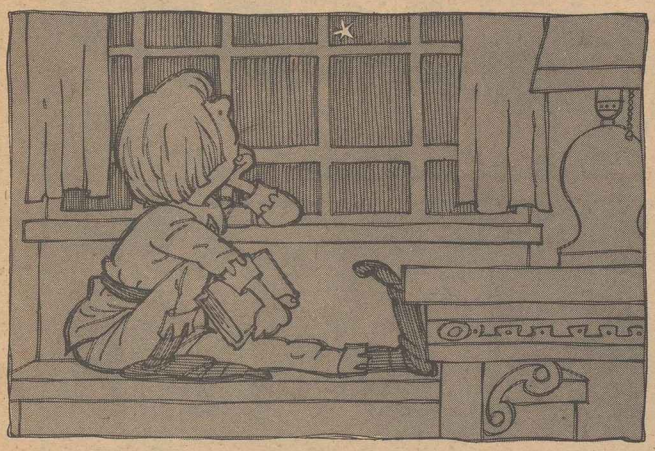
Mary Had A Little Lamb



Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

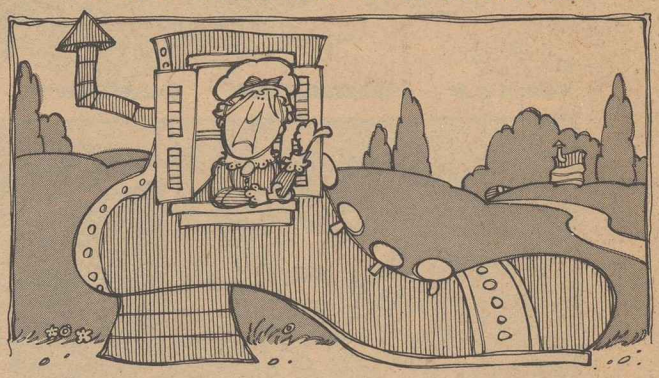
But Mary found the cost of meat
Had soared, which didn't please her;
Tonight she's having leg of lamb—
The rest is in the freezer.

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Way up in the sky so far;
How I'd love to spend my days
Basking in your brilliant rays;
I wish and pray that you were near,
Inside our house, just shining here;
Because we won't have light until
We pay off our electric bill.

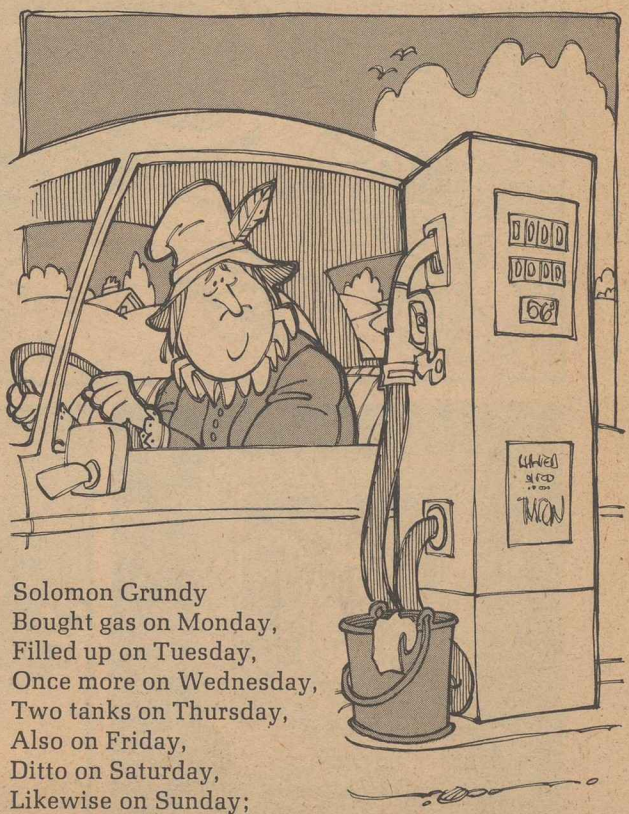
There Was An Old Woman



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who said, "With my income, it's all I can do;
"It may be substandard, but just down the block,
"I know an old woman who lives in a sock."

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

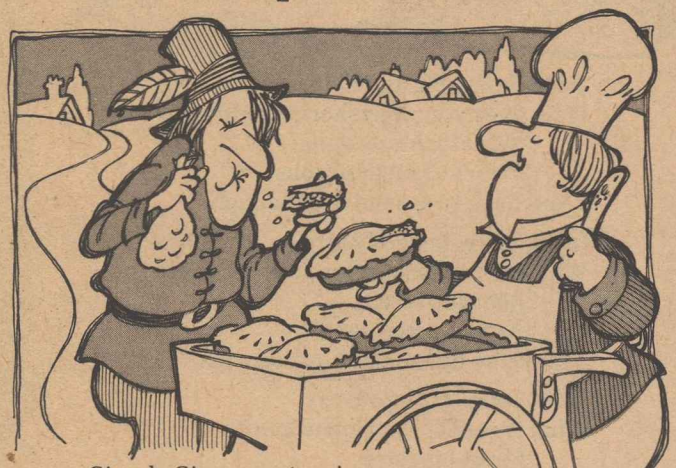
Solomon Grundy



Solomon Grundy
Bought gas on Monday,
Filled up on Tuesday,
Once more on Wednesday,
Two tanks on Thursday,
Also on Friday,
Ditto on Saturday,
Likewise on Sunday;
Anybody want to trade a Datsun even-up
For the powder-blue, all-optionals-included,
Comfort-Control, 1975 Cadillac of Solomon Grundy?

RECESSION ER GOOSE

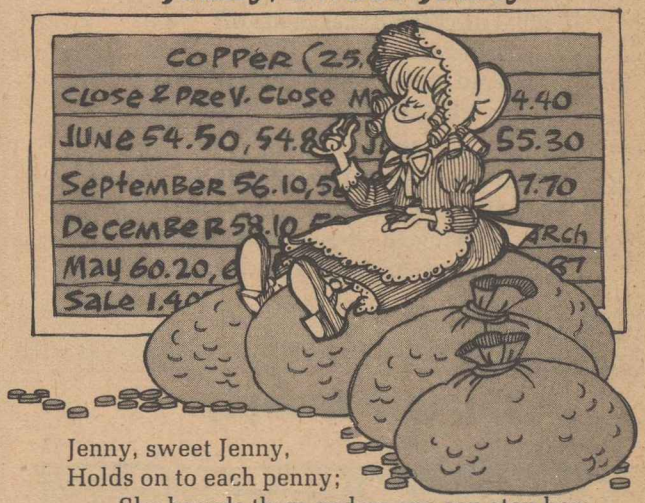
Simple Simon



Simple Simon met a pieman,
Asked him, "What's the price?"
"A dollar fifty," said the pieman,
"For a skinny slice."

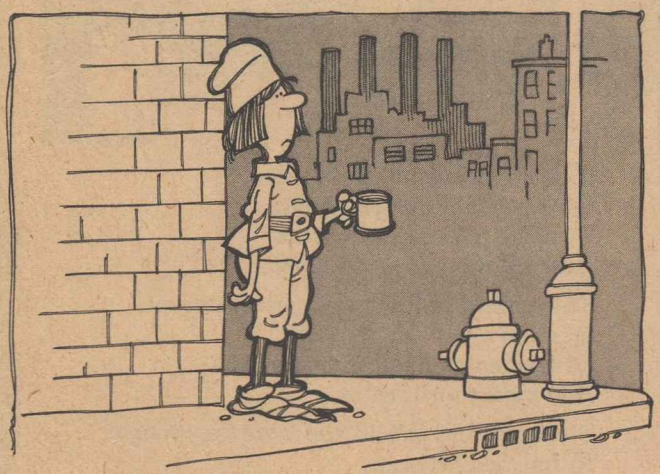
"Inflationary!" Simon screamed,
"My business you are losing!"
The pieman shrugged, "I'd charge much more
"If sugar I were using."

Jenny, Sweet Jenny



Jenny, sweet Jenny,
Holds on to each penny;
She hoards them and no one can stop her;
They'll never be spent
'Cause she's found ev'ry cent
Now contains twice its value in copper.

Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner
Now stands on a corner
And begs for a small contribution;
They had to close down
The big steelworks downtown,
But at least there's a lot less pollution.

Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs where he goes—
Skipping past the grocer's,
Dodging those he owes.

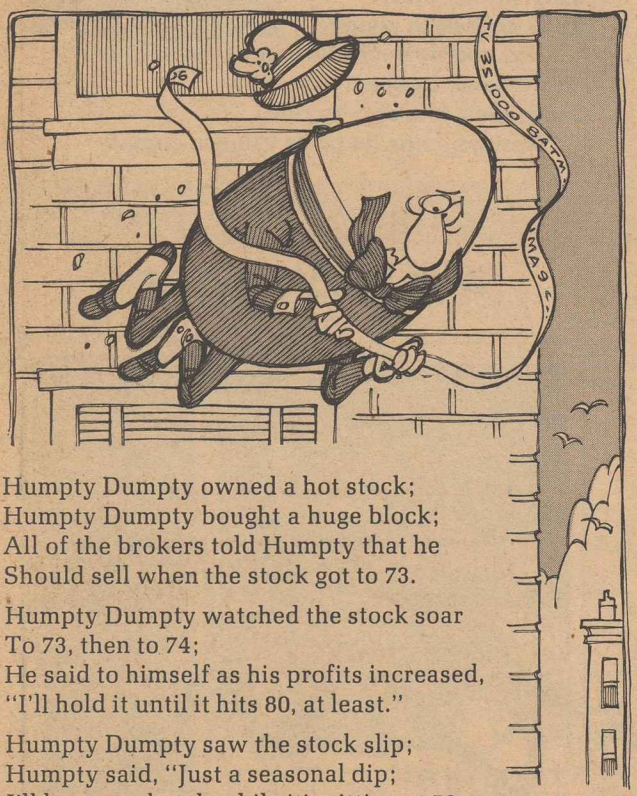
True, he's a deadbeat;
Still, what the hell—
Compared to all his neighbors,
Willie's doing well.

What Are Little Dimes Made Of?

What are little dimes made of?
What are little dimes made of?
Lead and zinc
And scrap-iron, I think,
That's what little dimes are made of.

What are dollar bills made of?
What are dollar bills made of?
Not much, I fear
And it gets worse each year.
That's what dollar bills are made of.

Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty owned a hot stock;
Humpty Dumpty bought a huge block;
All of the brokers told Humpty that he
Should sell when the stock got to 73.

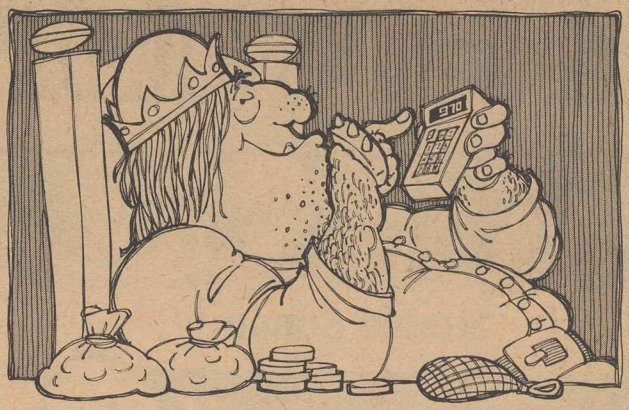
Humpty Dumpty watched the stock soar
To 73, then to 74;
He said to himself as his profits increased,
"I'll hold it until it hits 80, at least."

Humpty Dumpty saw the stock slip;
Humpty said, "Just a seasonal dip;
I'll buy up a batch while it's sitting at 50,
"And make even more, which will really be nifty."

Humpty Dumpty saw the stock dive
From 50 to 30 to 14 to 5;
He said, "Yes, I've heard there is talk of a crash,
"But I'm buying up more with what's left of my cash."

Humpty Dumpty let out a shout;
Humpty Dumpty said, "I'm wiped out!"
He jumped from a window and said with a cry,
"The market's hit bottom—and soon so will I."

Jerry, Jerry, Big and Hairy

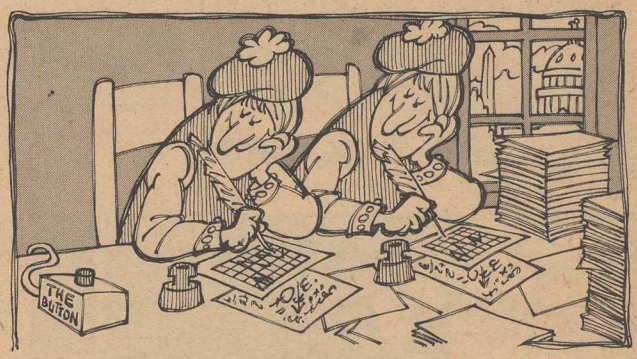


Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
How does your loansharking grow?
"With luckless slobs
"Who've lost their jobs
"And have to see me to get dough."

Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
What do you charge for your service?
"My cash is lent
"At thirty per-cent;
"They pay up, or else I get nervous."

Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
What if some poor slob is late?
"I bust his nose
"And stomp on his toes
"Then double the in-ter-est rate!"

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were called to Washington
To solve the economic mess
And see what could be done.

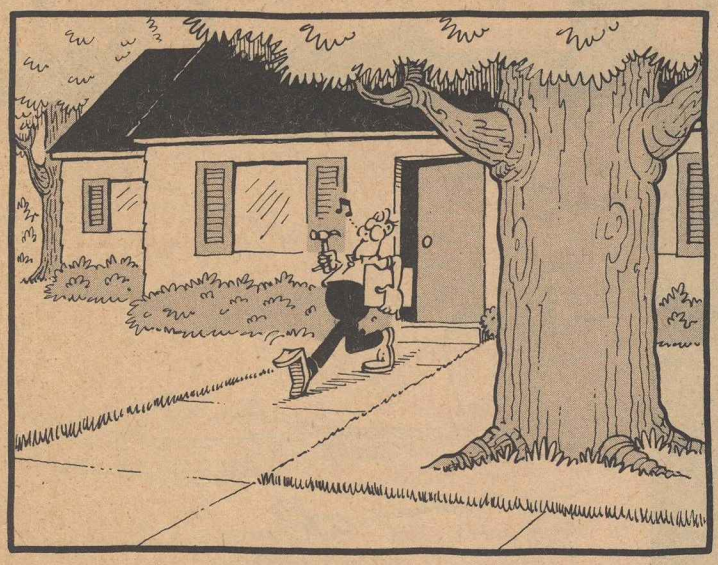
They talked of things like price controls,
Of more aid to the states,
Of tax deductions, welfare boosts
And higher tariff rates.

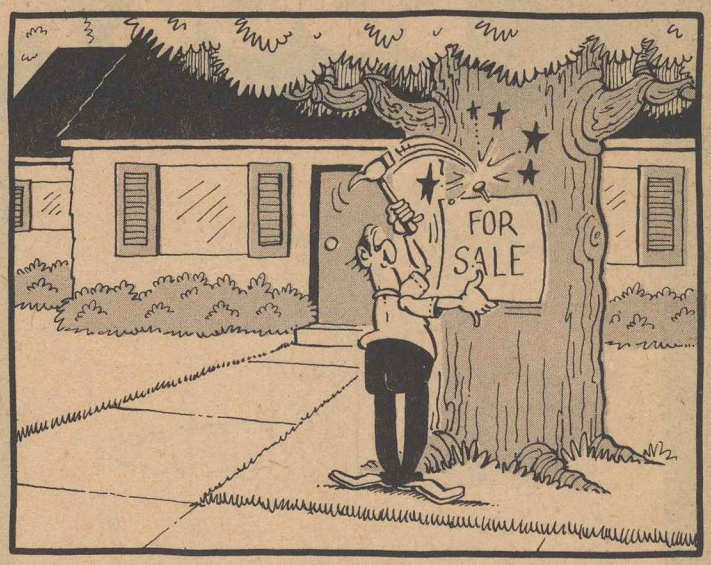
The more they talked, the more they fought
As only experts can;
Until, one day, they both agreed
They had the perfect plan.

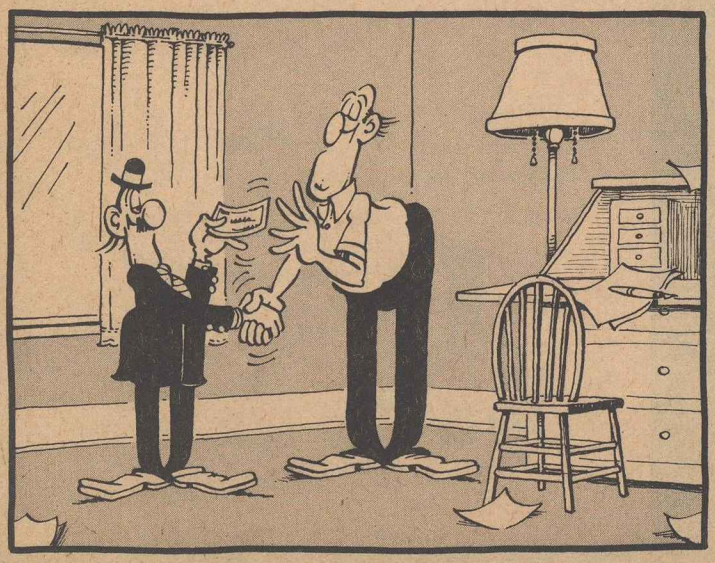
"There's just one way," they told the press;
"It's always worked before;
"To solve the economic mess,
"We need a nice long war."

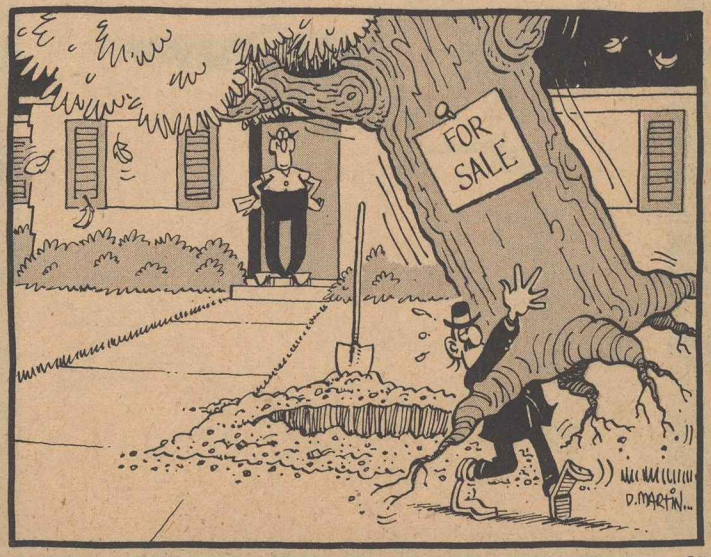
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE FINE DAY IN SUBURBIA



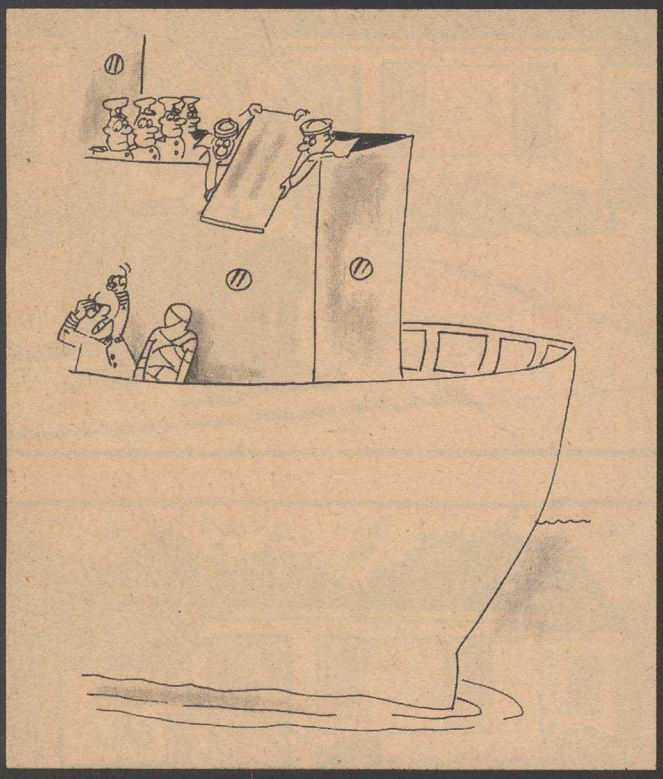


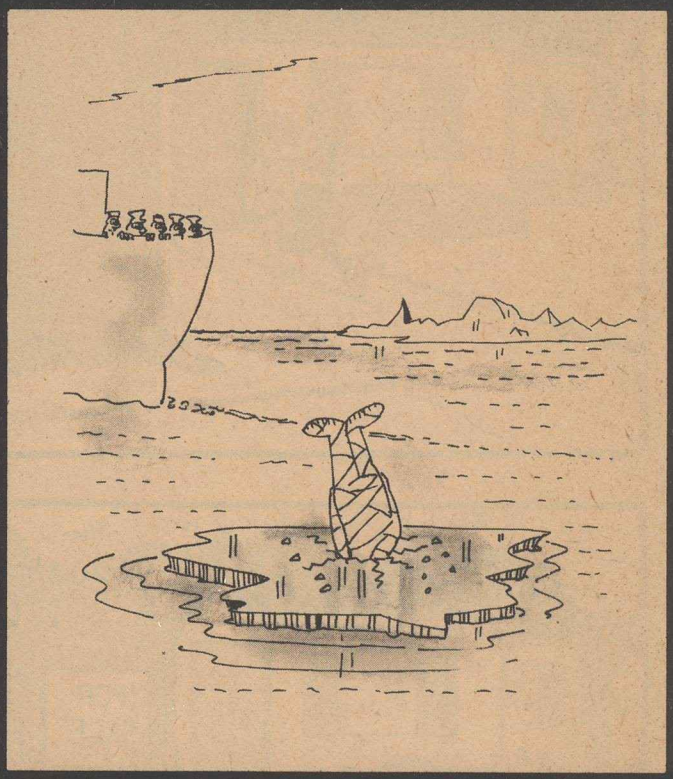


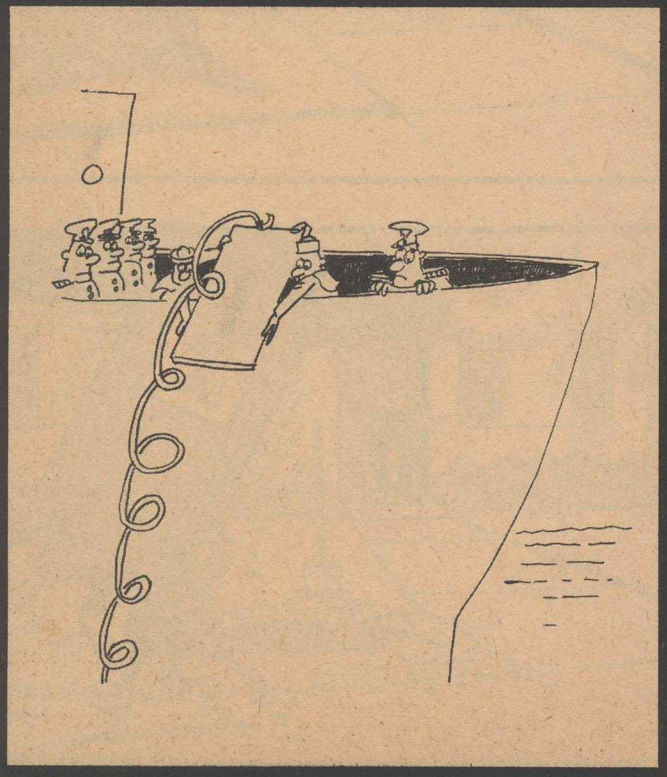


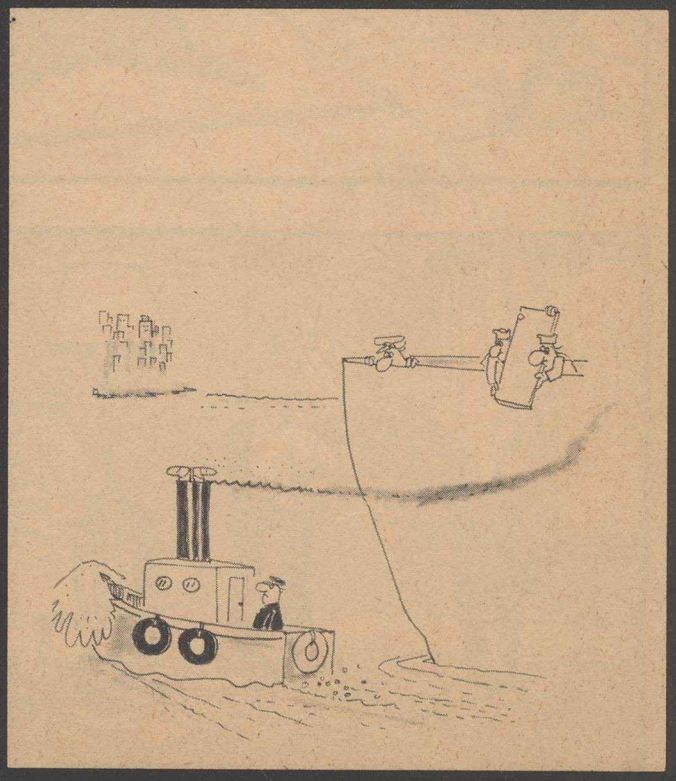
FLOAT SOME AND JETTISON SOME DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT BURI



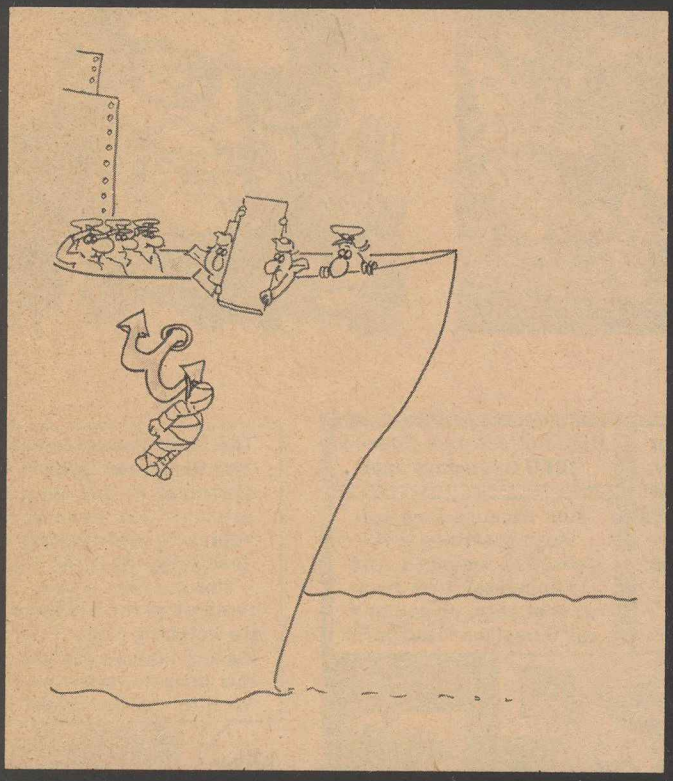


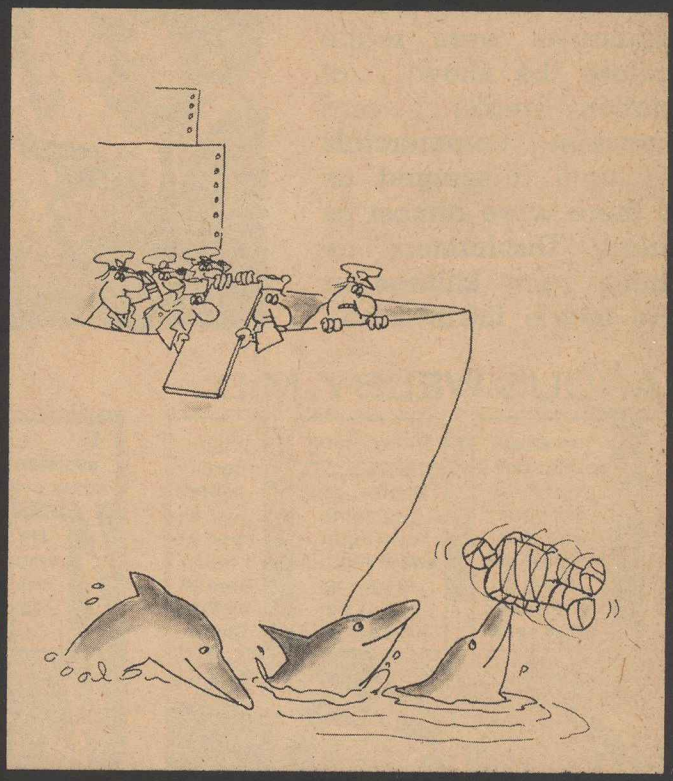


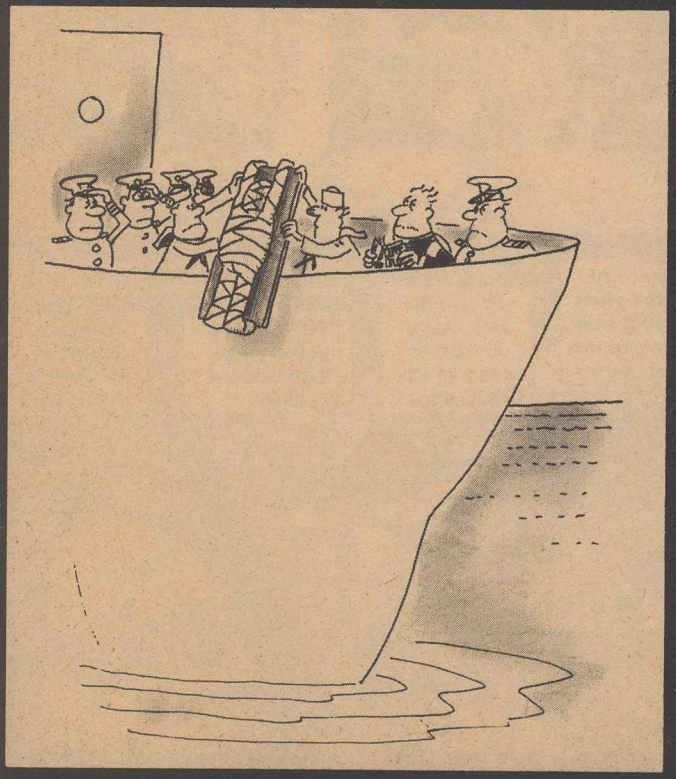


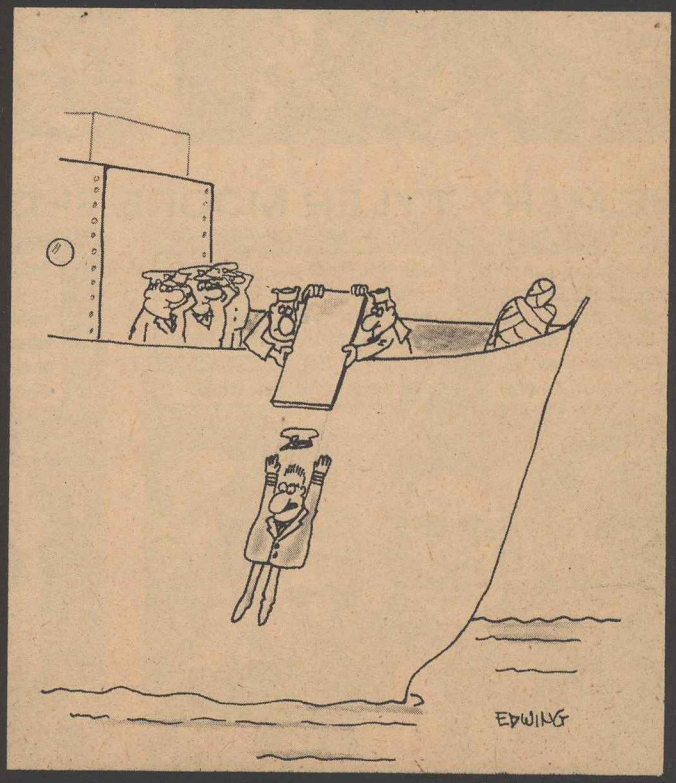
AL AT SEA

ARTIST AND WRITER: DON EDWING



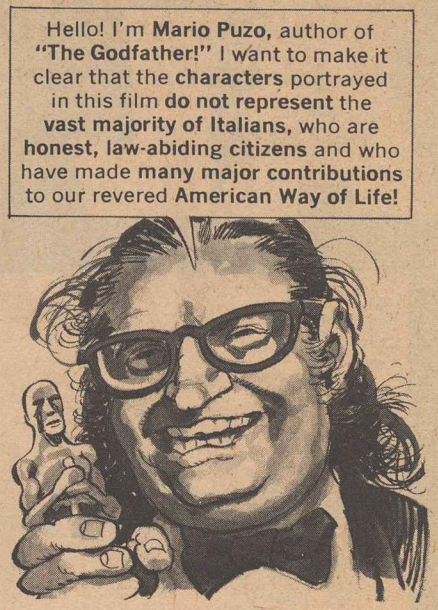




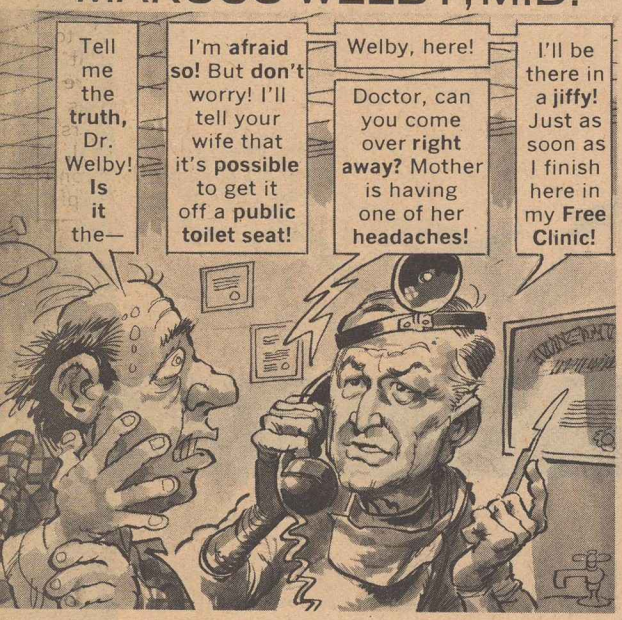


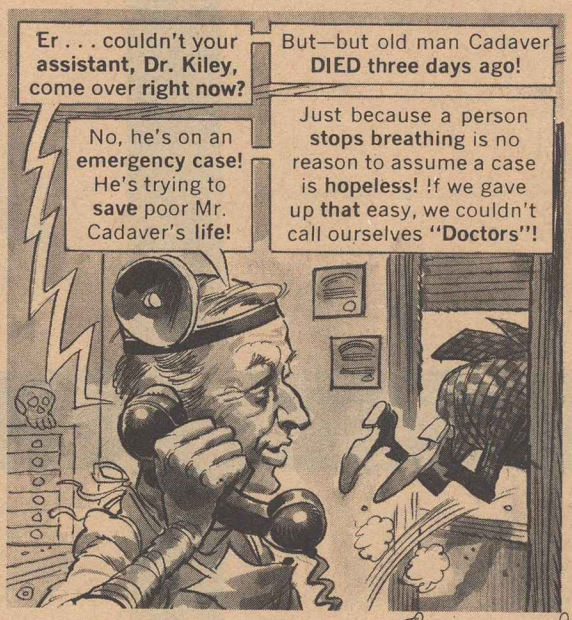
AFFRONTAL ATTACK DEPT.

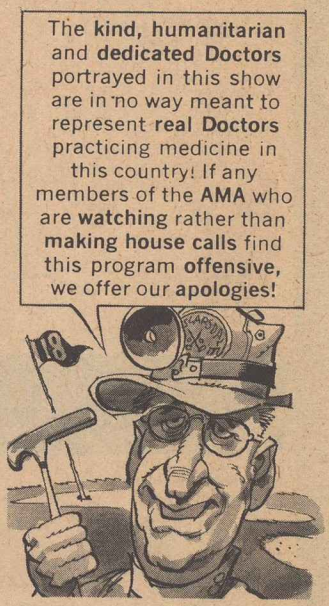
When NBC telecast "The Godfather"—the story of an Italian-American Crime Family, it made many announcements apologizing to all the Italian-Americans in the audience! These apologies were made before the show . . . at station breaks . . . and between commercials . . . until it seemed as if there were almost as many "Disclaimers" as there were killings in the movie itself! Like—



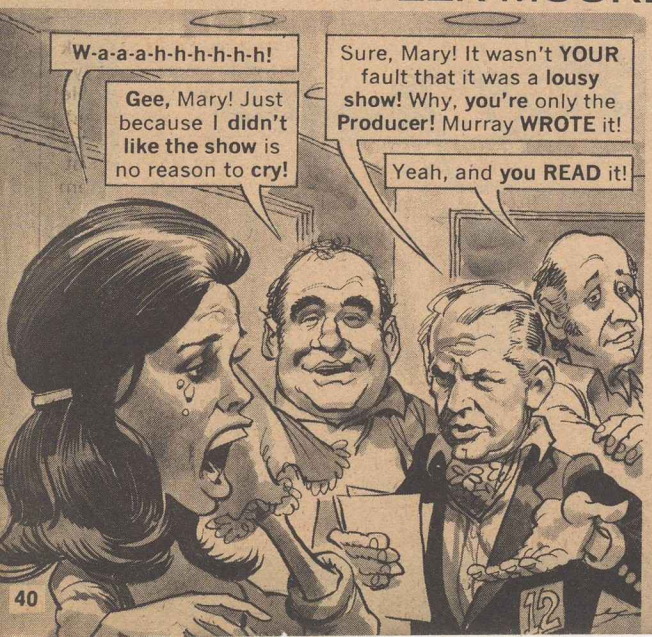
MARCUS WELBY, M.D.

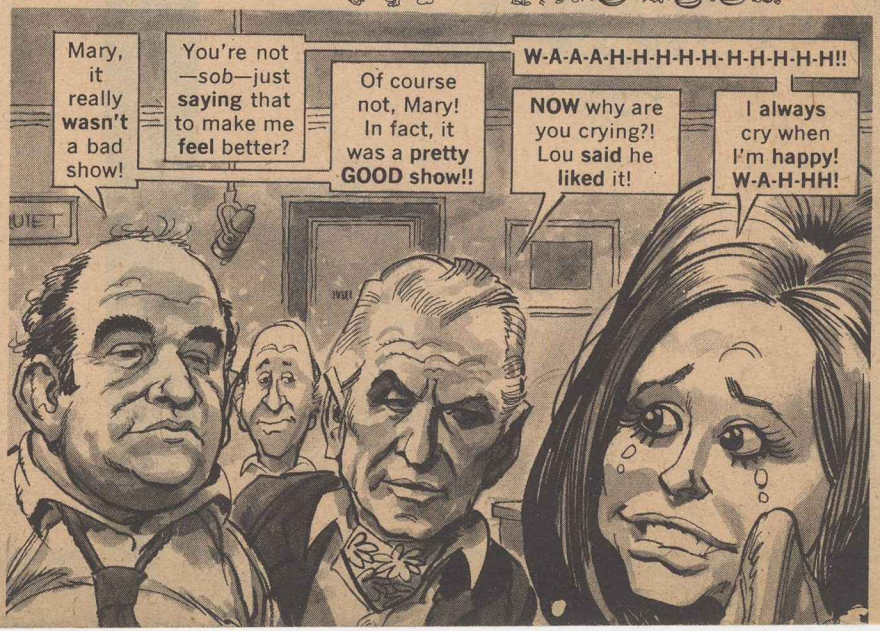






THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW



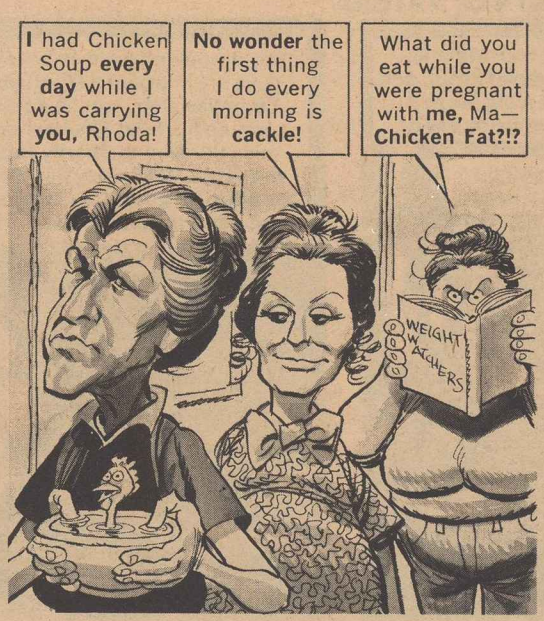


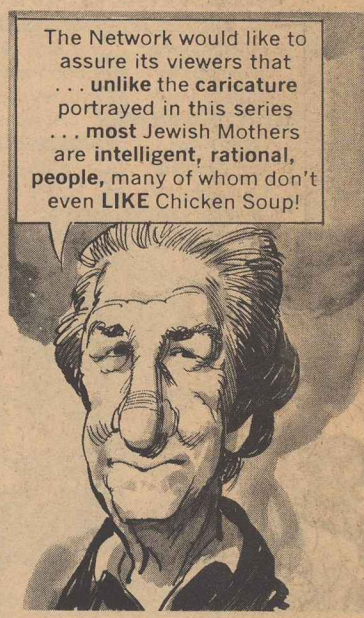
Well, we at MAD think that these "Disclaimers" are a great idea! And since every TV show insults some group or other, here are...

TV DISCLAIMERS We'd Like To See

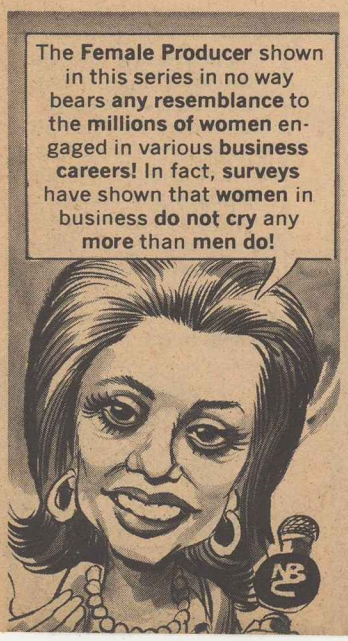
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

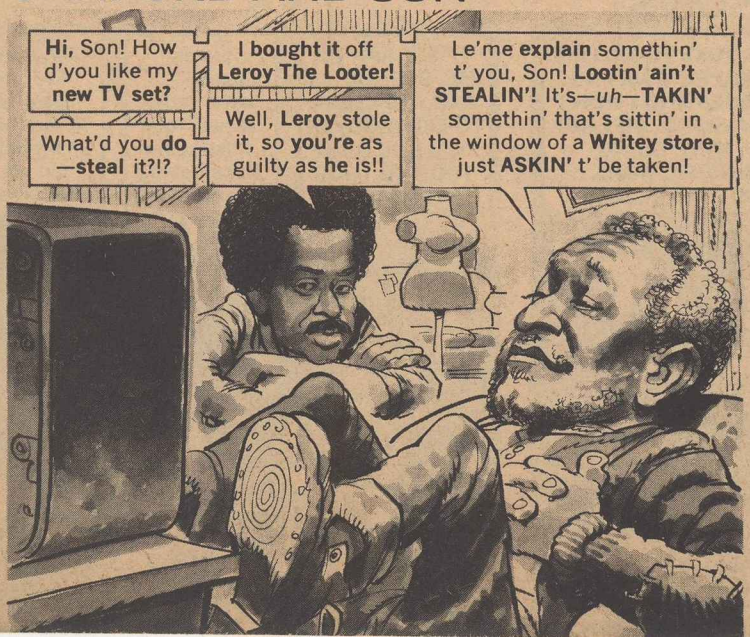
RHODA

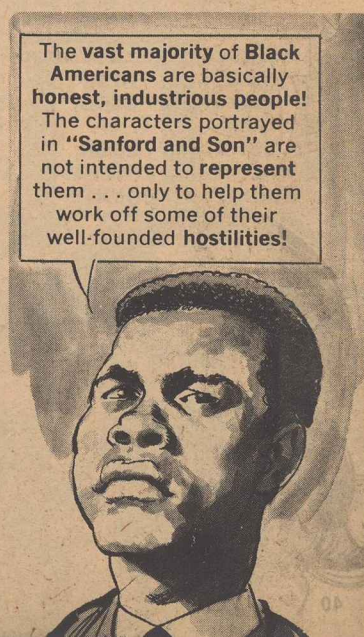




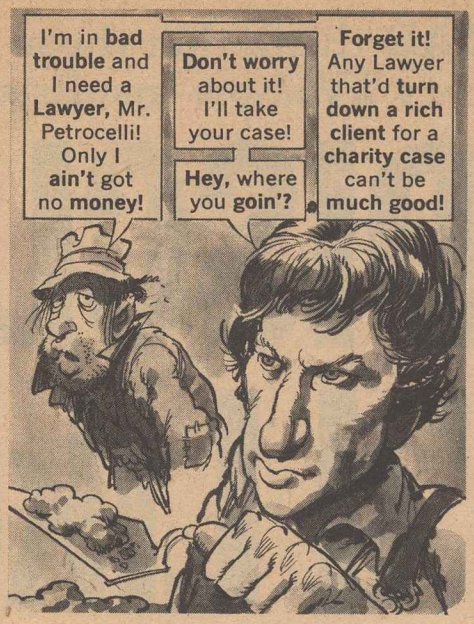
SANFORD AND SON

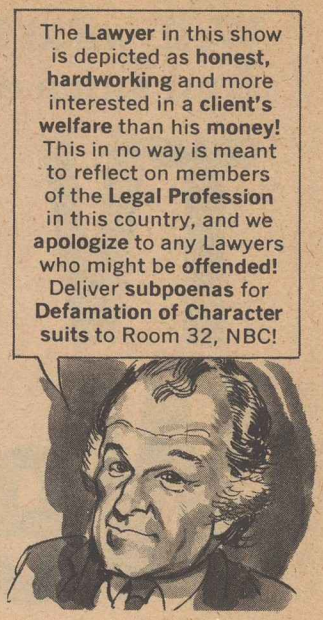




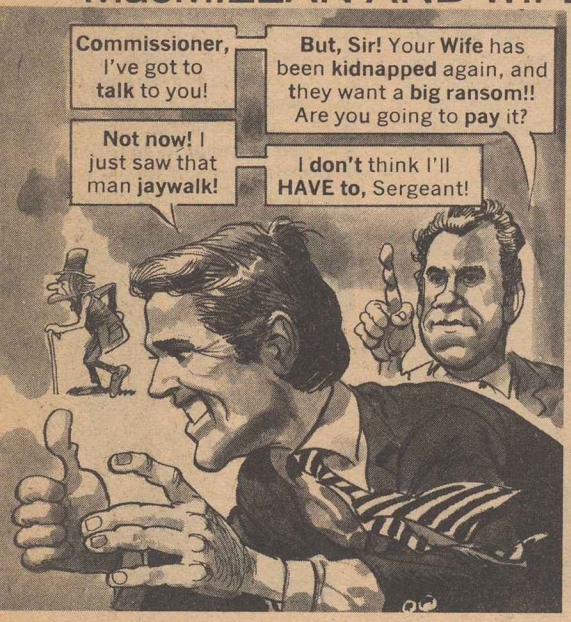


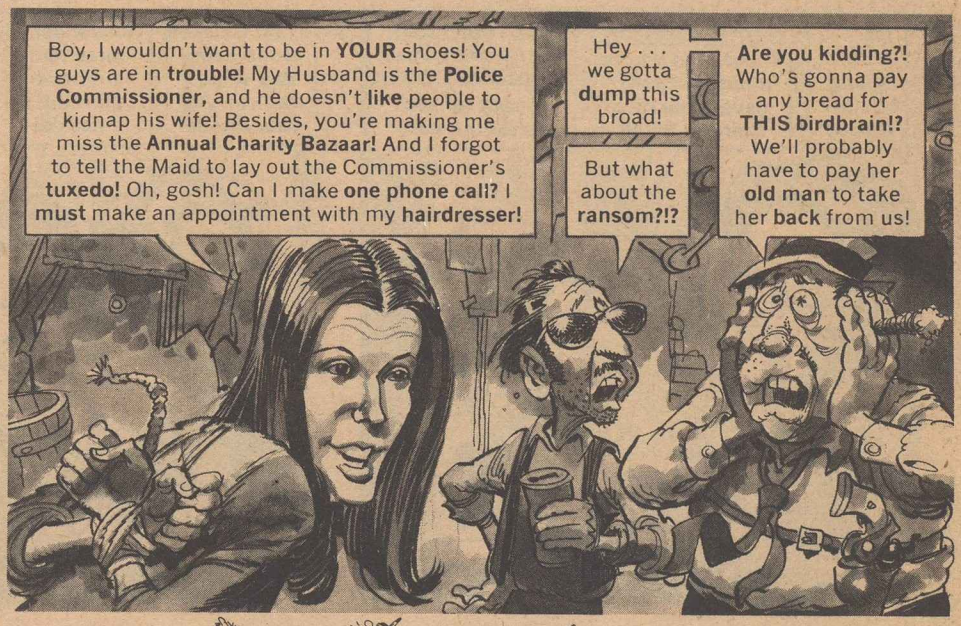
PETROCELLI

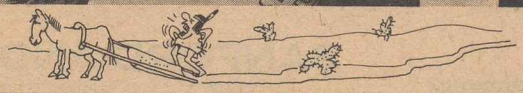




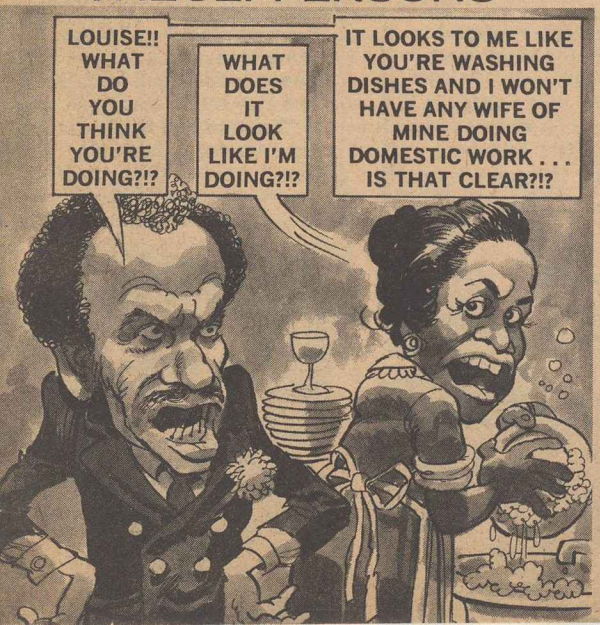
MacMILLAN AND WIFE

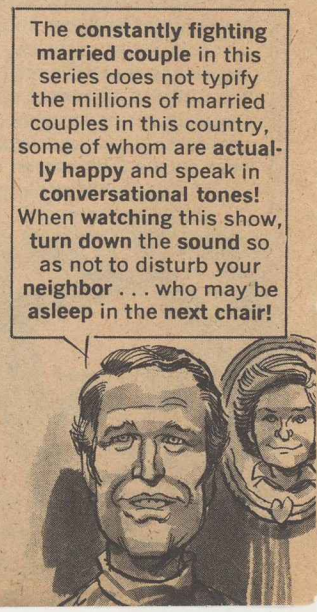




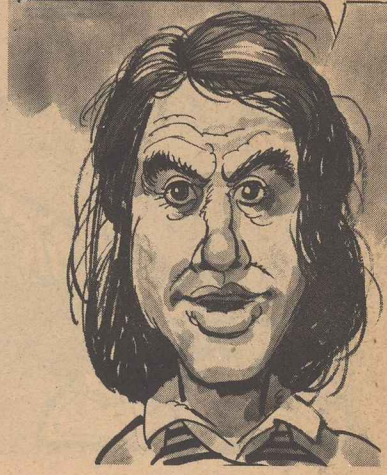


THE JEFFERSONS

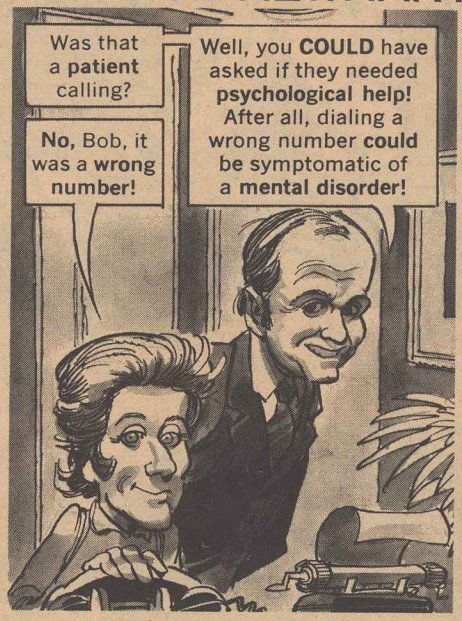


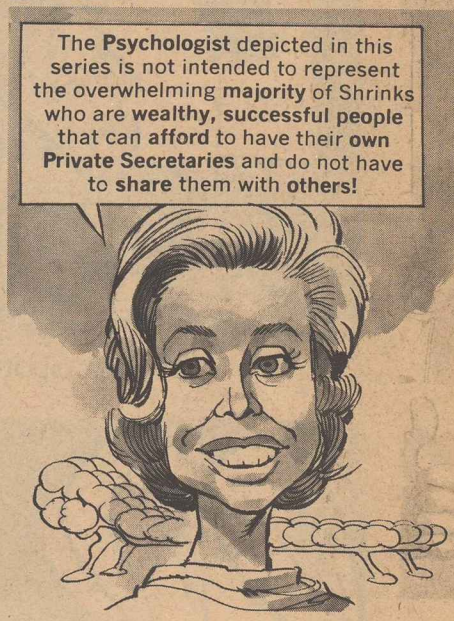


HAPPY DAYS

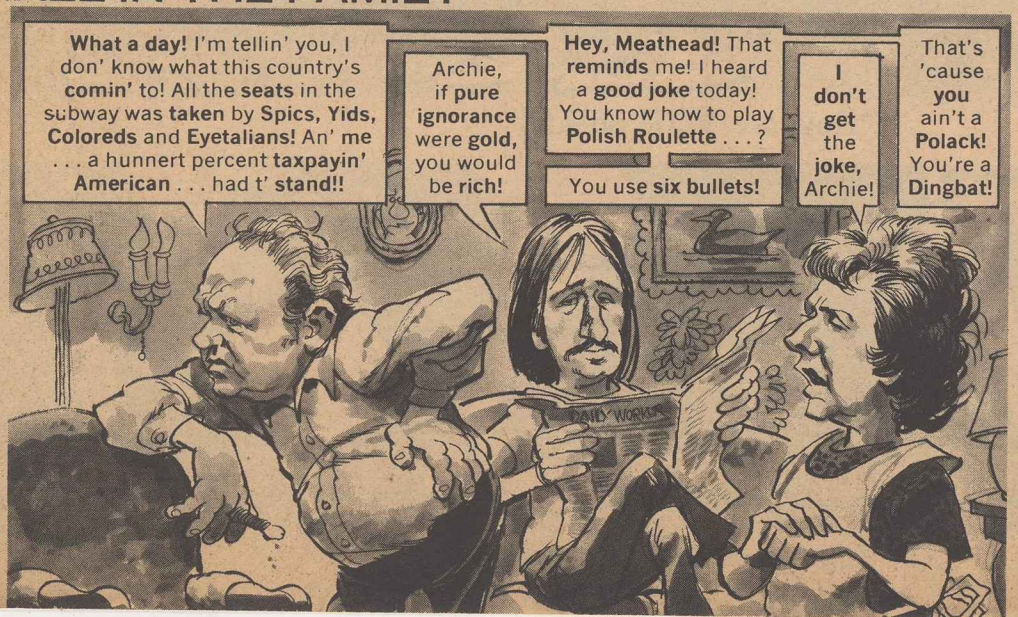


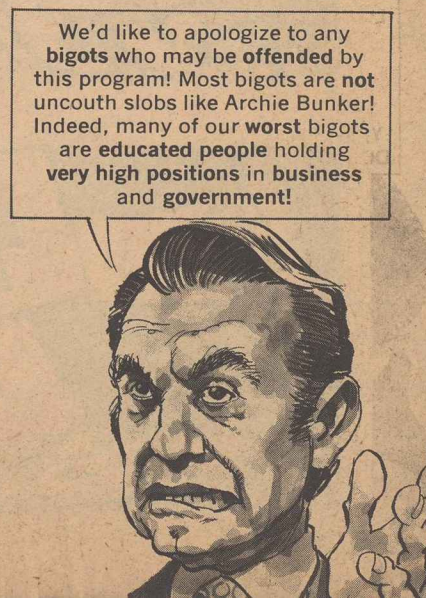
THE BOB NEWHART SHOW





ALL IN THE FAMILY

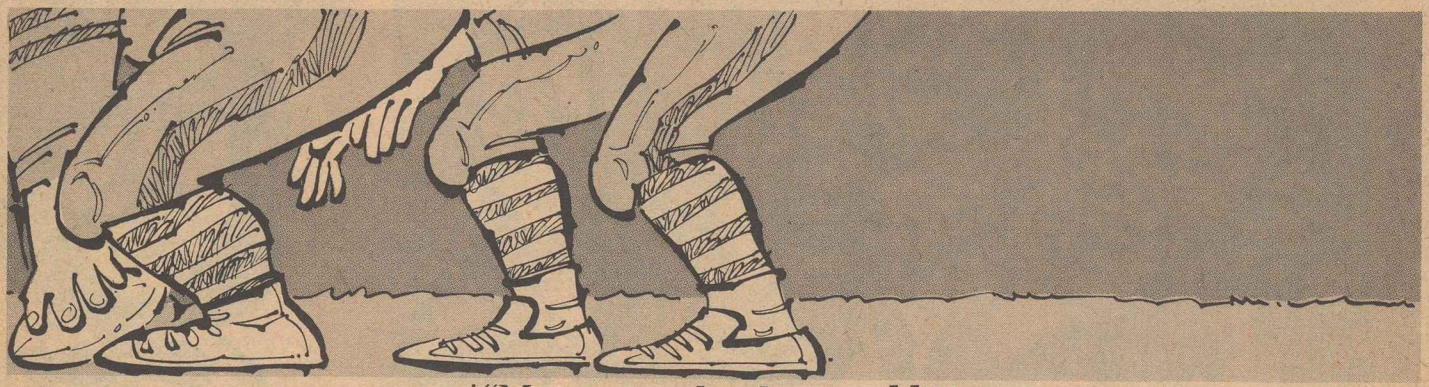




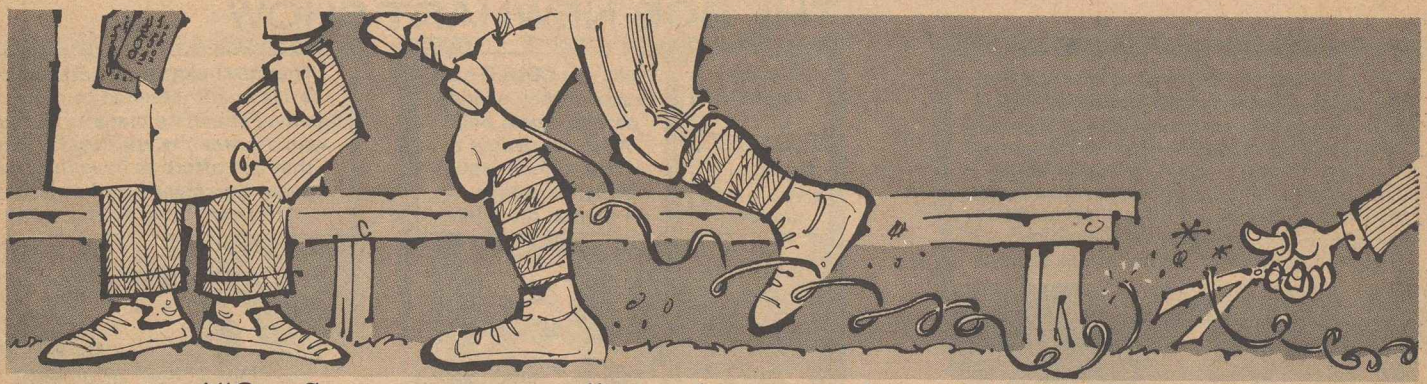
SHOE BIZ DEPT.

FOOTNOTES*

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

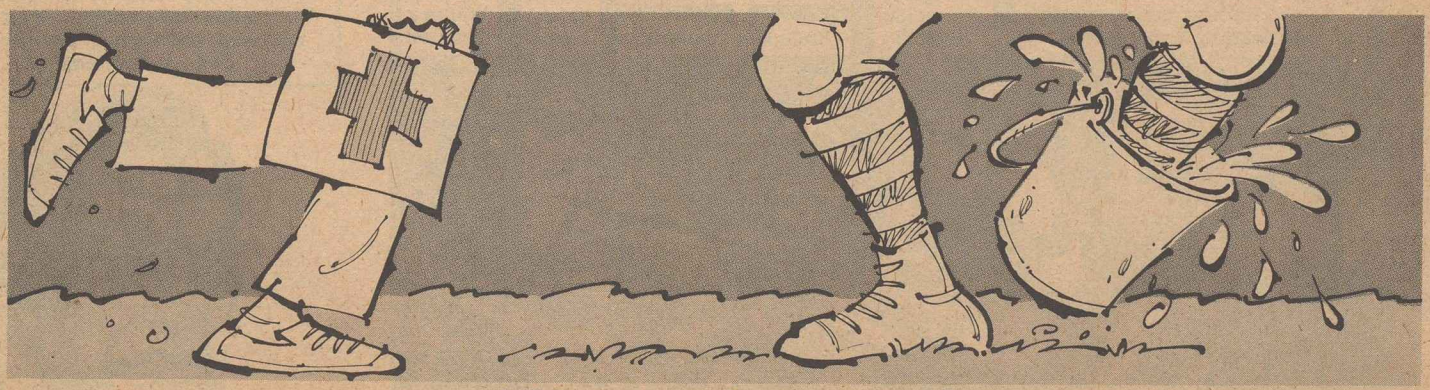


*"Man . . . your **hands** are *cold*!!"

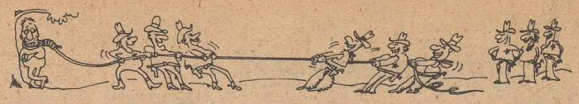


*"Our Spotter wants to tell you about a **weakness** in their **defense** . . ."

*"Boy, are **YOU** offside!"

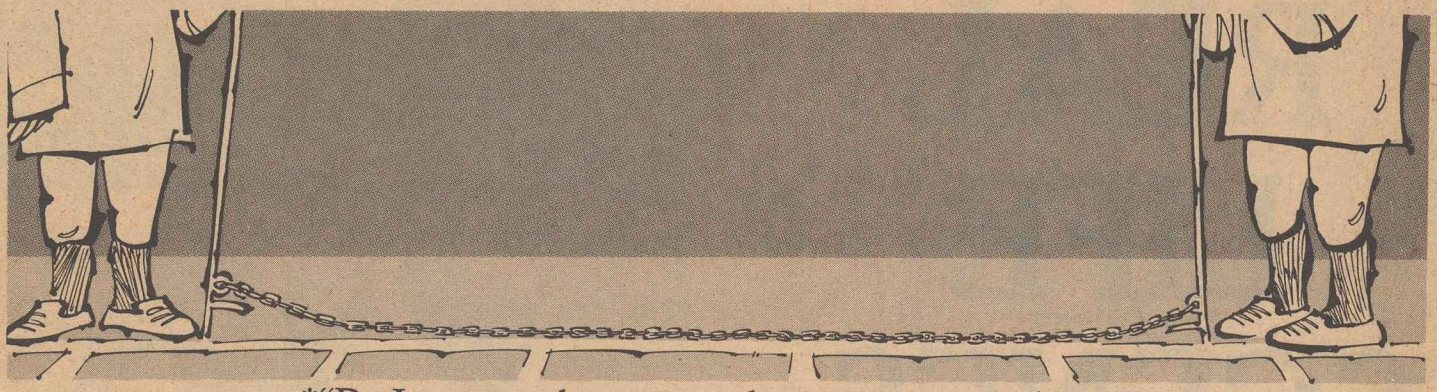


*"It's not exactly an **injury** . . ."

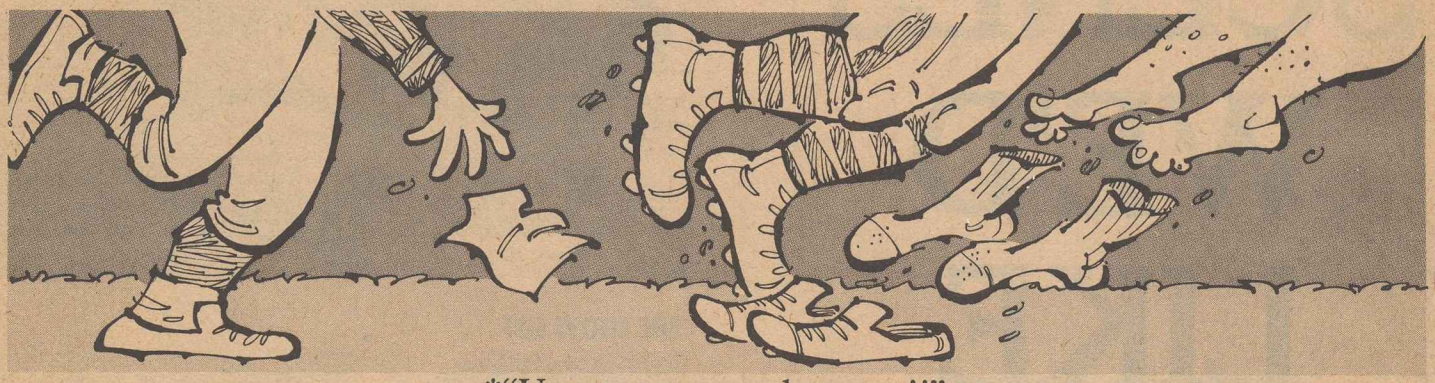


TO FOOTBALL

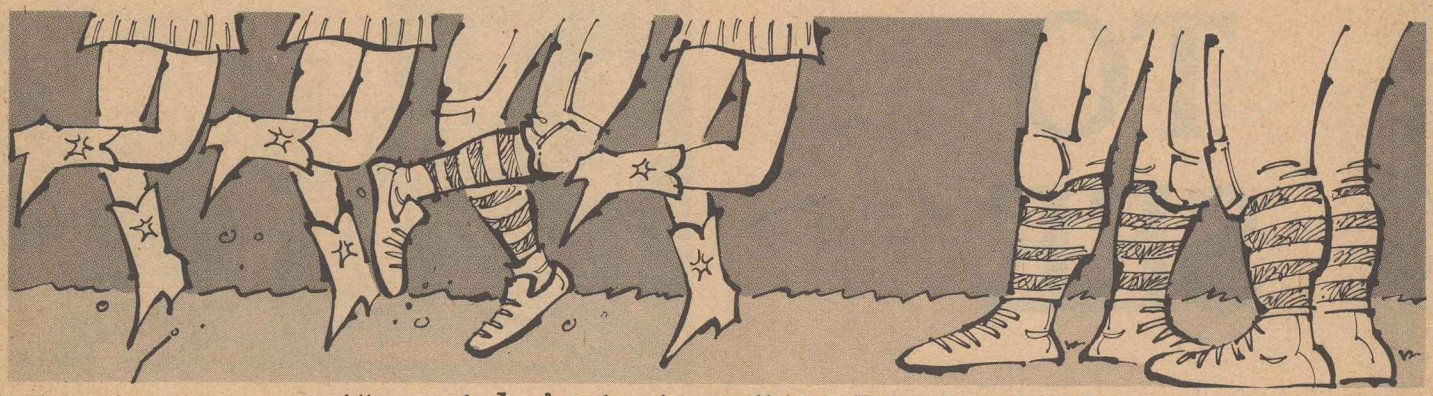
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



*"Do I go towards **you**... or do you come towards **me**?"



*"Unnecessary roughness...!!"

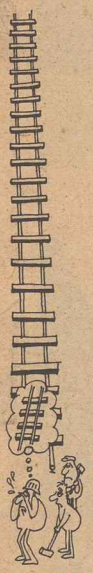


*"...and *that's* why they call him **'Broadway Joe'**!"

***"Congratulations!** You just kicked **two yards of Astroturf** through the **uprights!**"

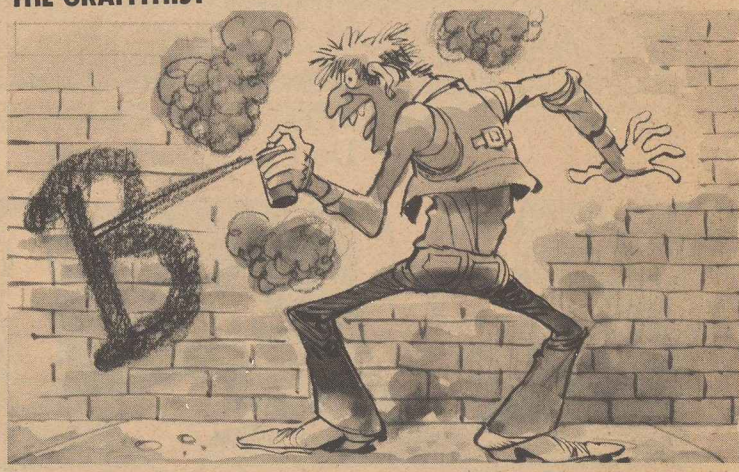
JEST DESSERTS DEPT.

SOME REAL LIFE SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

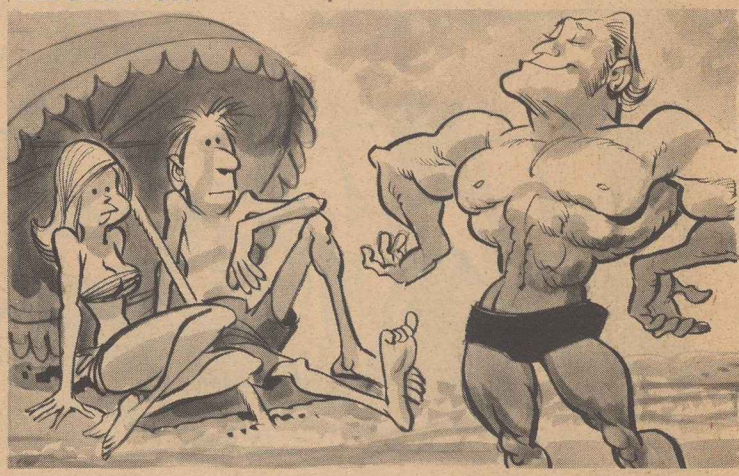


THE BRIBER

THE GRAFFITIIST

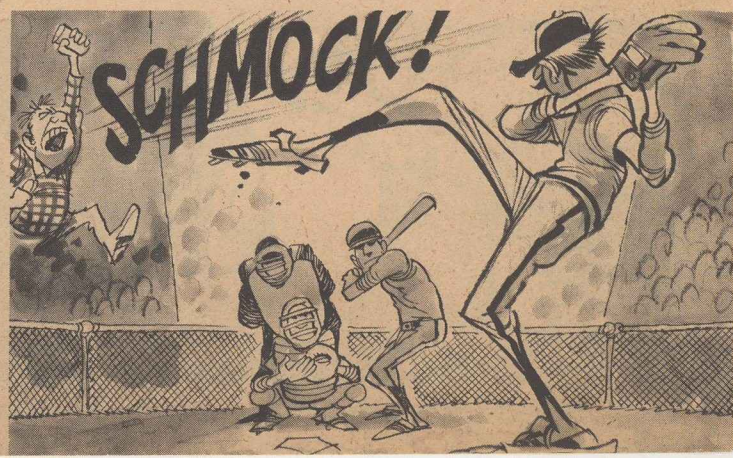


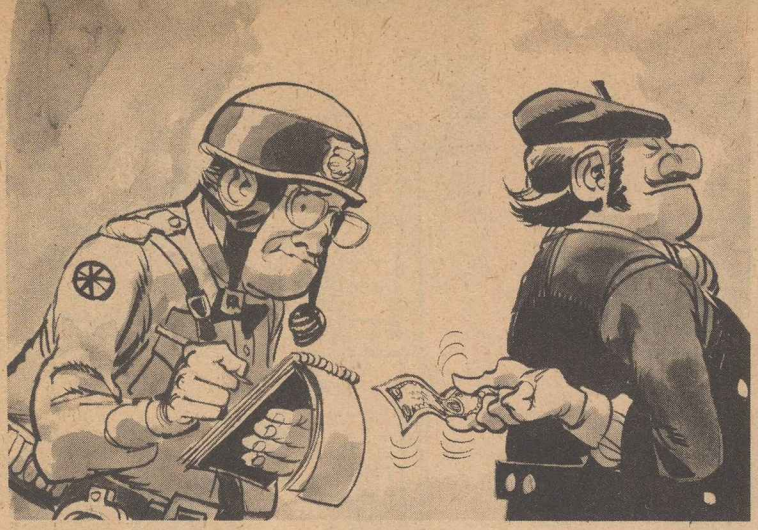
THE SHOW OFF

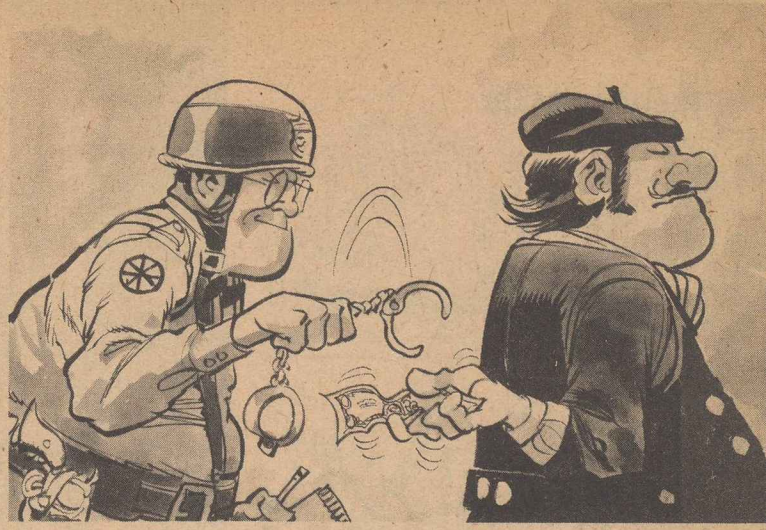


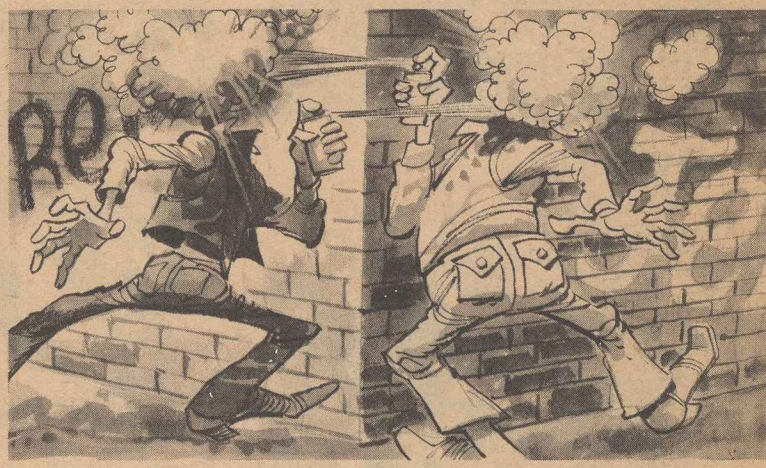
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

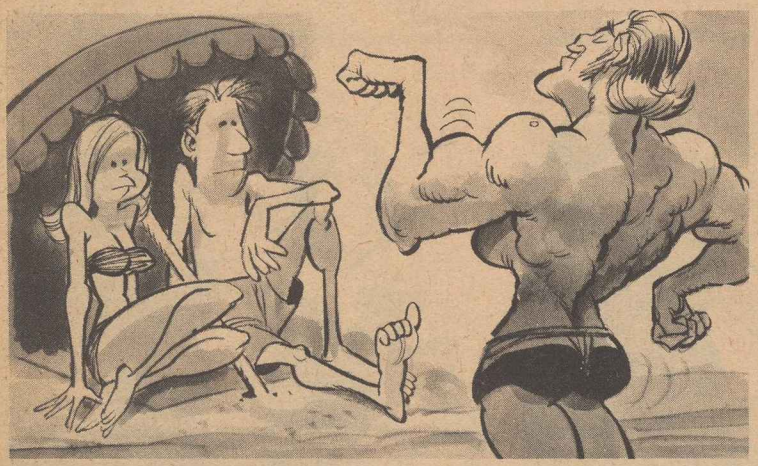
THE LOUD MOUTH

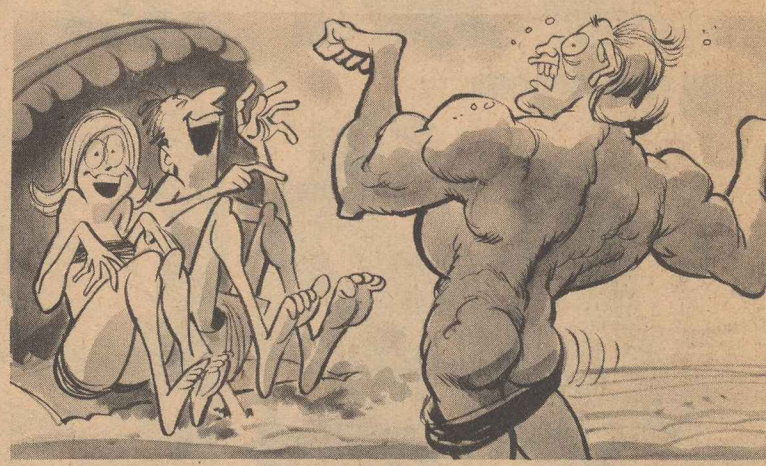




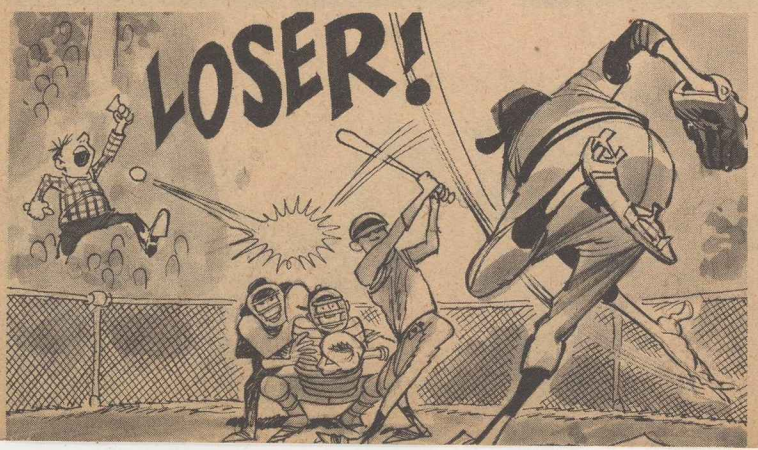


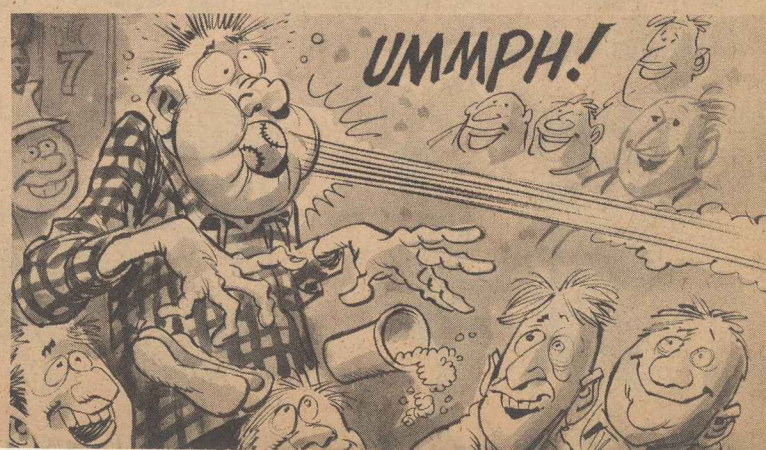




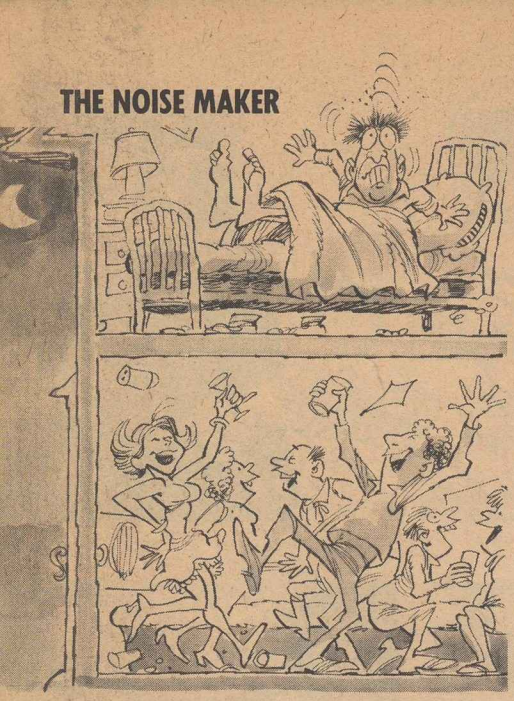


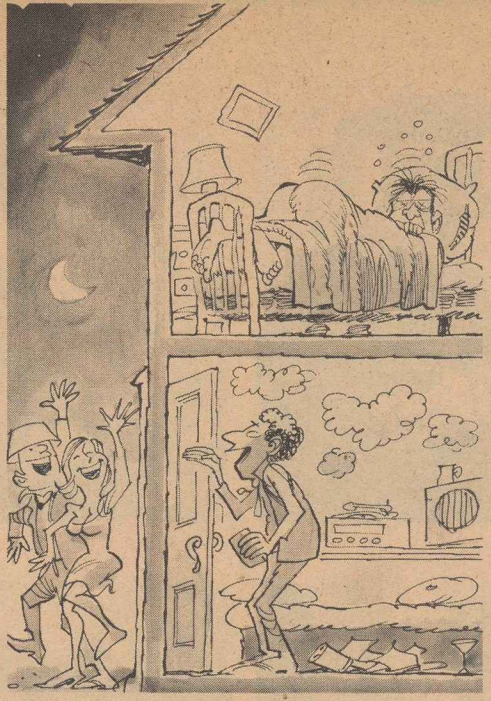
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

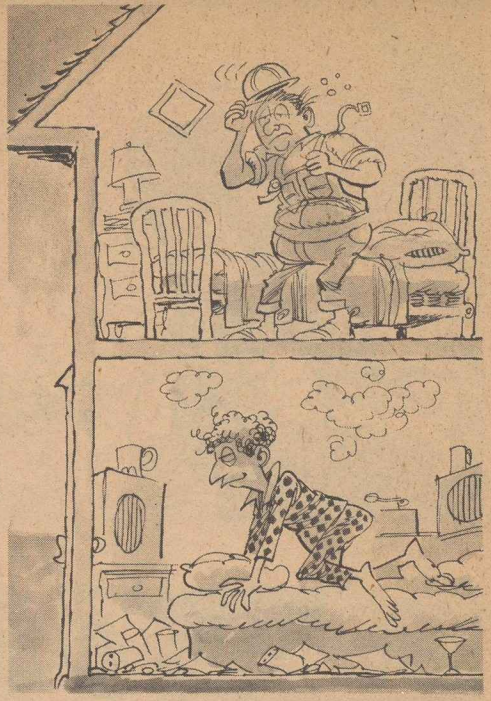




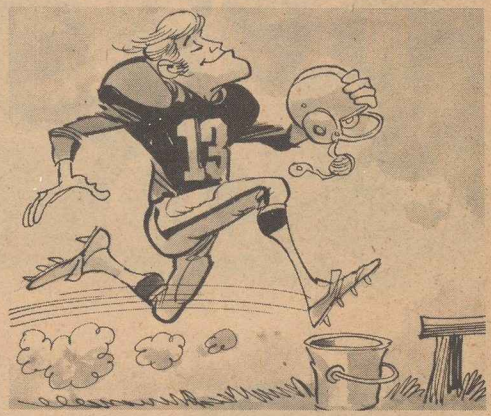
THE NOISE MAKER



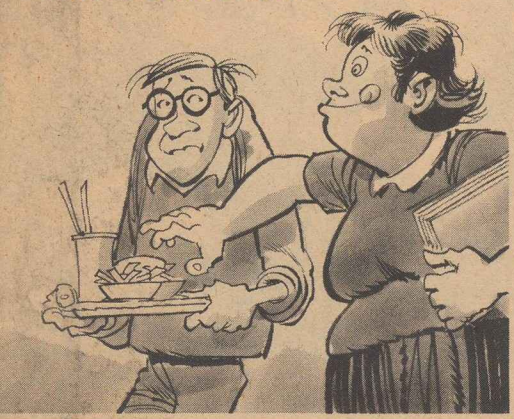


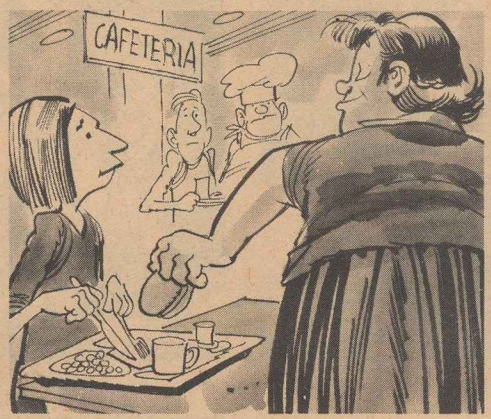


THE SUPER JOCK

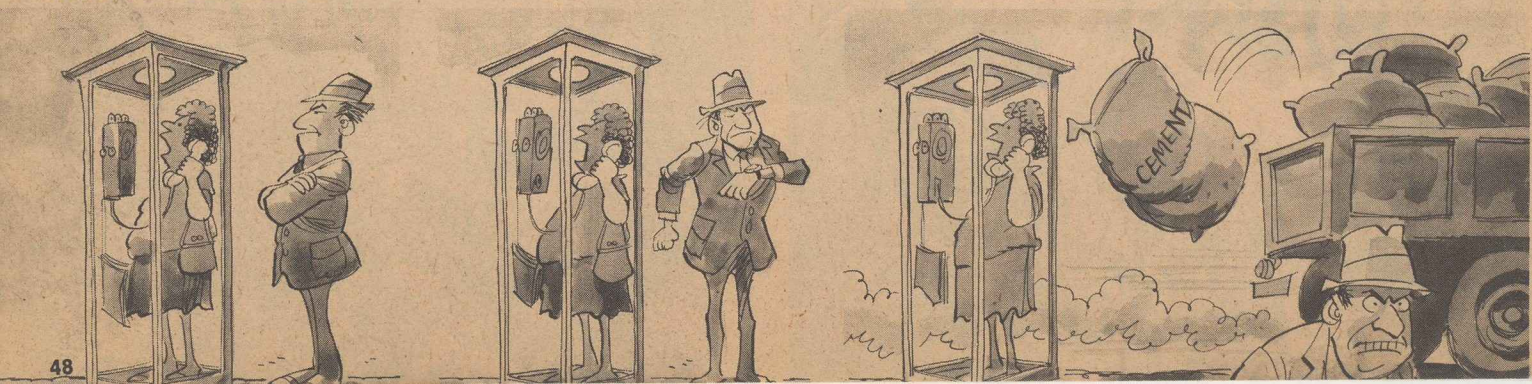


THE FOOD MOOCHER

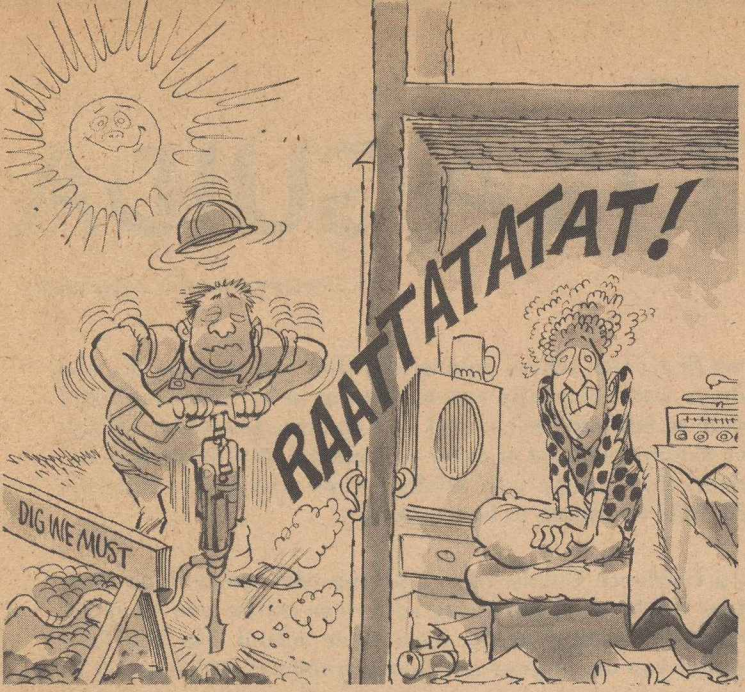


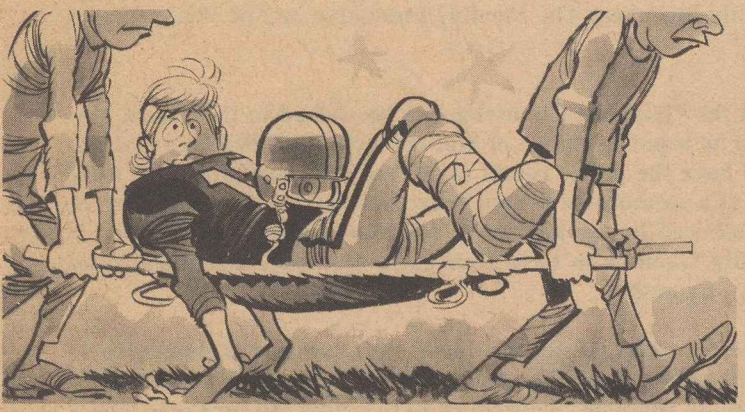


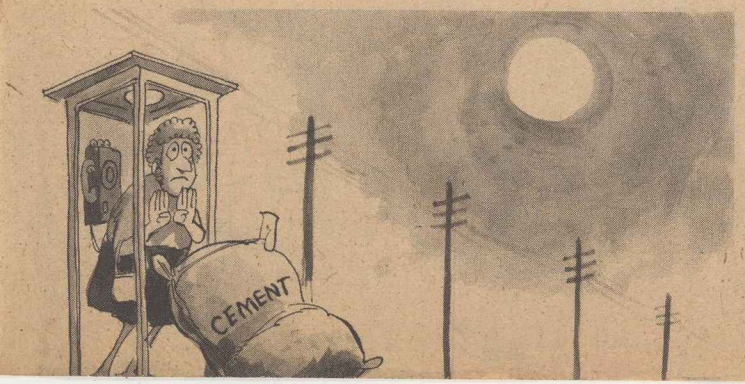
THE NON-STOP TALKER

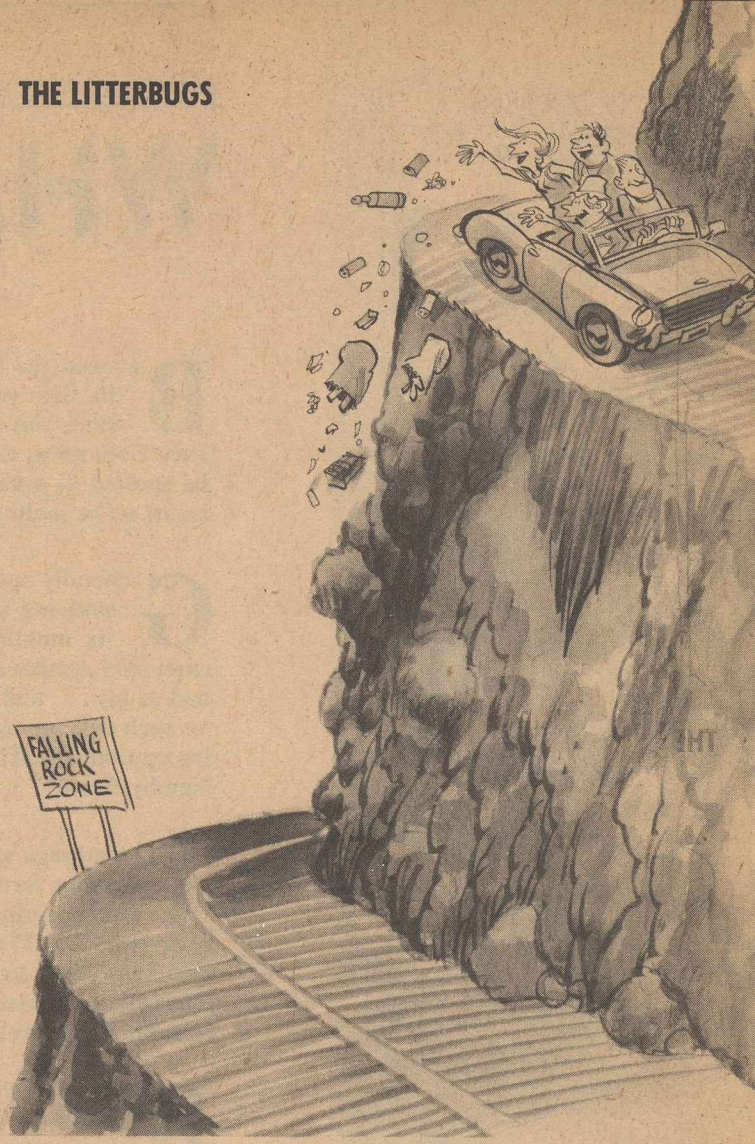


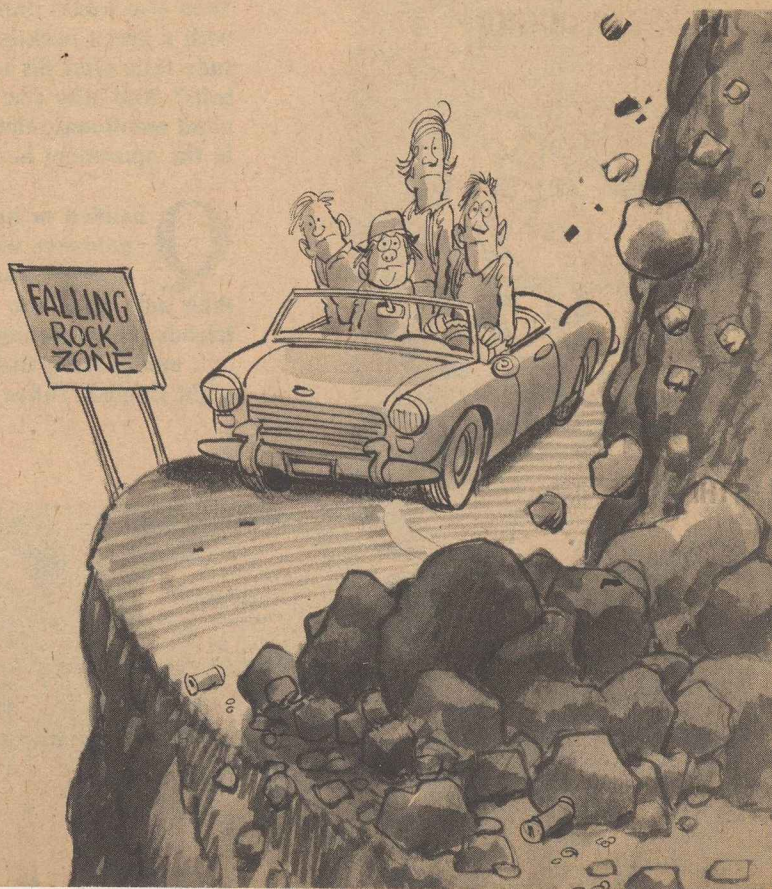
THE LITTERBUGS

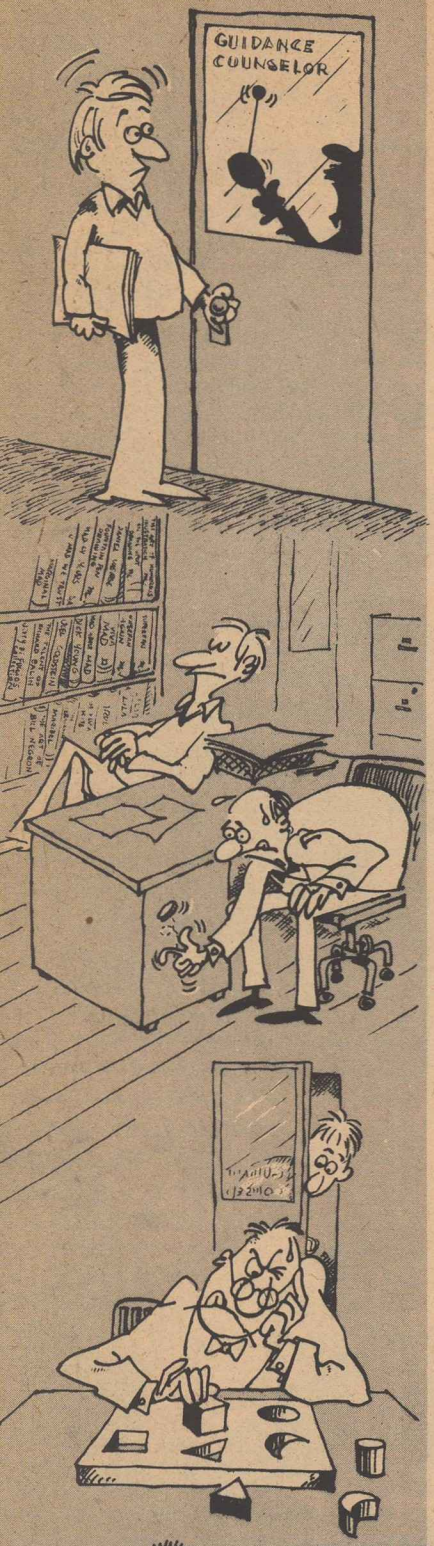












ADVICE TO THE FORLORN DEPT.

WHAT IS A GUIDA

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

Between the time you first enter school wondering what you want to be, and the time you graduate wondering why you turned out to be what you didn't want, you are certain to fall into the clutches of a creature known as a Guidance Counselor. Guidance Counselors exist at every educational institution, and can be spotted in a flash because they are the only adults around who look a little too smart to be janitors, and a little too dumb to be teachers.

Generally speaking, a Guidance Counselor is a person who spends four years studying psychology at the state university so he can advise you to spend six months studying arc welding at the local trade school. He also feels eminently qualified to counsel you about your emotional problems, which aren't as bad as his . . . and your sex life, which is a lot better than his. In setting you straight on such delicate matters, he may take any one of three approved Guidance Counseling approaches: The Firmly Mistaken, The Flexibly Indecisive or The Wishy-Washy Namby-Pamby.

The strange ways of the Guidance Counselor can be viewed in their most horrendous form when he is put in charge of Student Activities. His idea of a gala Homecoming is to have the police round up all the drop-outs and drag them back to school. His idea of a memorable Senior Prom is to let the girls dance in the gym from eight to ten, followed by the boys from ten to midnight. And his idea of scheduling the season's Big Game is to have your chess club play a match against Honolulu High School . . . by mail.

But despite their shortcomings, Guidance Counselors perform a unique function in our educational system. Who else would have the nerve to coach you on getting ahead in life when he's been stuck in the same job for thirty years? Who else would dare to enforce the school dress code while he's wearing a blue suit with a green necktie and brown shoes? Who else would brazenly try to score aptitude tests after his own aptitude test showed a lack of aptitude for scoring aptitude tests? And who else would rush through a guidance session on the development of adult emotional relationships, just so he could hurry home for an evening of solitaire in the apartment he shares with his mother?

Qualified or not, Guidance Counselors seem to feel a compulsion to dispense guidance wherever they go. Even in their spare time, they can be observed systematically guiding their relatives into nervous breakdowns . . . guiding their neighbors into frantic searching for new homes across town . . . guiding their friends into switching off the TV football game so they can watch "Meet The Press" . . . and guiding their '66 Chevy Novas into Howard Johnson's for a big Saturday night English Toffee spree.

NCE COUNSELOR?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Most students naturally assume that the lives of Guidance Counselors are always dull and drab and devoid of emotional highs. Not so. In private moments, they have been known to experience Sheer Ecstasy . . . when they find a juvenile parole violator who can be sent back to reform school. They often feel a sense of Deep Fulfillment . . . whenever they can scream at a coed for stupidly getting pregnant. On occasion, they even succumb to Flaming Passion . . . and throw the president of the Ethnic Students' Association out of their office, while he's still presenting his demands.

All in all the typical Guidance Counselor embodies the same laudable qualities found among great men in other walks of life. He possesses the Cheery Good Humor of John Mitchell, the Sensitive Understanding of Johnny Carson, the Quiet Patience of Muhammed Ali, the Unswerving Loyalty of Wilt Chamberlain, the Creative Imagination of Johnny Mann, the Guileless Generosity of King Faisal, the Stately Bearing of Mickey Rooney and the Calm Maturity of Jerry Lewis.

A Guidance Counselor is really everything a student could want in a friend and advisor. He is Fatherly Concern with a vacant stare, Warm Camaraderie with a cold, wet handshake, Liberal Open-Mindedness wearing an American Legion pin, Total Competence in mis-matched socks, and the Ideal, All-Around, Well Balanced Parent Figure, who doesn't happen to have any children of his own because he never got married because the prospect of going out on his first date still terrifies him . . . at age 46.

Most Counselors take a special pride in their Vocational Guidance techniques, which consist mainly of signing you up for all the courses, you'll ever need to launch a career that you don't want and they don't understand. But even after you've taken every course and graduated with very honor, a Guidance Counselor is seldom able to find you a job as a New York Disc Jockey or a Hollywood Talent Scout or a Boston Symphony Conductor. More likely, his Placement Service will offer you work as a Super Market Box Boy or a Steel Mill Furnace Stoker or a Shepherd.

The only thing you can be absolutely sure of is that the vocation chosen for you by your Guidance Counselor will be the wrong one. If your I.Q. tests out at 194, he'll try to steer you into a street cleaning apprenticeship. If you're flunking Remedial Multiplication, he'll spot you as a good prospect for nuclear physics. But no matter how ill-suited you are for the career he's picked, you'd better follow his advice. After all, things could get a lot worse if you force him to fall back on his second choice, and utter those words that every student dreads to hear:

"YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BECOME A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR!"

BERG'S EYE-VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... The FAST

-FOOD Craze

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

This was a **great idea,** copying the **"Arthur Treacher's Fish And Chips" TV Commercial** . . . inviting my girl to **dinner,** going out and **buying** the ready-made stuff and making out like I'm **preparing it** here in the kitchen!

It's all ready!

Gee, Anthony! You're so **multi-faceted!** You're even a **CHEF!**

Well, how do you **like** it!

Mmmmmm! Absolutely **delicious!**

It's **almost** as good as **"Arthur Treacher's Fish And Chips"!!**

Hello, **"Pizza Palace"?** I got a **terrible emergency!** A crowd of **unexpected, starving people** just arrived and I need **two king-size pies!** Do they take **long** to **make?**

Ahh, dat takes **no time at all!** Dey're **already made!**

Good! But don't you have to **heat them up?**

Dat takes **five minutes!**

Great! The order goes to Roger Kaputnik, Apt. 3-B, 44 Davenport Avenue! How **soon** can you **deliver . . . ?**

Dat takes **TWO HOURS!**

I'm **too bushed** to **cook** tonight! Mind if we call one of those **Chicken Places** that **deliver?** I've got the **menus** for the two in our neighborhood . . .

Well, okay! What have they got?

CHICKEN DELIVER has ". . . Three Pieces of Chicken, French Fries, a Bun and Cole Slaw . . . $2.00"!

And **QUICK CHICK** has ". . . Three Huge Sections of Fancy Maine-Grown Chicken, dipped in luscious Bread Crumbs and fried to Crusty Perfection plus Idaho Potatoes browned in Golden Corn Oil with a Fluffy Bun and a Tasty Serving of Delicious Cole Slaw . . . $2.50"!

What's the **difference?**

Not much!

For **FIFTY CENTS MORE,** you get **all those ADJECTIVES!**

What a **crummy job,** pickin' up garbage!

Yeah! 'Specially all this stuff from them **"Fast-Food"** joints!

Don't put 'em down! I'd like to **OWN** one of them joints! I'd make a **FORTUNE!**

Not ME! I know where the **BIG MONEY** is!

The **PAPER Business!!**

Le'see, I'll have a **Cheeseburger! No, no** . . . make that a **Fish Filet! No, wait** . . . make that a **Big Mac!** No, **hold it** . . . on **second** thought, I want a **Cheeseburger after all!**

No, **wait!** The **Big Mac** sounds **good!** But so does the **Fish Filet!** And the **Cheeseburger** sounds even **better!** So it's either a **Cheeseburger** or a **Fish Filet!** At least I've **narrowed it down** to those—

You're holding up the **line,** Sir! Could you please make a **decision?**

Okay! I've **definitely made up my mind!**

I want an **ANCHOVY PIZZA!!**

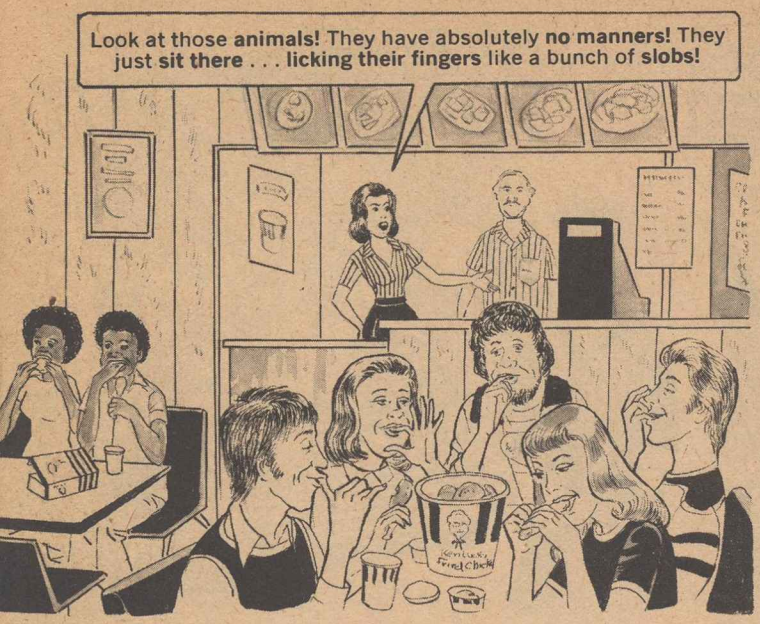
Let's stop at the **Burger Place** and see if we can meet any **girls!**

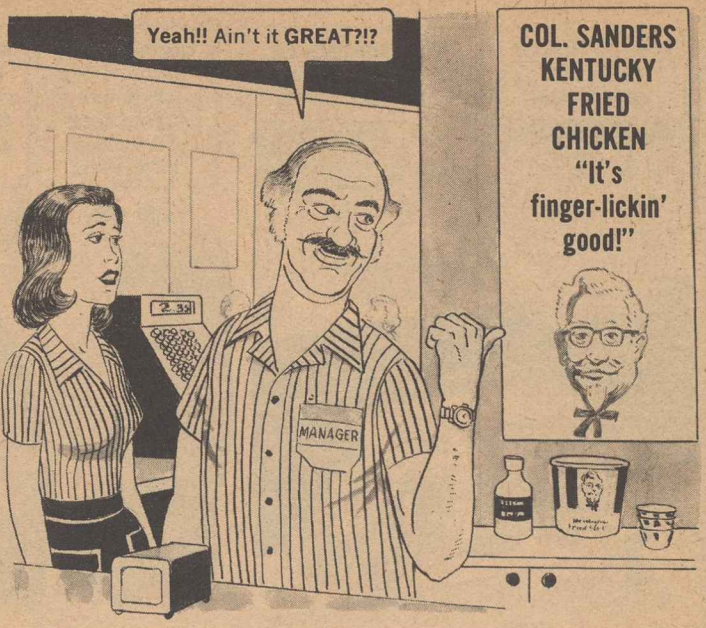
Let's stop at the **Burger Place** and see if we can meet any **boys!**

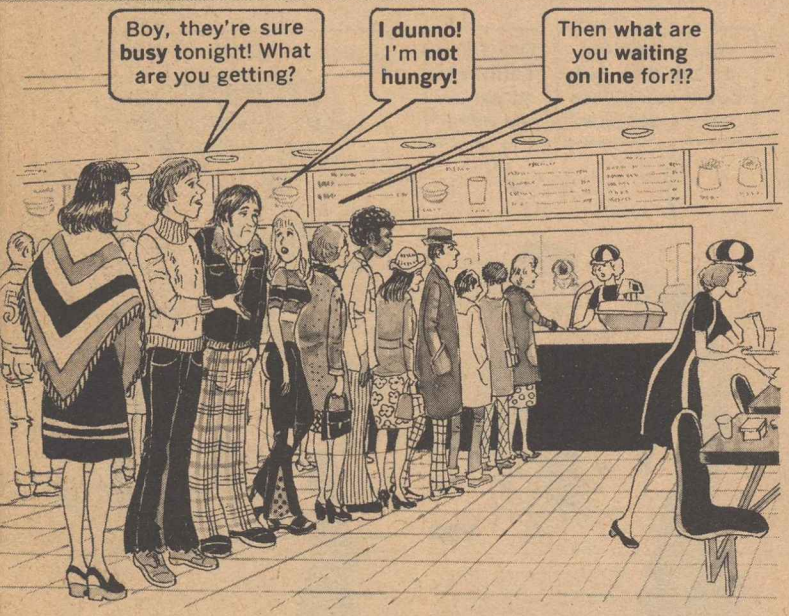
Ahhh! Every time we come here we see the **same old faces!**

Let's try the **Roast Beef place!**

Let's try the **Roast Beef place!**


Look at those animals! They have absolutely no manners! They just sit there . . . licking their fingers like a bunch of slobs!

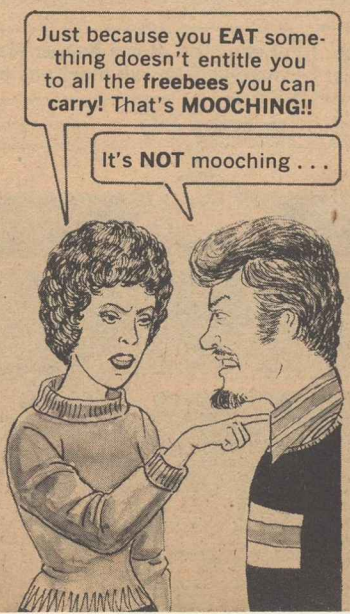

Yeah!! Ain't it GREAT?!?
COL. SANDERS KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN "It's finger-lickin' good!"
MANAGER


Boy, they're sure busy tonight! What are you getting?
I dunno! I'm not hungry!
Then what are you waiting on line for?!?

By the time I get to the counter, I'll be FAMISHED!!

What's THIS?!? You've got a drawer full of straws, paper napkins, tin foil packets of catsup and mustard, and two million envelopes of sugar!

I know! I can't resist anything that's FREE! So I help myself to a batch whenever I stop at one of those "Fast-Food" places!
David Berg

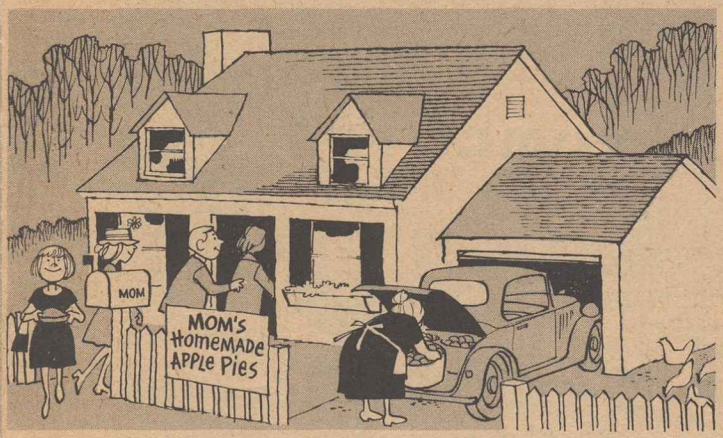

Just because you EAT something doesn't entitle you to all the freebees you can carry! That's MOOCHING!!
It's NOT mooching . . .

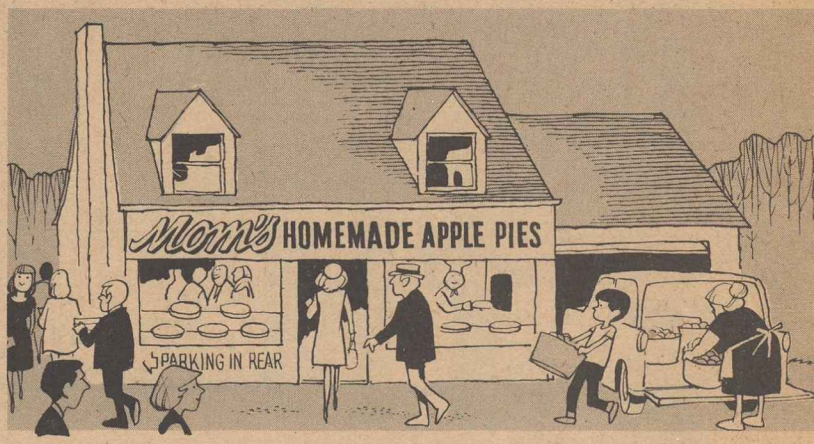
. . . it's STEALING!!
I wouldn't EAT at one of those places if you paid me a million bucks!

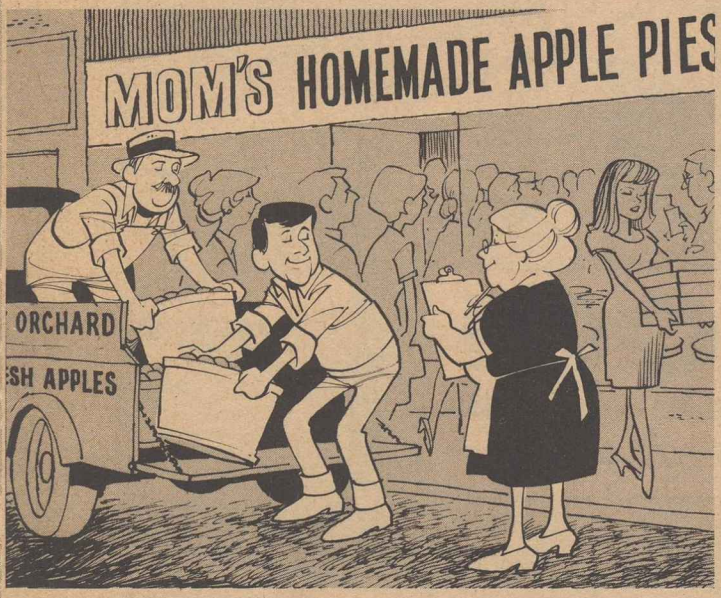
INFERIORITY COMPLEX DEPT.

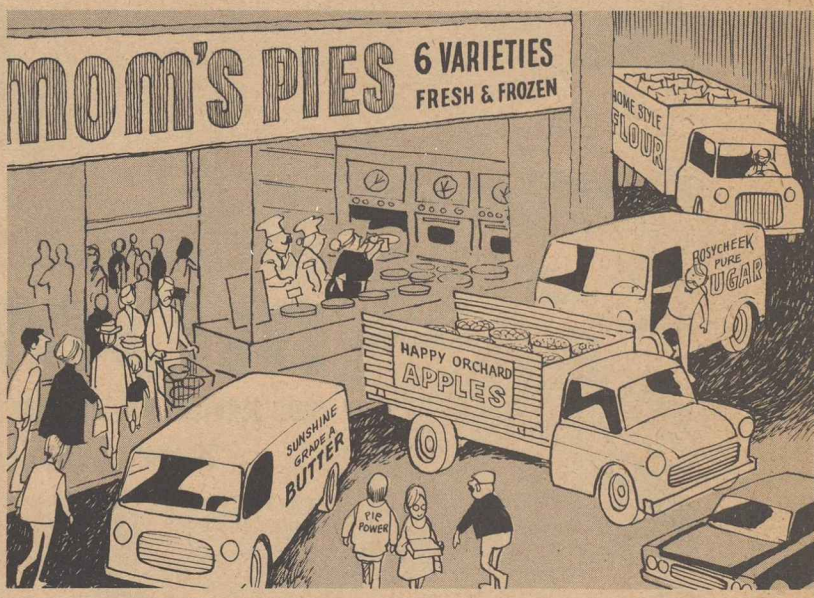
A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

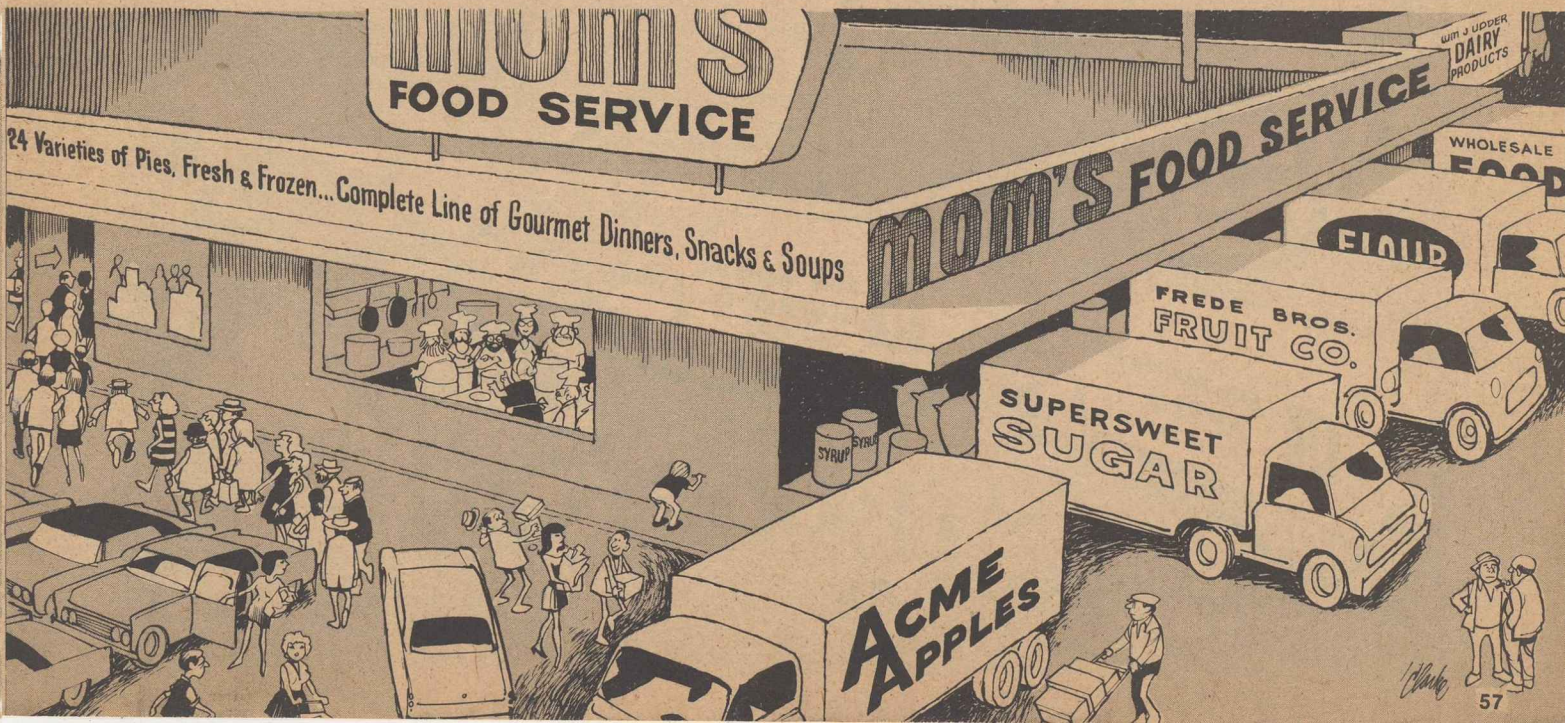
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO







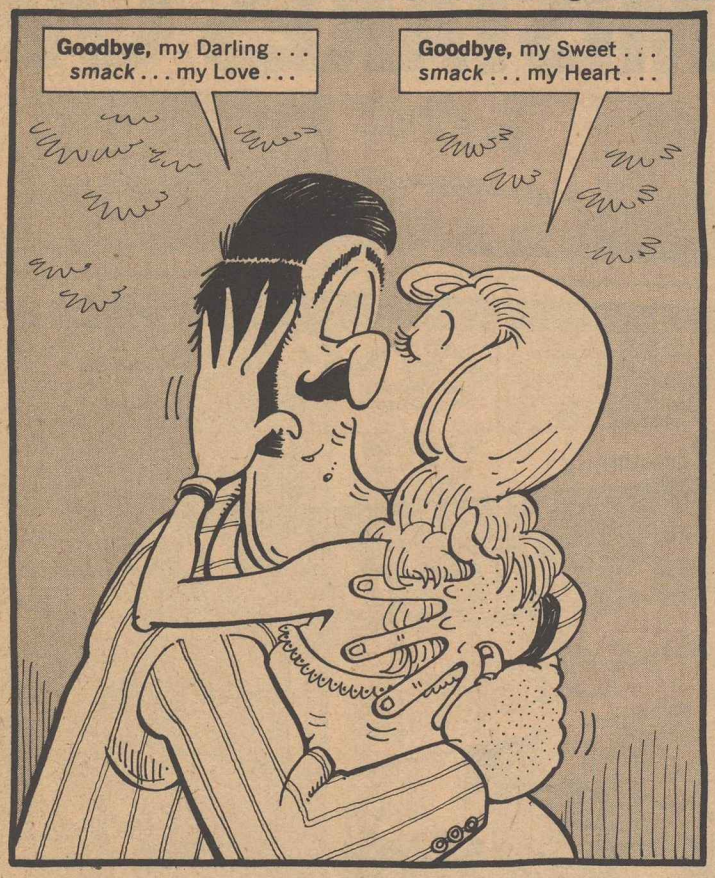


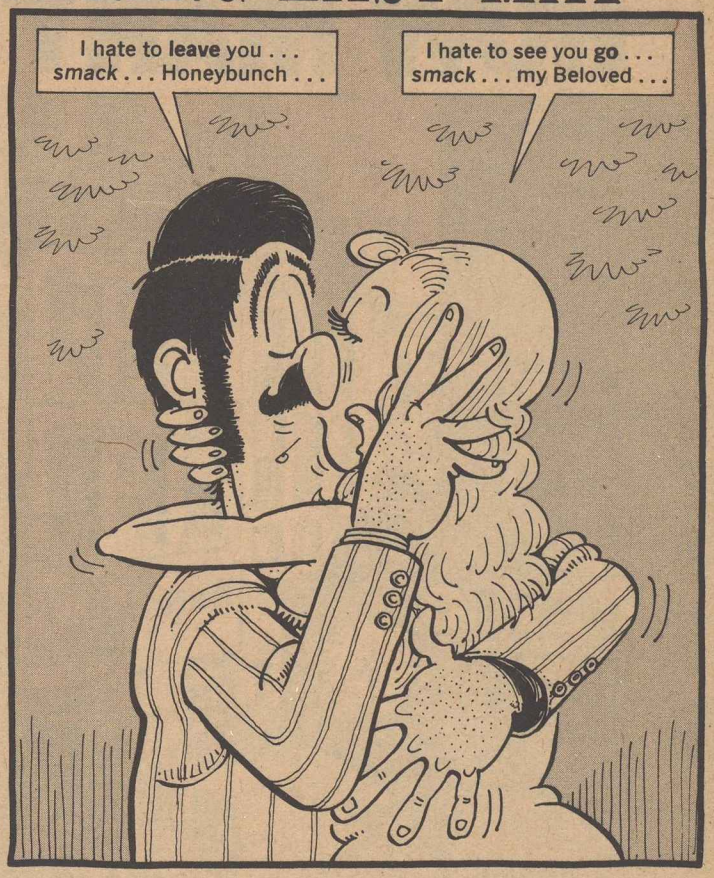


MOMCO
MOMCO INC
INTERNATIONAL DIVISION
BRAND ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR
MONO-GLYDERIDE AND DI-GLYDERIDES FOR THE TRADE
MODERN AGE LIQUID BUTTER SUBSTITUTE
ATOMIC BRAND EMULSIFIER
CHEMICAL PRESERVATIVES FOR THE FOOD INDUSTRY
MONO-GLYDERIDE
HI-PROFIT PIE MIX STRETCHER FOR COMMERCIAL BAKERIES
THIS CAR CONTAINS: MONO-SODIUM GLUTAMATE SODIUM CITRATE LACTIC ACID SODIUM PHOSPHATE
BOTTOM OF THE BARREL SUGAR REFINERY SUGARS AND SWEETENERS FOR THE TRADE
MOMCO INC
FOOD SERVICES FOR INDUSTRY, AIRLINES AND THE EXPORT TRADE
"OVER 3 BILLION PIES SOLD"
MOMCO FOOD SERVICES INC
MOMCO RETAIL OUTLET
MOMCO INC
FAKE FARMS INC. APPLE TASTE-ALIKE
FAKE FARMS INC. BLUEBERRY TASTE-ALIKE
AUNT BERTHA'S HOMEMADE APPLE PIES

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

ONE BEAUTIFUL EVENING LAST MAY

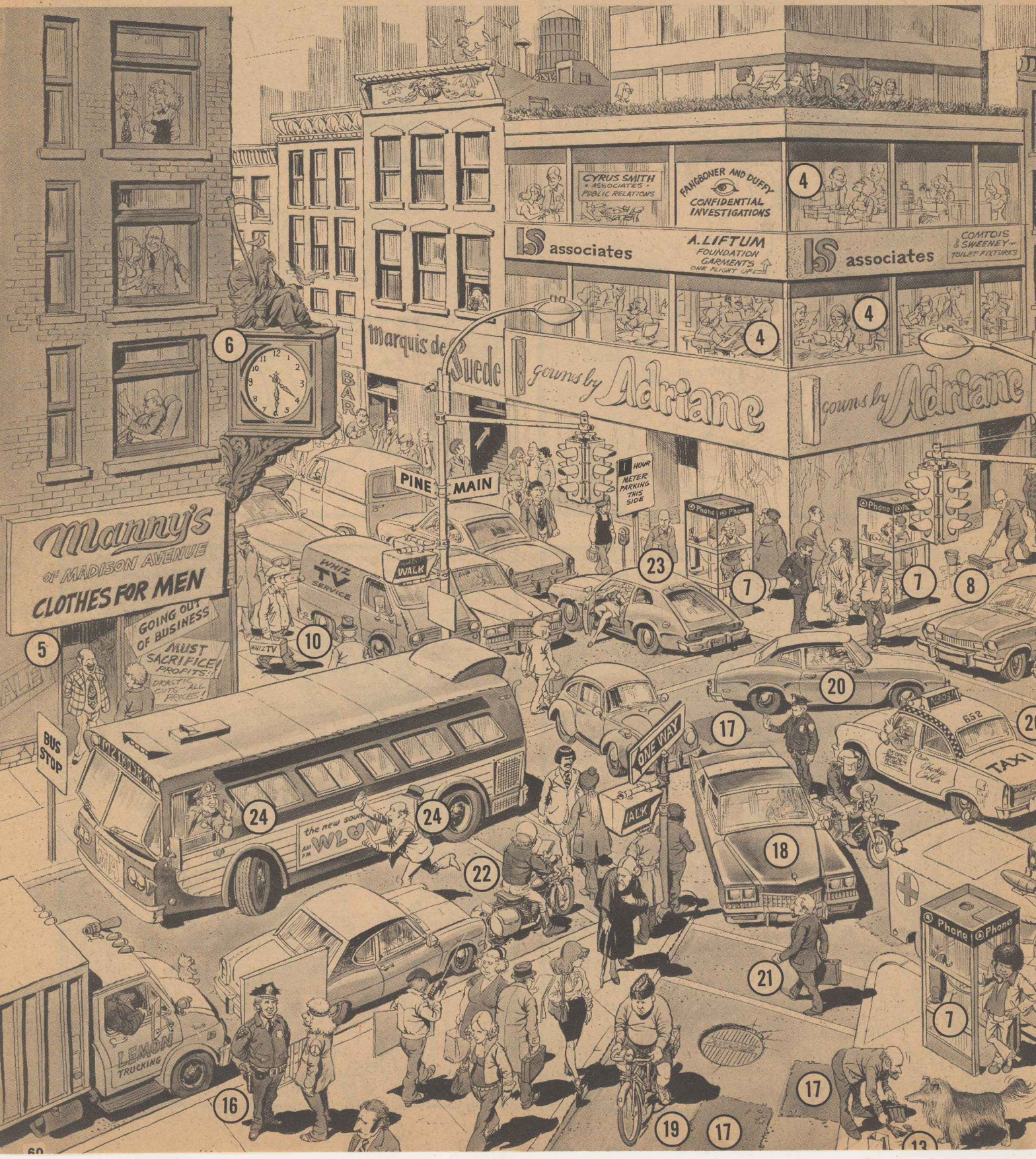




ERR APPARENT DEPT.

Recently, we asked one of our idiot artists to do a drawing of a modern city. Unfortunately, he didn't do a very good

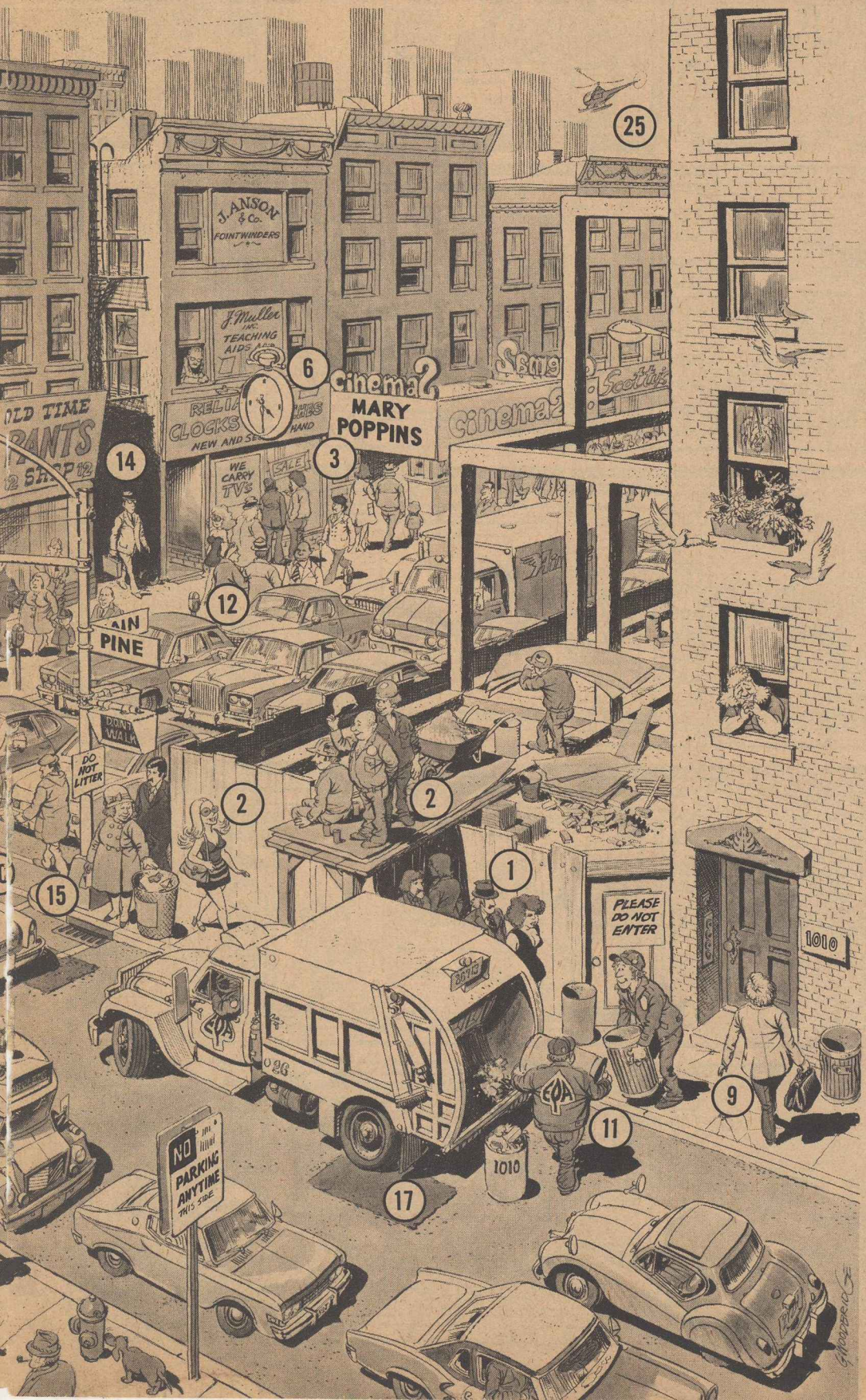
HOW MANY MISTAKES CAN



job. In fact, he made a lot of mistakes...25 in all! And now, it's up to you to find them. Which is why we're asking

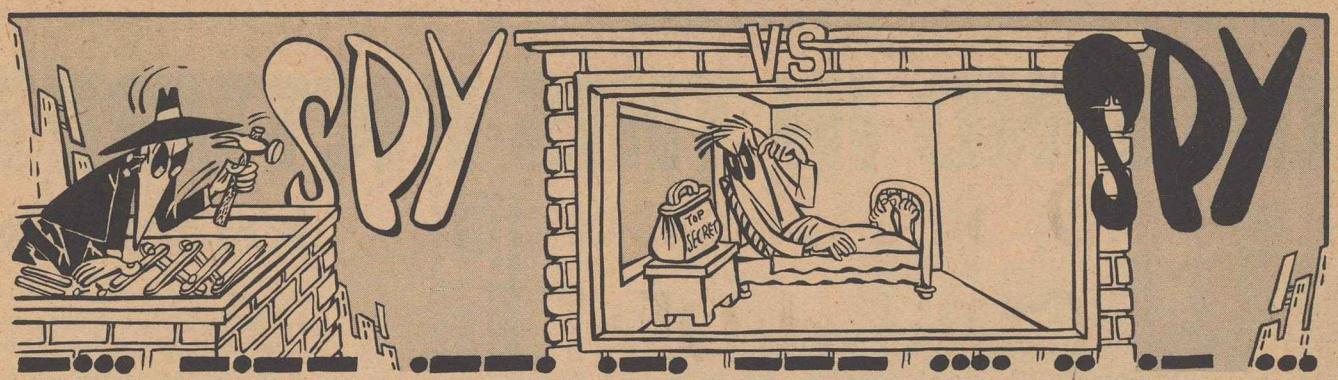
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

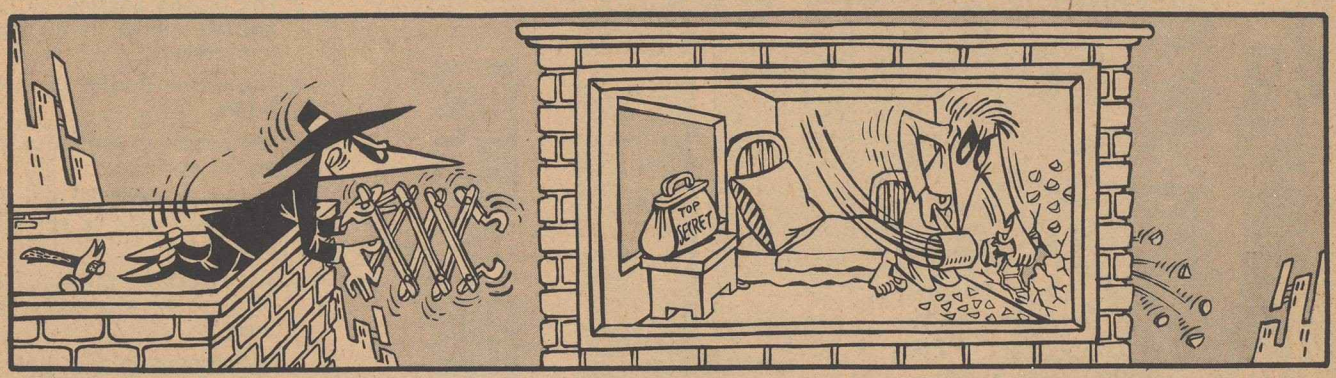
YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?



ANSWERS

1. The fence surrounding the construction site is free of posters.
2. The blonde passing by is being greeted politely by the construction workers.
3. The movie theater is showing a G film.
4. The people in the office building are all working.
5. The store with the "Going Out Of Business" sign is going out of business.
6. The clocks on the two buildings both show the same, correct time.
7. The phones in the three public phone booths are all in working order.
8. The store-owner is washing down his sidewalk.
9. The doctor is making a house call.
10. The TV repairman is leaving without having to take the set to the shop.
11. The garbagemen are setting the cans down carefully and quietly.
12. All the cars are single parked.
13. The collie's mess on the sidewalk is being cleaned up by its owner.
14. The man is walking through the dark alley without getting mugged.
15. The lady is dropping her empty cigarette pack into the litter basket.
16. The policeman is chatting amiably with the long-haired adolescent.
17. The potholes have all been filled.
18. The Buick has stopped at the crosswalk path for the pedestrian.
19. The cyclist is going in the right direction on the one-way street.
20. The taxi cab at the intersection is cheerfully giving the right-of-way to the Maverick.
21. The pedestrian is crossing the street while the sign says "Walk".
22. The motorcyclist is quietly idling his engine at the traffic light.
23. The driver of the Pinto has found a parking space directly in front of the store where she intends to shop.
24. The bus driver is holding the bus and waiting for the running man.
25. The sky is free of smog.


SPY
VS
SPY
TOP SECRET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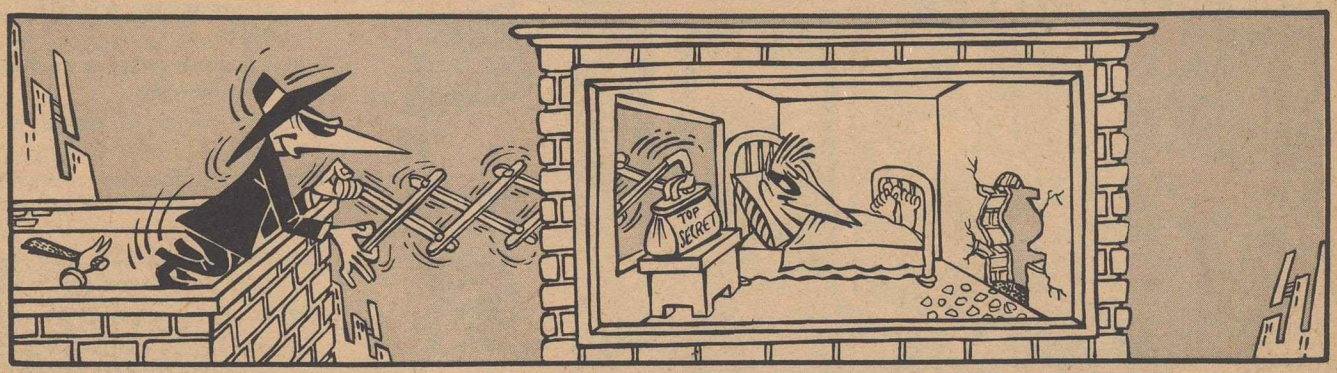
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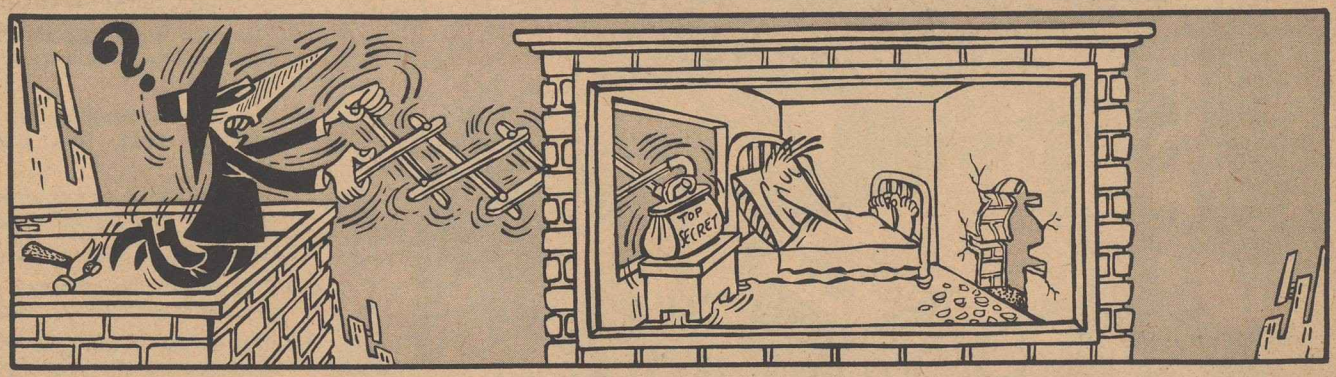
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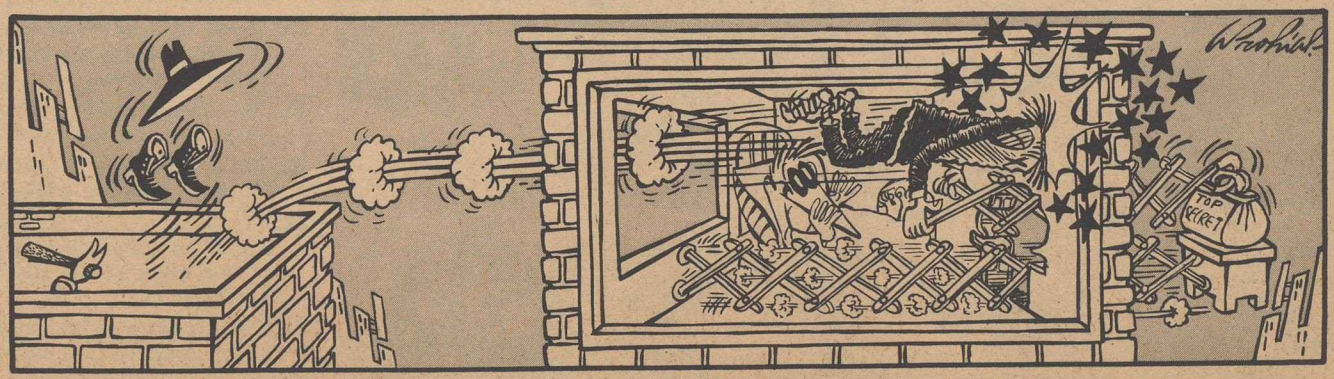
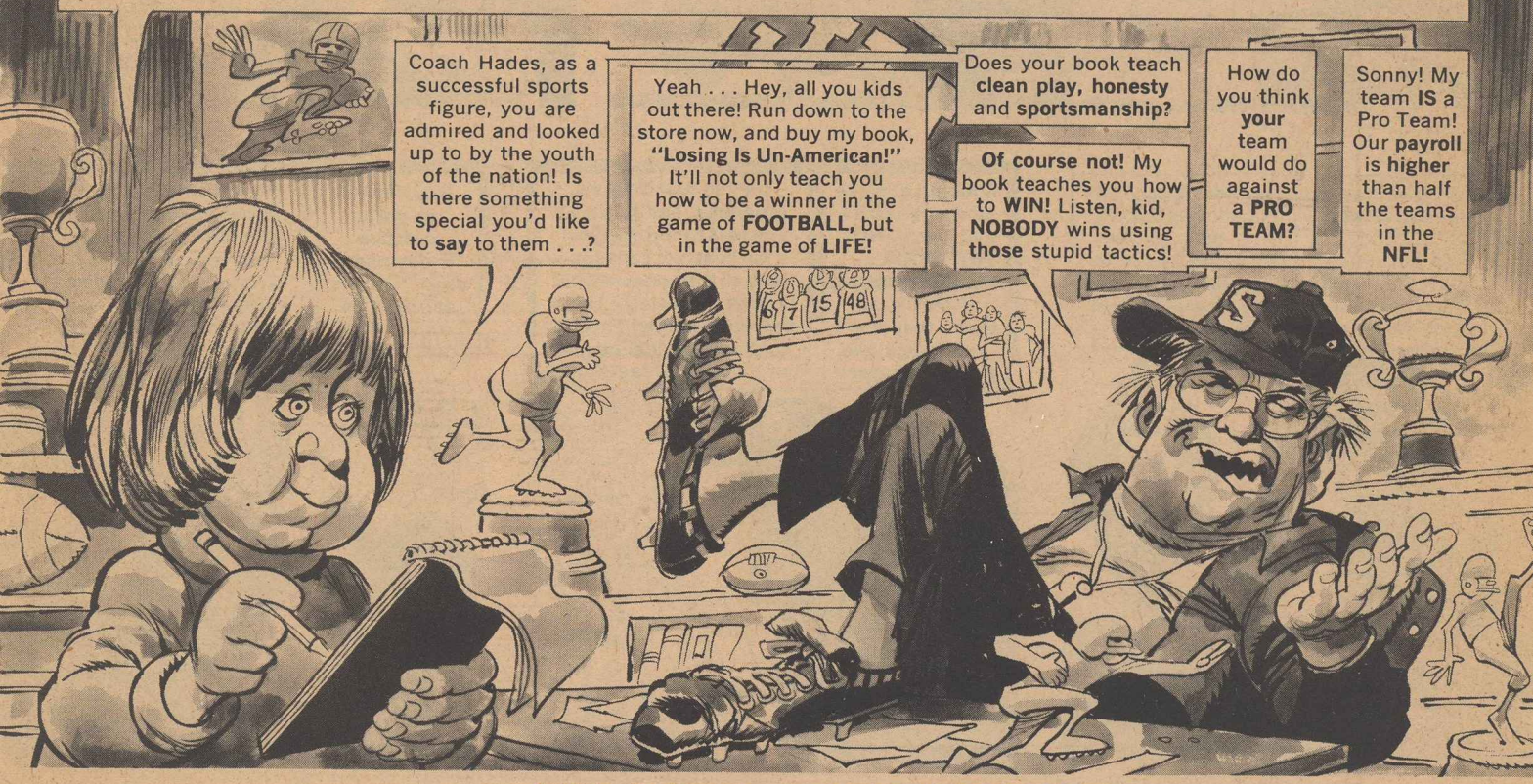

TOP SECRET

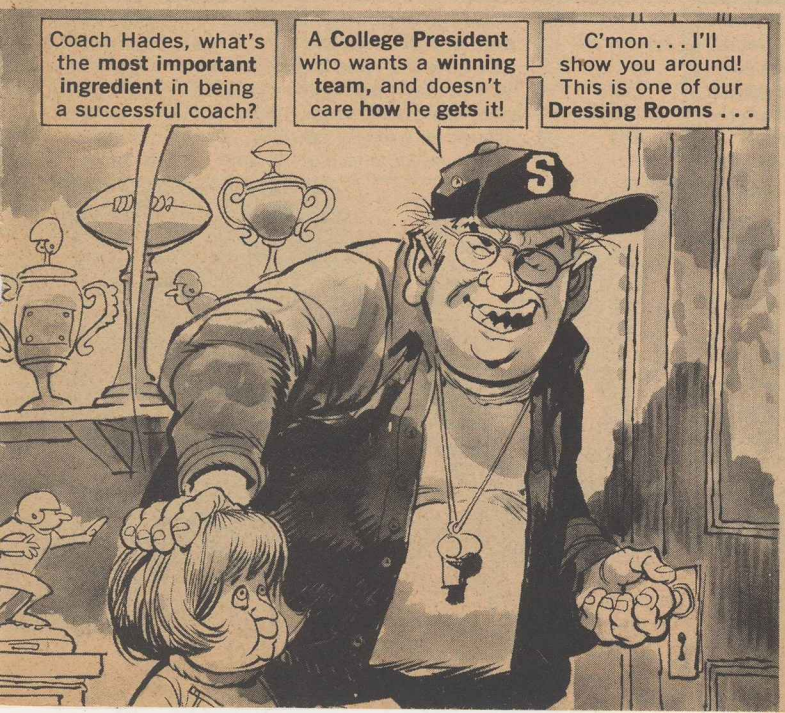
DOIN' THE VARSITY DRAGON DEPT.

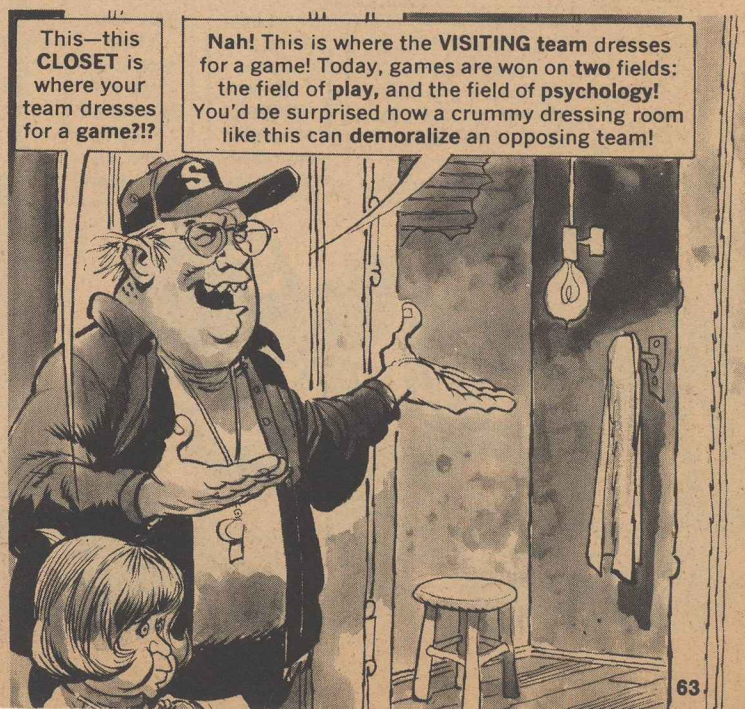
Hi! I'm **Mason Reach,** this issue's **"Sports Personality Interviewer!"** Why **Me . . .** and not somebody more **suitable,** like **Howard Cosell? Because!** So **there!!** Now, let's get on with it, and meet **Royal "Bear" Hades,** who's been chosen as . . .

MAD'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL COACH OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





You sure have a lot of **players** on your squad!

They aren't **players!** They're my **assistants!** Football is a **highly specialized game!** It calls for specialized **squads** and specialized **coaches** to **train** them!

Undt vot iss **diss?**

That's a **football,** Coach Himmelring! That's the **ball** that the game is **played** with!

Diss is vye zey **sent** for me?!? I don't **know** from zuch t'ings! I vass told I vood be trainink troops to **tackle, torture** undt **administer punishment!** Zat iss my **specialty!!**

LINE COACH
DEFEN COACH
OFFENSE COACH
PHONE COACH
DAY COACH
TORTURE COACH

There go my **two top assistants!** I just couldn't **function** without **them!**

Are they in charge of **Offense** and **Defense?**

Nope! One is in charge of fixing the **High School transcripts** so top players can get **into** our school . . . and the other's in charge of making sure they don't **flunk out** once they're **here!**

And this is my **star substitute!**

He's not much bigger than **me!** What position does **he** play?

He **doesn't play!** He substitutes for my first team players when they have to take **exams!** He may only weigh **130,** but his I.Q. is **160!**

C'mon! Let's see some **HITTING** out there! **HIT! HIT! STICK . . .**

If that's the **team,** they don't look much like **Football Players!**

They're **not!** They sell **programs, hot dogs** and the **rest** of the goodies! My contract calls for **10% of the concessions!** C'mon, you slobs! Lets see some **hustle!** There's gonna be **60,000 people** out there Saturday! **Move!**

Hey, **look—** we gotta **practice Friday night** when "Sanford and Son" is on the **TV!!**

What's **wrong** with our **Publicity Department?!** I haven't been on **one magazine cover** all season! How'm I gonna win the **Heisman Trophy** with no **cover stories?**

Do **all** of your players gripe like that', Coach Hades?

They wouldn't **dare!** Anybody that don't like the way I **run** things can **turn in his uniform!** Having **malcontents** around is bad for **team moral!**

Then **how** come you don't throw **THOSE two** off the team?

Because **THAT** would be bad for **MY** moral! They're both **All-American!**

Do you have any **special plays** you use against particularly tough teams?

Here's one I dreamed up . . . **"The Hidden Key"** play . . .

When the opposing team gets to their **dressing room** at **half-time,** they find the **door locked!** By the time the **Field Superintendent** is located, and comes up with the **Master Key,** the other team has spent ten or fifteen minutes standing around in a **drafty corridor,** getting **no rest . . .** with no time to plan **second half strategy!**

15 MIN.
SUPER
DRESSING ROOM

What do you find is your **toughest game?** Michigan . . .? Notre Dame? UCLA? CCNY?

Le'me tell you something, Mr. Peanut! My **toughest** game is the **"Recruiting Game"!** If I don't win **that,** I don't play on the **same field** as those teams! I'm prouder of landing **Loony Joe Donn** than I am of beating **Alabama!** That was **some struggle!**

Did he select State because you offered him a **car, clothes, money under the table** and a **job** for his **Father?**

Nah! **290 schools** offered him **THAT!** I nailed him with my **Secret Weapon** . . . my **sure-fire convincers, "THE RECRUIT-ETTES"!**

That's **US!** We give our **all** for **State!** Come to **State,** you little devil, and we'll show you a few plays you won't **find** in any **playbook!**

Gee . . . isn't he kinda **YOUNG** to be recruited, Coach Hades?!?

Take it easy, girls! This **isn't** a recruit! This is **Mason Reach,** from **MAD!** I was telling him how you girls keep our visiting High School stars from getting **homesick** while they're here, looking over our Campus!

Gee! How does **that** help recruit 'em?

Hey! How old **ARE** you, **anyway,** kid?

Coaches are famous for their **inspirational speeches!** Can you recall your **best one?**

Sure, "If you want a station wagon that's **tough, economical** and **roomy,** try the triple—threat **Shlock 360!"**

I meant to the **players!** You know, a speech that **fires them up** to play their **best ball . . .**

I don't **bother** with **those** silly things anymore! I inspire our guys with **cash bonuses** for **good games** and a **giant jackpot** for whoever wipes out the other team's **quarterback!**

You mean you actually give your players **money** out of your **own pocket?**

Nahh! It comes out of the pockets of **friendly alumni!** We make the jokers **"Honorary Coaches,"** give 'em **hats** and **jackets,** and they don't care **WHAT** they spend!

Then the Athletic Department **never** makes **cash payments** to the **players?**

To quote our great past President– "That'd be **WRONG!"** No, we give 'em batches of **tickets** for the **games!**

But don't they **"scalp"** the tickets for a lot of **MONEY?**

What they do on their **own time** is **their** business!

What would you say is the **biggest problem** in coaching a top-ranked college football team?

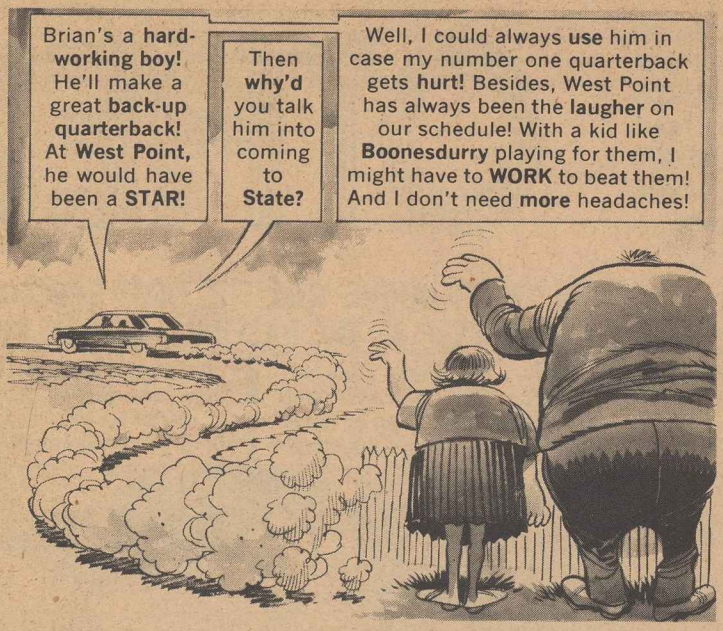
All of the **stupid restrictions** they put on us Coaches! See that guy? He's probably **out** for the **season** with that knee injury!

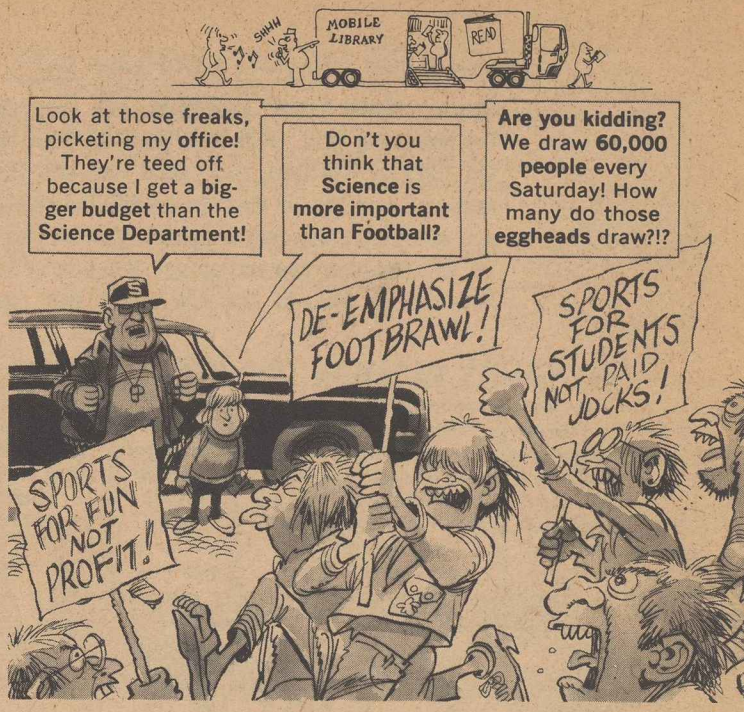
That's **terrible!**

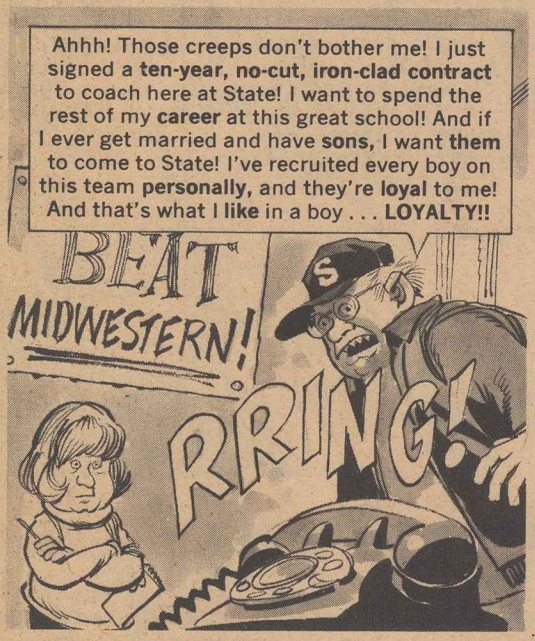
You said it! It means his **scholarship** is **WASTED!** Now, I gotta **carry** the creep, even though he **can't play!**

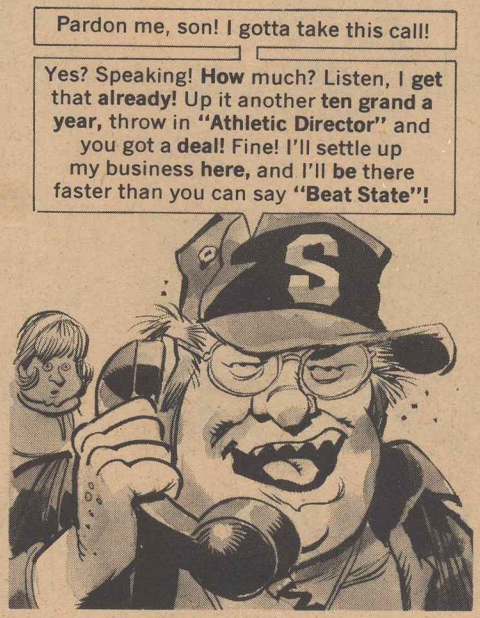
OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!

Where are we going now, Coach Hades?
I want to call on a hot High School prospect! But first, let's watch this Peewee League game . . .
HIT! HIT! C'MON YOU SLOBS! YOU CALL YOURSELVES "MEN"?!? LET'S SEE SOME HITTING OUT THERE . . .
Do you think that organized football is good for a boy my age?
Best thing in the world for a kid!
Why?!? Because it makes a MAN out of you?
No, because it makes a ROBOT out of you! One season under a "Kill-To-Win" Coach is all a boy needs to be "broken" . . .
. . . and that makes him a lot easier to coach when he grows up!
You mean, IF he grows up!!
Here's the place! As soon as I finish studying this "Scouting Report," we'll go in!
Does that report tell you all about the player?
I know all about him! This is a report on his parents!
You mean you scout the parents?
Of course! The key to successful recruiting is to know the correct way to approach the parents . . . which ones should be bribed, which ones should be buttered up, which ones should be conned, and so forth!
Good afternoon, Mrs. Boonesdurry! It's a real pleasure meeting you! Naturally, I hope young Brian decides on State! But if he doesn't, I certainly hope that he chooses ANOTHER university like ours where education comes first! I've always felt that playing football is a fine pastime, but a strong mind is more important than a strong body!
It certainly is refreshing talking to you, Mr. Hades! Those other coaches that were here offered Brian all kinds of money and cars . . . it was so disgusting!!
Coach Hades, I still haven't decided between State and West Point! I want to serve my country . . .
Of course you do, son! And Patriotism is one of the things we look for in a boy! Patriotism, speed, size . . . and a good pair of hands! If you REALLY want to serve your country, then come to STATE! What's more American than playing with America's number one college team . . .?!
Sure, West Point's got a team! But what about after you graduate? You can go on to Pro Ball from State! Just think about all our lonely GI's and West Point Officers stationed around the world, listening to you play Pro Ball on Armed Forces Radio? Do you know what our boys in the foxholes talk about? Football scores! Because Football is as American as apple pie!
Gee, how could I have been so blind! Coach Hades . . . I'm coming to STATE!


Brian's a **hard-working boy!** He'll make a great **back-up quarterback!** At **West Point,** he would have been a **STAR!**
Then **why'd** you talk him into coming to **State?**
Well, I could always **use** him in case my number one quarterback gets **hurt!** Besides, West Point has always been the **laugher** on our schedule! With a kid like **Boonesdurry** playing for them, I might have to **WORK** to beat them! And I don't need **more** headaches!

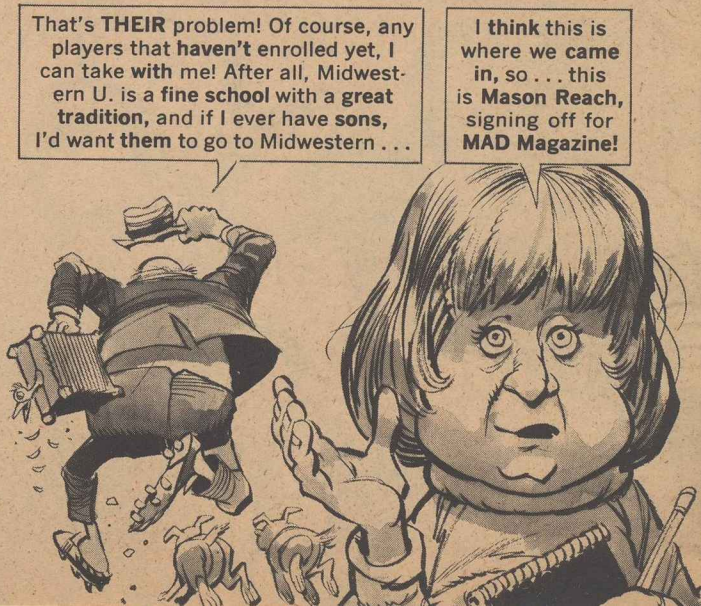

SHHH
MOBILE LIBRARY
READ
Look at those **freaks,** picketing my **office!** They're teed off because I get a **bigger budget** than the **Science Department!**
Don't you think that **Science** is **more important** than **Football?**
Are you kidding? We draw **60,000 people** every Saturday! How many do those **eggheads** draw?!?
DE-EMPHASIZE FOOTBRAWL!
SPORTS FOR STUDENTS NOT PAID JOCKS!
SPORTS FOR FUN NOT PROFIT!


Ahhh! Those creeps don't bother me! I just signed a **ten-year, no-cut, iron-clad contract** to coach here at State! I want to spend the rest of my **career** at this great school! And if I ever get married and have **sons,** I want **them** to come to State! I've recruited every boy on this team **personally,** and they're **loyal** to me! And that's what I **like** in a boy . . . **LOYALTY!!**
BEAT MIDWESTERN!
RRING!


Pardon me, son! I gotta take this call!
Yes? Speaking! **How** much? Listen, I **get** that **already!** Up it another **ten grand a year,** throw in **"Athletic Director"** and you got a **deal!** Fine! I'll settle up my business **here,** and I'll **be** there faster than you can say **"Beat State"!**

Listen, kid! I got a **scoop** for you! You are now looking at the **new "Coach and Athletic Director"** of **Midwestern U.!**
But—but what about **"loyalty,"** and your **ten-year iron-clad contract** with **State?**
RIP!
BEAT MIDWESTERN!

Contracts were **made** to be **broken,** kid! Football is a **tough racket,** and a man has to look out for **himself!** Also, I owe it to my **family** to take this great opportunity!
WHAT family . . .?!?
My **two dogs** and my **parakeet!** Besides, it's a **challenge!!** The stadium **there** holds **80,000 . . .!**
But what about all the **players** you recruited, and all the **promises** you made to their **parents . . .?**


That's **THEIR** problem! Of course, any players that **haven't** enrolled yet, I can take **with** me! After all, Midwestern U. is a **fine school** with a **great tradition,** and if I ever have **sons,** I'd want **them** to go to Midwestern . . .
I **think** this is where we **came in,** so . . . this is **Mason Reach,** signing off for **MAD Magazine!**

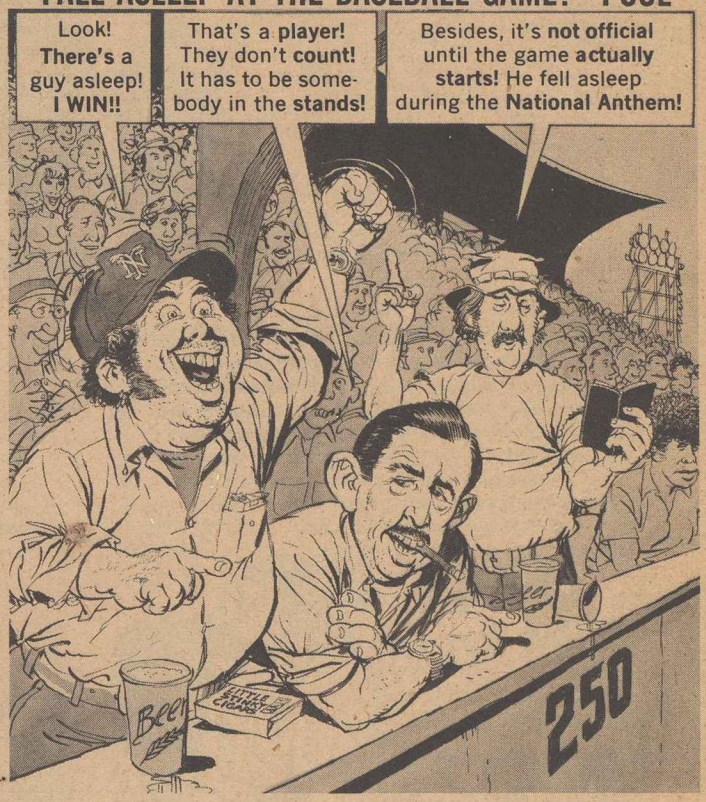
ODDS FOR THE LOVE OF MOOLA DEPT.

It's a national craze! Everybody, into the pool! No, not the swimming pool, clod! The "Baseball High Inning" pool, the "Biggest Fish" pool, the "What Time Will The Ship Drop Anchor?" pool, the "In What Round Will The Fight End?" pool, and whatever other pool is being organized this week! How far will this new compulsion go? It's just getting started! And so, to add to the list, MAD now suggests . . .

OTHER

THE "FAMILY VACATION TRIP CAR-SICK" POOL

THE "WHAT INNING WILL THE FIRST SPECTATOR FALL ASLEEP AT THE BASEBALL GAME?" POOL



THE "WHAT TIME WILL THE NEXT OFFICE COLLECTION BE TAKEN?" POOL

BETTING POOLS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

THE "WHAT TIME DOES THE SCHOOL BUS DRIVER BLOW HIS TOP?" POOL

We're **hijacking** this **bus,** so don't try anything **stupid!** Just drive us to **Disneyland!**

I demand a **Woman Bus Driver!** I'm going to **report** this Bus Line to **Women's Lib!**

Okay! Everybody . . . **out for a pass!!**

How come you're so **quiet** today, Tommy?

I've got **ten minutes from now** in the **pool!** Then—**watch out!!**

I think I see **steam** coming out of the Driver's **ears!** He's gonna **explode** in two minutes!

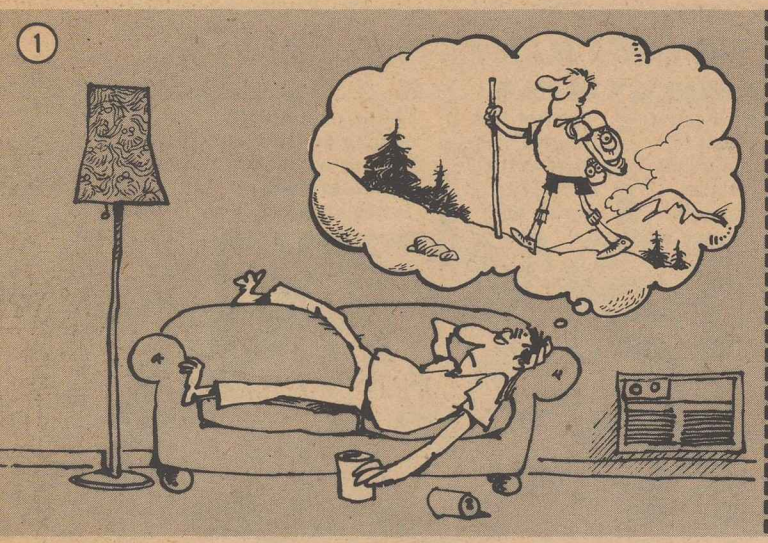
Make it **THREE** . . . and **I WIN!!**

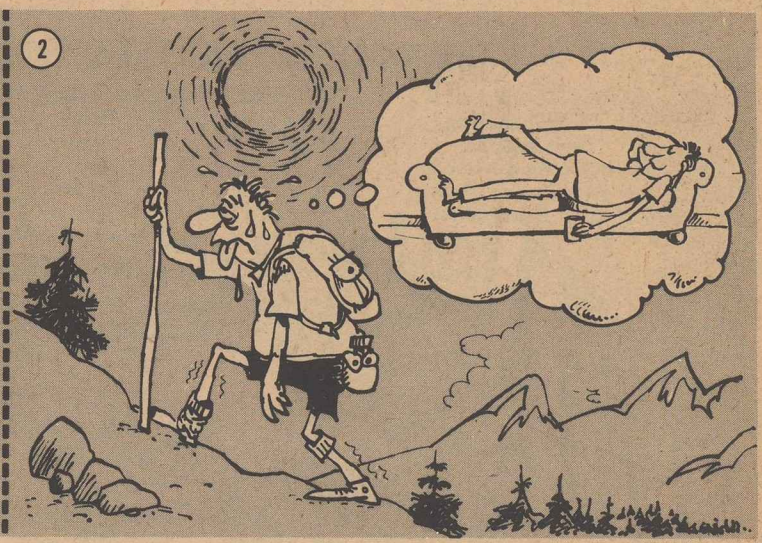
THE "HOW LONG AFTER A GUY FINALLY QUITS SMOKING WILL HE LIGHT UP AGAIN?" POOL

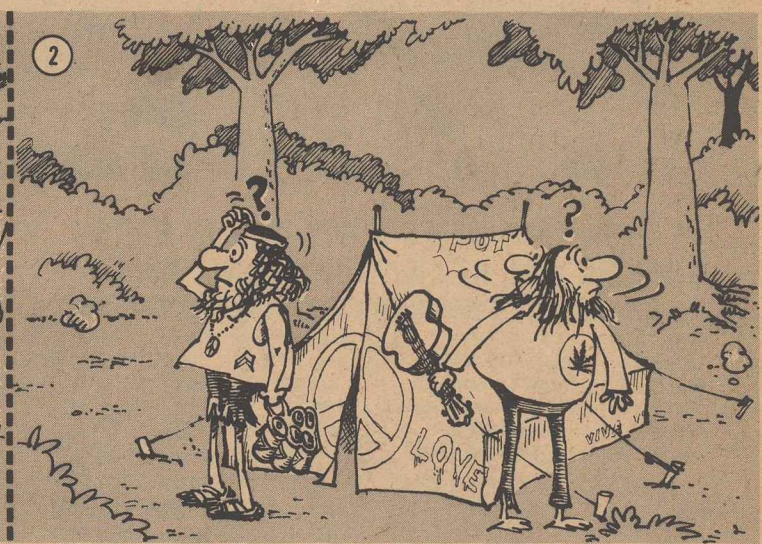
THE "WHO'LL BE FIRST ON THE BLOCK TO NEED FIRST AID AFTER SHOVELING HIS WALK?" POOL

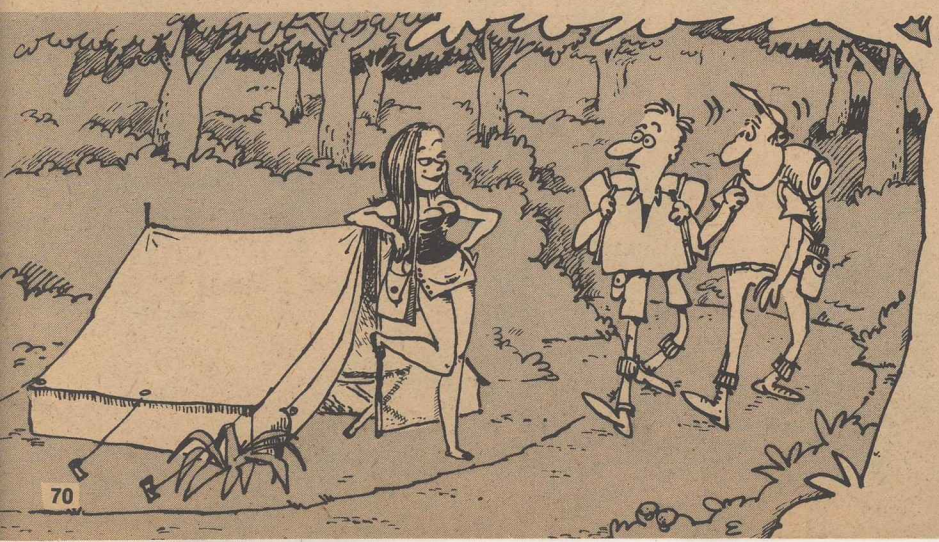
CAMP-SIGHT-GAGS DEPT.

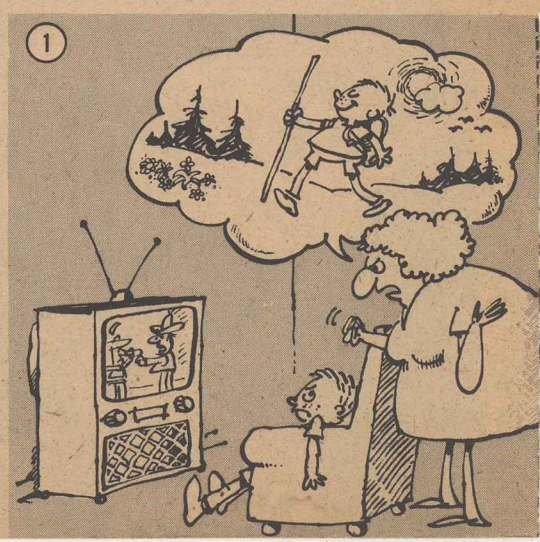
A MAD LOOK AT





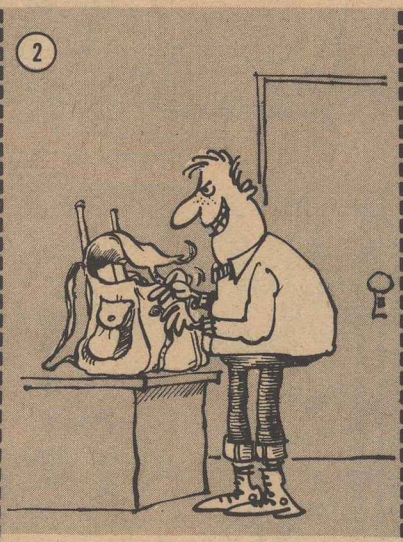


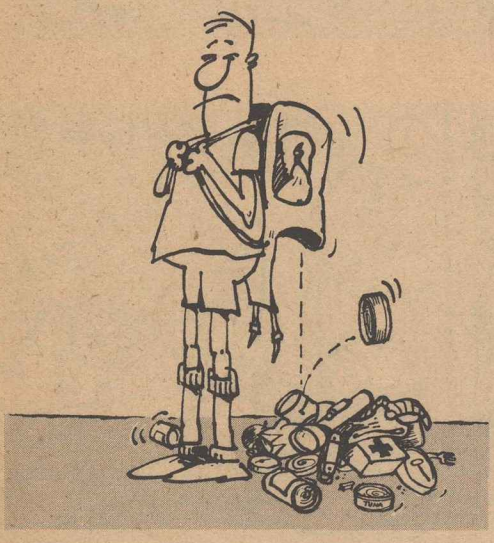


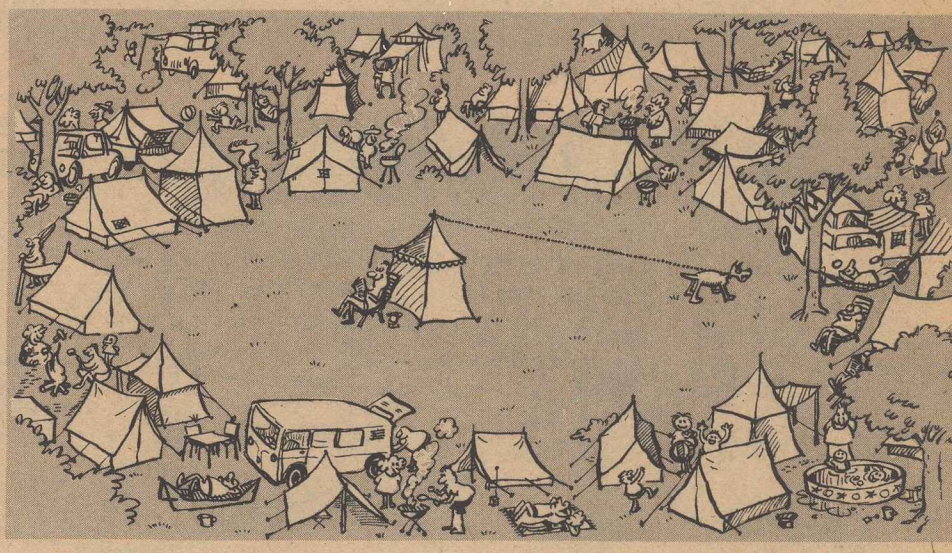


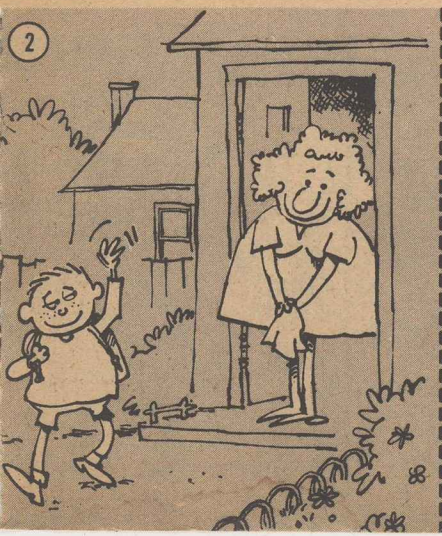
BACKPACKING

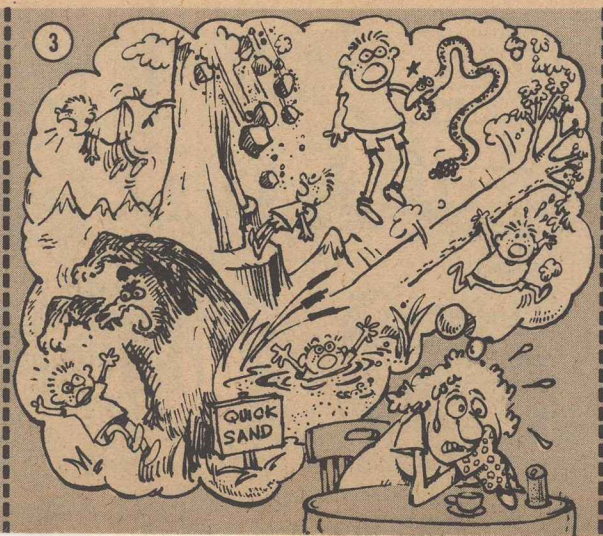
ARTIST & WRITER:
SERGIO ARAGONES

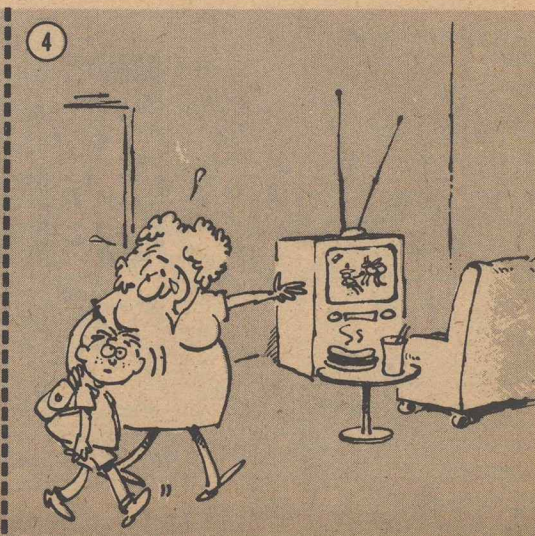


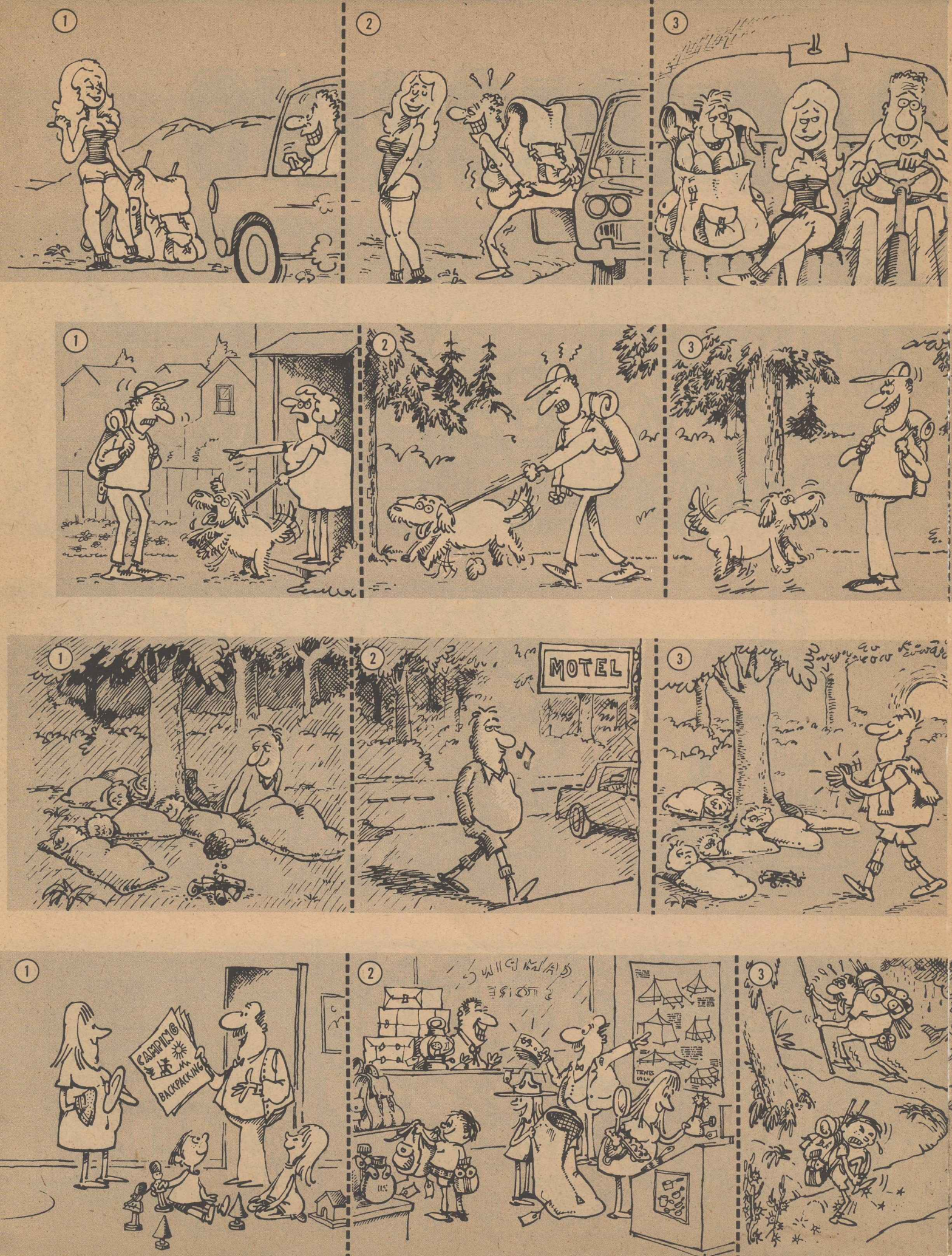




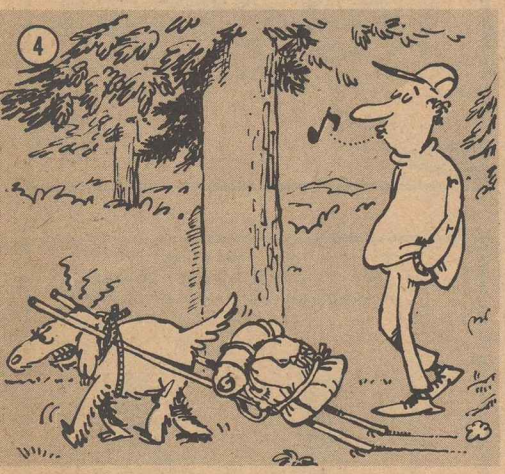







1
2
3
1
2
3
1
2
MOTEL
3
1
CAMPING
BACKPACKING
2
3

1
CAMPING SUPPLIES
SLEEPING BAGS
JUST ADD WATER
DEHYDRATED FOODS
SOUPS
EGGS
VEGETABL
FISH
2
3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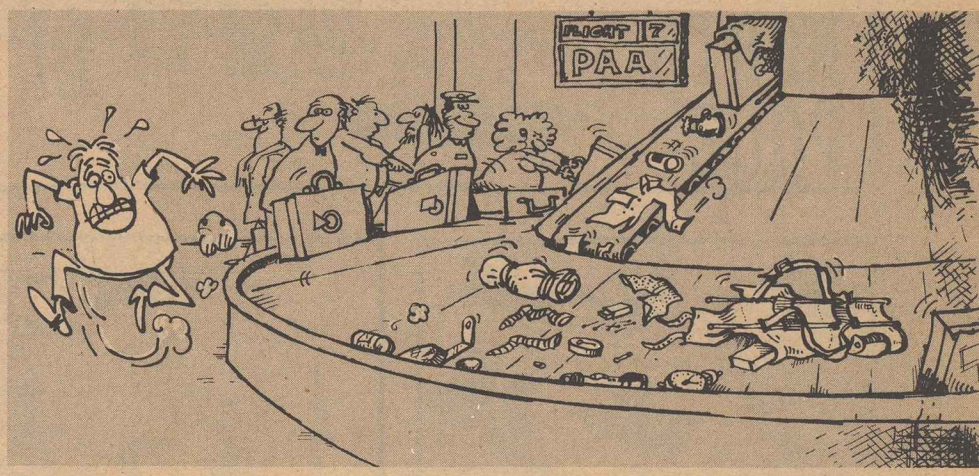
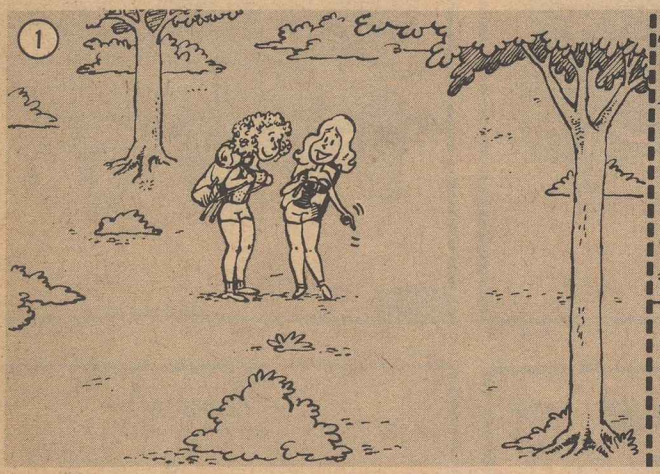
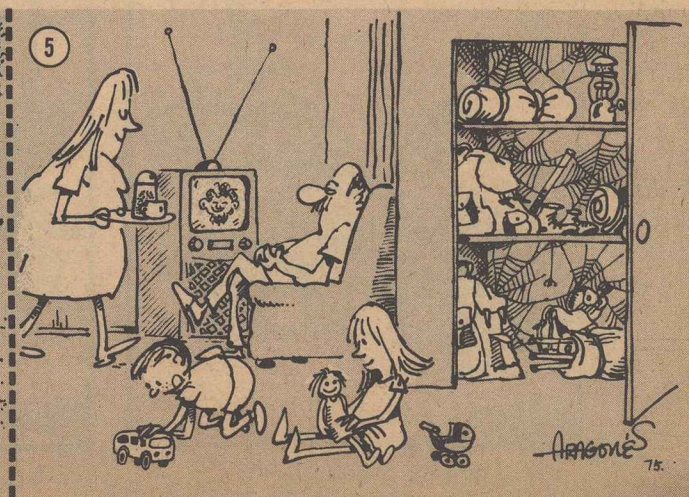

FLIGHT 7
PAA


1

2

SPLAT!

4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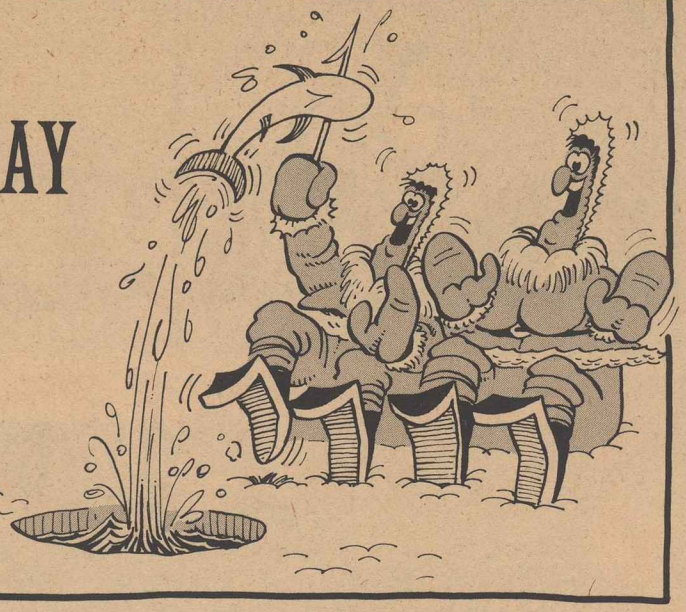
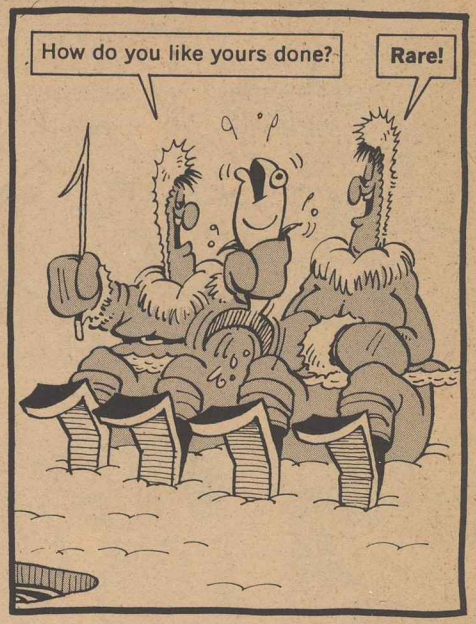
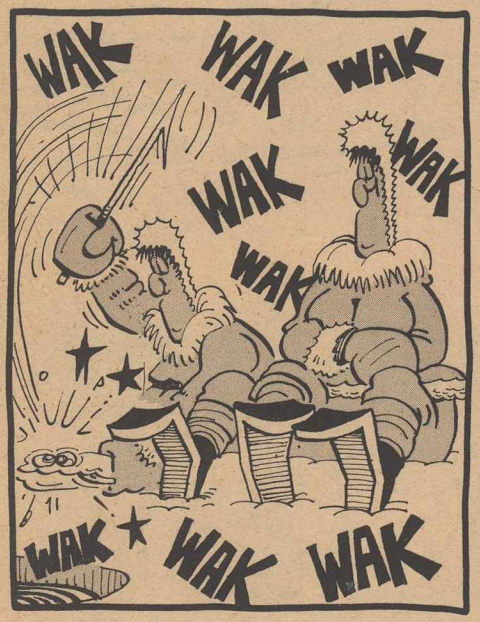
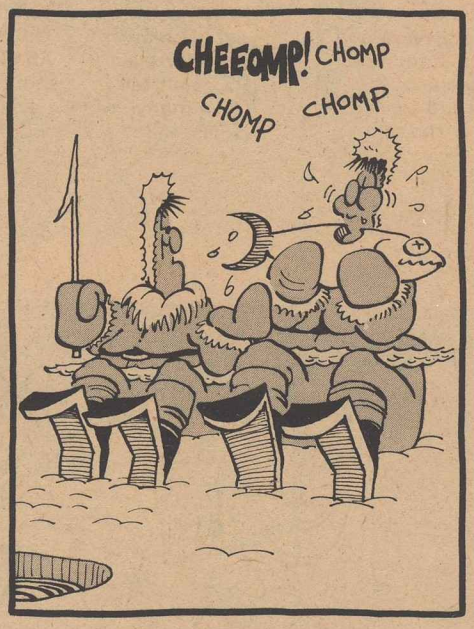
ARAGONÉS
75.

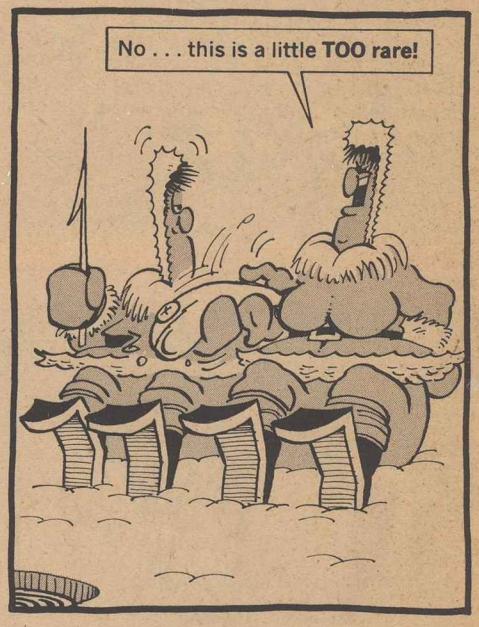
ONE SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE NORTH POLE

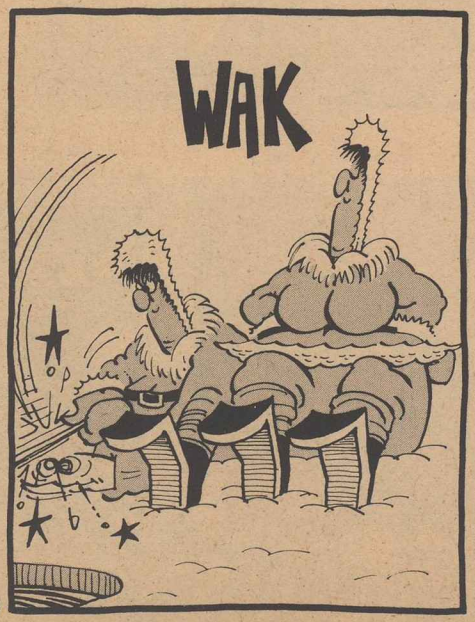


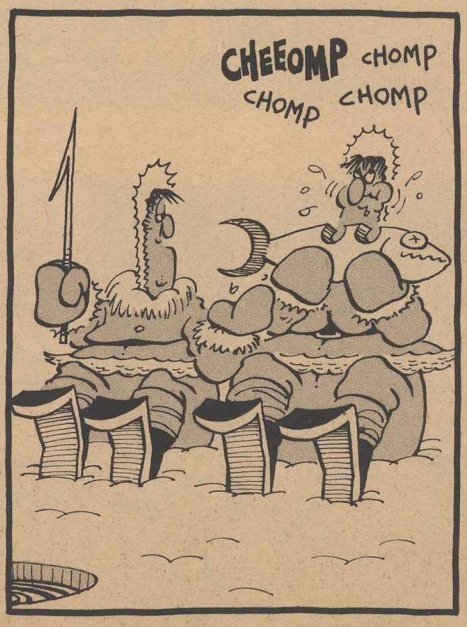


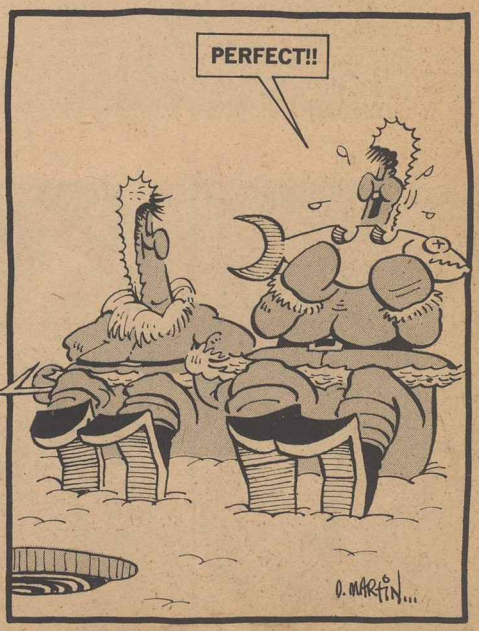










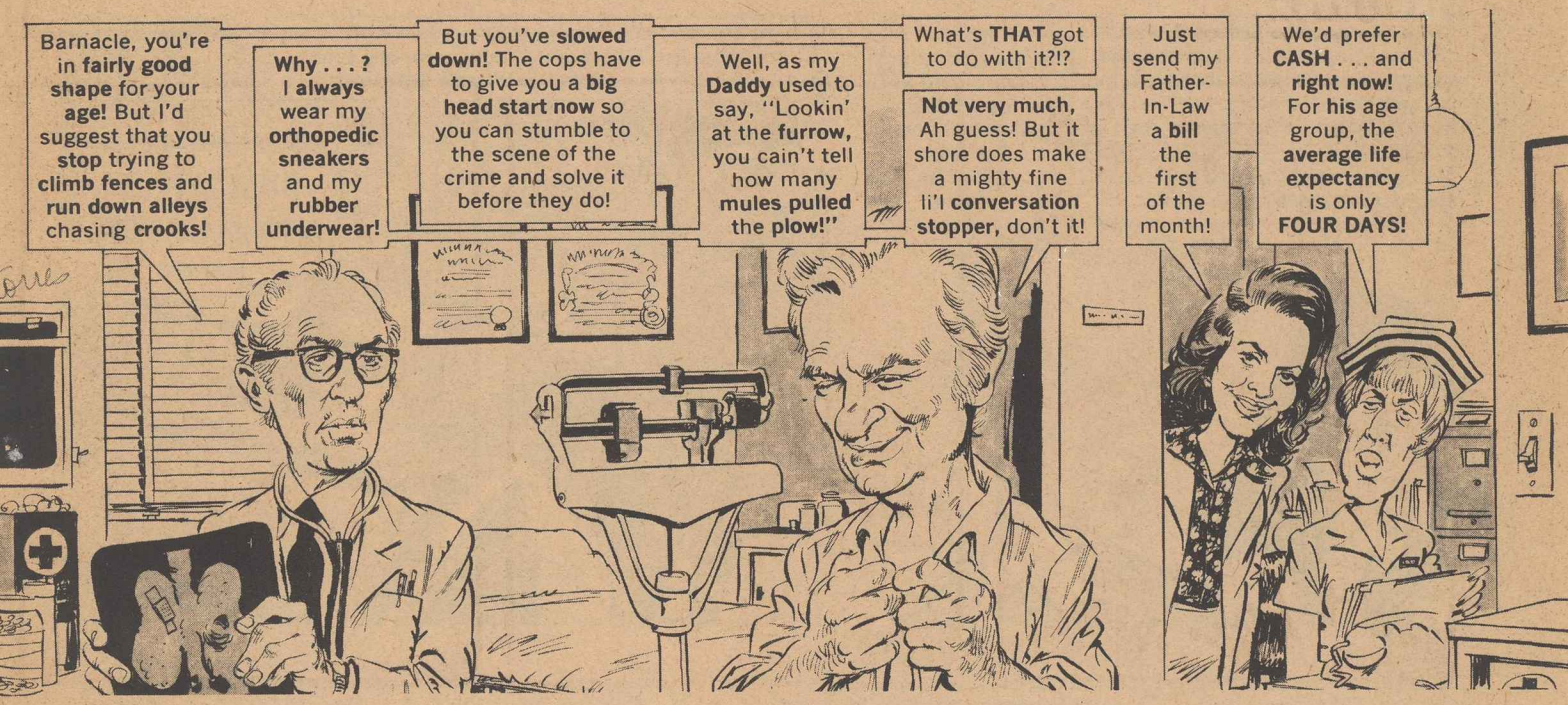


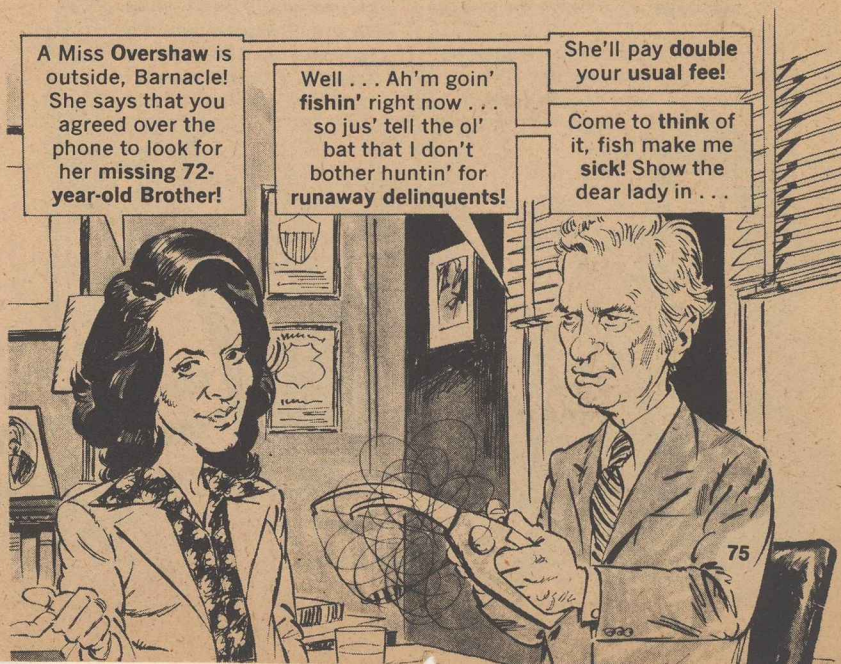
TIRED BLOODHOUNDS DEPT.

Despite its shortcomings, Television has given us a wide variety of programs to suit every taste. At the mere flick of a channel selector, you can have your choice of a fat detective, an Indian detective, a black detective or a detective with the physical handicap you enjoy most. But for a truly incredible experience, MAD recommends you tune in TV's only Senior Citizen detective:

BARNACLE GROANS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: TOM KOCH





You're **kind** to help me find **Hubie,** Mr. Groans! But why did you ask me to take the **wheels** off my car and bring them **here?**

Finding things stuck in **tire treads** can tell me where a feller's **been!**

Couldn't you have come **DOWNSTAIRS** to look at the tires?

Walk SIX FLIGHTS OF STEPS at my age just for **THAT!** Don't talk **foolish!**

GROANS PRIVAT

Isn't it **unusual** to have this **expensive crime lab equipment** when the **rest** of his office is so **crummy?**

Maybe! But Barnacle insists he's **too young** to wear **glasses!** So the only way he can examine **clues** is with a **$5000 microscope!**

Let's mosey up to **Dullsville,** Patty! Because applyin' my **sophisticated equipment** and **keen deduction** to this scrap of **paper** stuck to the tire, Ah **know** that's where the **missin' man** is!

That's **amazing!** Can you tell from a **chemical analysis** of the paper . . . ?

No . . . from what's **printed** on it! It's a **ticket stub** from the **Dullsville Drive-In Movie!**

Hunt around here for your missing man if you **want** to, Pops! But I think you should **know one thing:** This can be a **mighty unfriendly little town!**

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING
DULLSVILLE
NOSEY OLD STRANGERS,
KEEP OUT

Oh, **yes,** Mr. Groans! This **message,** just came for you!

Hmmm! Ah **don't know** anyone here in Dullsville! Ah wonder who coulda **sent** it!

Most **anyone** in **town!** We're **ALL** unfriendly here! Which **also** might **explain** why I'm charging you **$30 a day** to sleep in a **broom closet** next to the **boiler room!**

WHILE YOU WERE OUT
CALLER Anonymous
MESSAGE WhoO boy Are You IN Trouble NOW

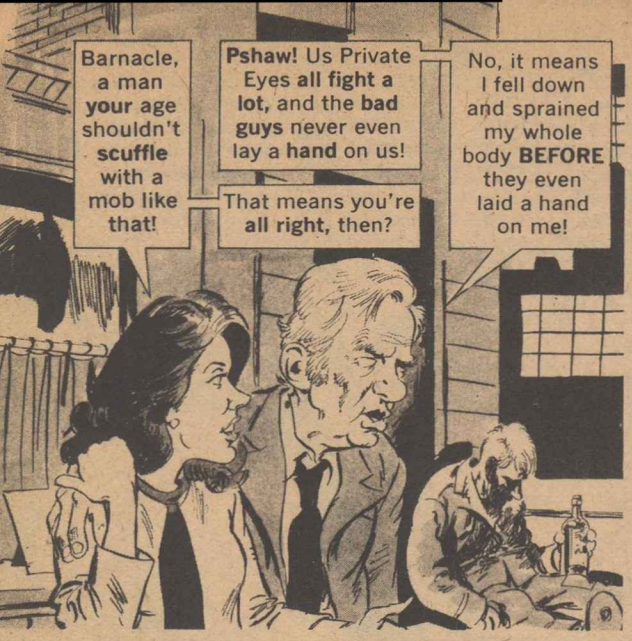
This puts me in mind of somethin' my **Daddy** used to say to me . . . "Never swap a **healthy cow** for a **three-legged mule!"** An' Ah 'member **another** time when he said to me, "Never—

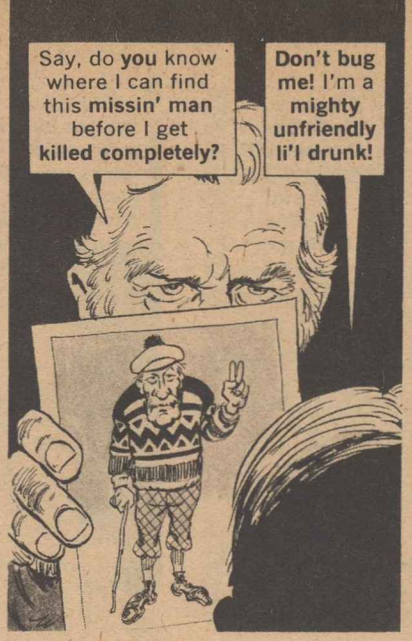
Please! Take the **Bridal Suite** . . . the **Penthouse . . . ANYTHING!** Just **stop** with the **cornpone philosophy!**

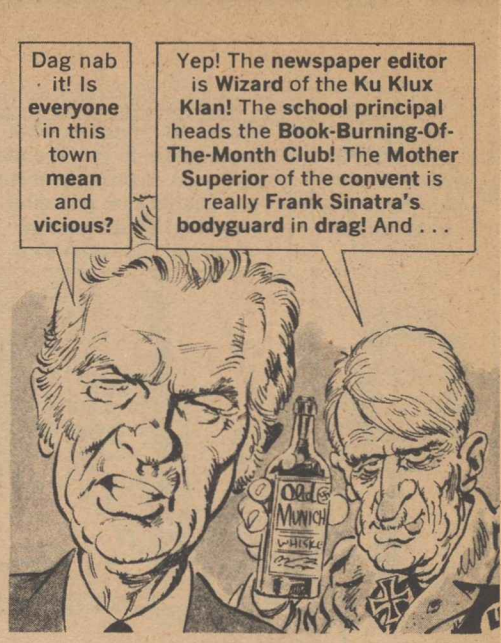
Nice going there, Barnacle! It **works every time!**

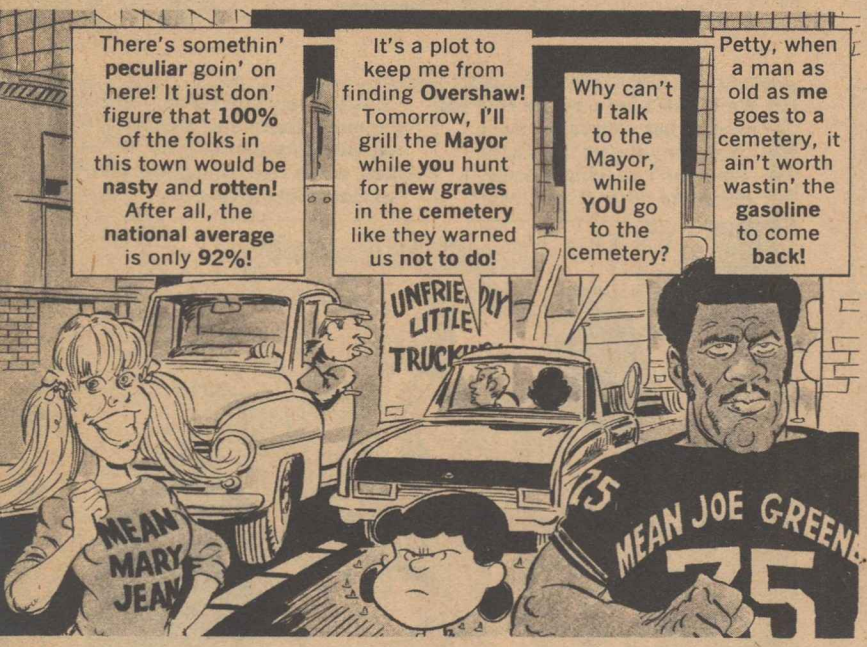
PEORIA
DULUTH

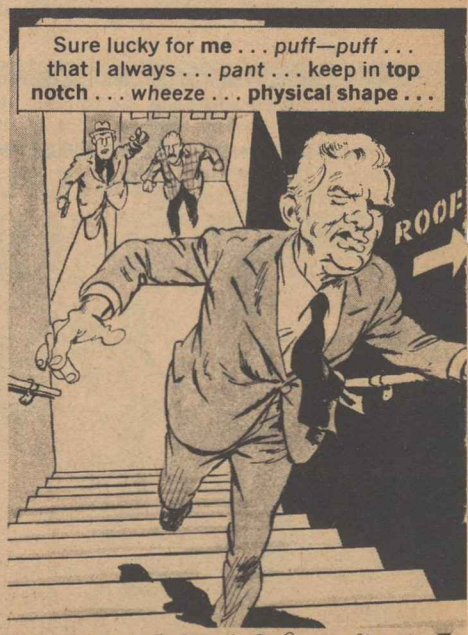
In case you forgot, I'm your SON'S WIDOW!! Why didn't you get us separate rooms?!?
'Cause Ah 'member what happened to my boy the day after your Honeymoon! He jus' keeled over and died smiling! Ah'd shor like to go out the same way!
But . . . what about Hubie Overshaw?!?
Let him find his OWN girl!
BED VIBRATO 25¢
Barnacle, I think we see too much of each other! In three years, you've never given me one day off to lead my own life!
Well . . . I figured havin' you around is indispensable!
Because I'm the perfect secretary?
No, because you're the perfect blood type! If I need a transfusion fast, I can't waste time huntin' for you!
Well, that saves a dime! There's only one Hubie Overshaw in the phone book, and callin' him is pointless!
Really? Why?
'Cause if he answers, that means he's home! But the one that we're huntin' for is missin'! And if a feller's home, he ain't missin'! That's elementary criminology!
Somehow, your explanations always sound more like advanced senility!
TELEPHONE
We haven't got a single clue except that picture of Hubie his sister gave us, Barnacle! Why don't you track down clues like other Detectives?
'Cause I rely strictly on my quaint charm and phony naivete! Why bother with clues, when I can nauseate suspects into giving up?
Mighty Unfriendly Little Tavern
BILGE BEER
Watch me shovel some of my quaint charm on this Bartender to make him talk without arousing any suspicion!
Bartender, bring me a glass of milk . . .
MILK?!?
We hate inquisitive strangers, Stranger! You're just lucky we haven't caught you checking up on our crooked Police Chief!
Or poking around the Mayor's office!
Or, worst of all, spotting new graves in the cemetery!
How come you nice fellers are givin' me all those swell clues
Because without our help, you'd never find the best place in town to get your head bashed in!



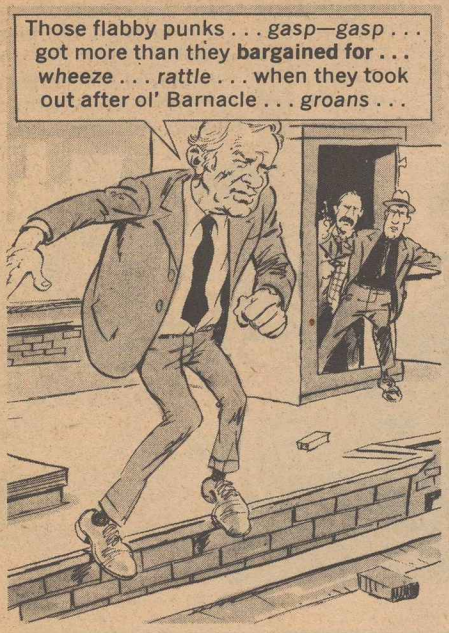


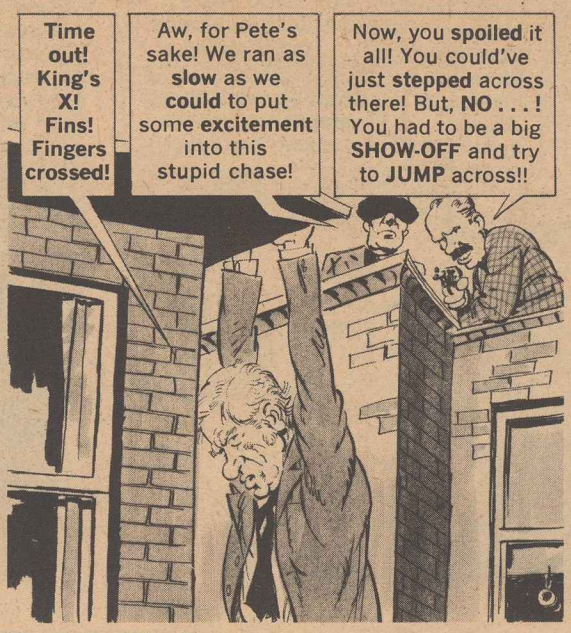


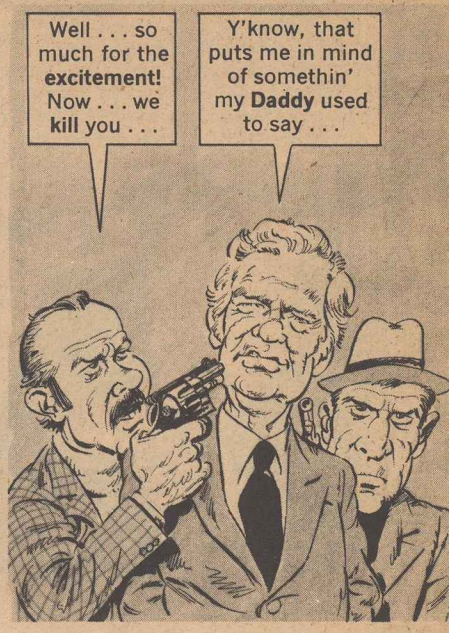


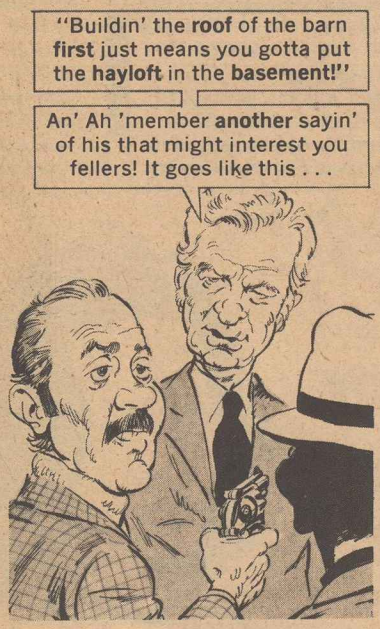


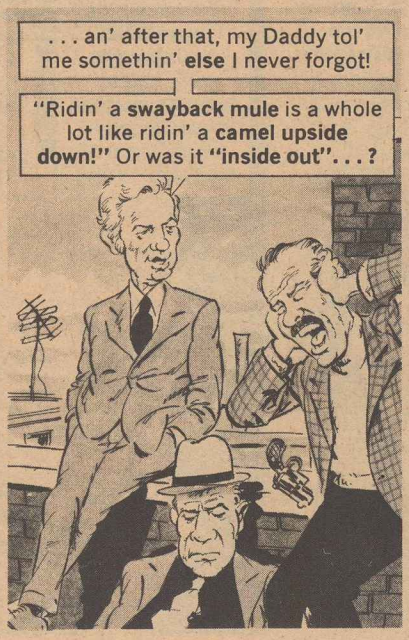
WATER BEDS CUSTOM BUILT


Those flabby punks . . . *gasp—gasp* . . . got more than they **bargained for . . .** *wheeze . . . rattle . . .* when they took out after ol' Barnacle . . . *groans . . .*

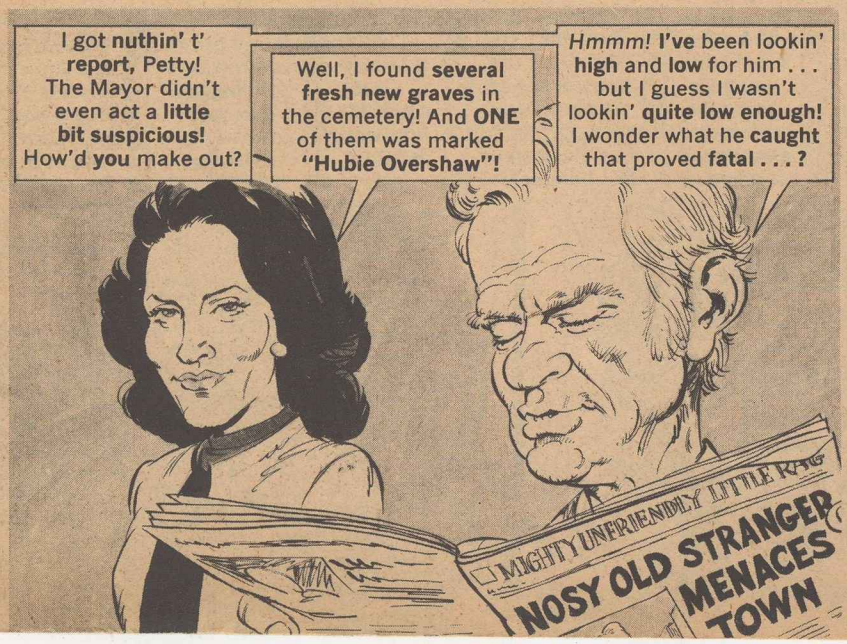

Time out! King's X! Fins! Fingers crossed!
Aw, for Pete's sake! We ran as **slow** as we **could** to put some **excitement** into this stupid chase!
Now, you **spoiled** it all! You could've just **stepped** across there! But, **NO . . . !** You had to be a big **SHOW-OFF** and try to **JUMP** across!!

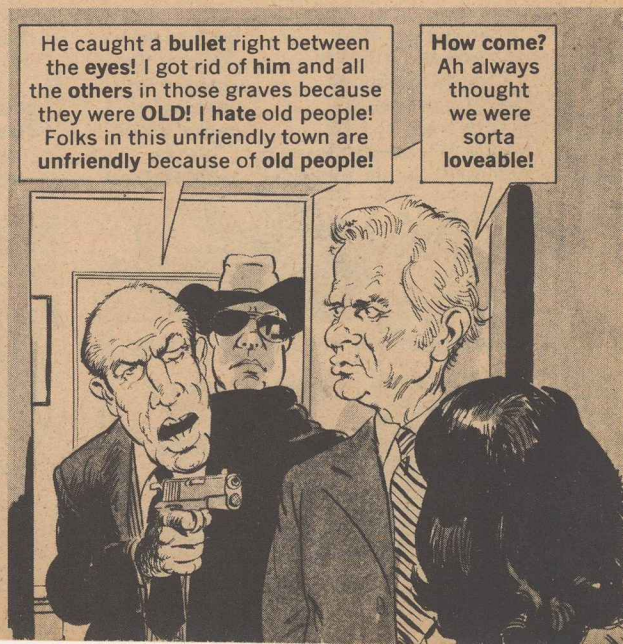

Well . . . so much for the **excitement!** Now . . . we **kill** you . . .
Y'know, that puts me in mind of somethin' my **Daddy** used to say . . .


"Buildin' the **roof** of the barn **first** just means you gotta put the **hayloft** in the **basement!"**
An' Ah 'member **another** sayin' of his that might interest you fellers! It goes like this . . .


. . . an' after that, my Daddy tol' me somethin' **else** I never forgot!
"Ridin' a **swayback mule** is a whole lot like ridin' a **camel upside down!"** Or was it **"inside out"**. . . ?

Groans must've **shot** them! He was the **only one here!** So now we can put him out of circulation on a **murder rap!**
But these men **weren't** shot, Boss! They look like they **died** of **boredom!**
Then that **clinches** the case! It **HAD** to be Groans!!


I got **nuthin'** t' **report,** Petty! The Mayor didn't even act a **little bit suspicious!** How'd **you** make out?
Well, I found **several fresh new graves** in the cemetery! And **ONE** of them was marked **"Hubie Overshaw"!**
Hmmm! **I've** been lookin' **high** and **low** for him . . . but I guess I wasn't lookin' **quite low enough!** I wonder what he **caught** that proved **fatal . . . ?**
MIGHTY UNFRIENDLY LITTLE RAG
NOSY OLD STRANGER MENACES TOWN


He caught a **bullet** right between the **eyes!** I got rid of **him** and all the **others** in those graves because they were **OLD! I hate** old people! Folks in this unfriendly town are **unfriendly** because of **old people!**
How come? Ah always thought we were sorta **loveable!**

You **wouldn't think so** if you lived in a town with a **crooked Mayor!** Here, the young people are **sore** because their **taxes** keep **rising** to **pay** for what the **old people need,** plus what **I steal!** Luckily, I devised a **great new plan** for **Government ECONOMY** . . . mainly, **kill off the old people!**

Viewin' the problem **impartially,** Ah reckon that **could** balance the budget!

And now, Groans, I've got to kill **YOU . . .** because you **found out** about it!

Oops! Ah think Ah jus' **stopped** viewin' the problem impartially!

It's **no good,** Boss! I'm **taking you in!**

Even for a **crooked COP,** 13 murders is an **unlucky number!**

Besides, we **stopped** being best friends after you built the **Dullsville Freeway** from your **house** to your **office** . . . right through my **bathroom!**

But I **HAD** to cut expenses on **that** because **OLD AGE PENSIONS** were costing so much

Hey! What's an **Old Age Pension?**

Dumbbell! That's what a **town** has to pay all its **old codgers** who **can't** collect **Social Security!**

Okay! What's this **Social See-cure-itty?**

Are **you kidding,** Groans?!?

Barnacle, it's **incredible!** You thought you had to **keep on working** because you'd never heard of **Social Security?**

Yep! Unless maybe Ah **heard** of it when I was **too young** to **get** it . . . and when I was **old enough** to get it, Ah was **too old** to **remember** Ah'd **heard** of it! **That** makes sense, **don'** it?

Oh, **sure!** Just enough to convince me that you should **retire immediately!**

After **you** tell **Miss Overshaw** about **Hubie, I'll** notify the **Social Security people** that you're ready to **quit work** and let the **U.S. Government** support you!

Sounds like a mighty fine arrangement! **Imagine . . .** gettin' **paid** jus' for bein' **OLD!**

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING
DULLSVILLE
DON'T HURRY BACK . . .
EVER

Bang! Bang! I **gotcha,** Blackie! You're **dead!**

I'll be the **crook,** and you guys chase me through the **abandoned warehouse!**

Ain't fair! You get to be the crook **every** day! It's **my** turn!

Raise your hands, Mr.!

I—I **would** if I **could** . . . but I **can't!** My **lumbago** is **killin'** me!

In my prime, I found **John Dillinger's gun moll!** What did **YOU** find, Old Timer?

Me? Ah found somethin' that beats **that** eight ways to **Sunday!** It's called **Social See-cure-itty!**

OLD DETECTIVES RETIREMENT HOME EST. 1

WHAT BIG CAR FEATURE WILL SOON BE INCLUDED IN SMALL ECONOMY CARS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

For generations, Americans have been conditioned to "Big Car" thinking. But now, the energy crisis has ended that. Yet, the "Big Car" appeal still lingers on. One feature that's sure to appear in smaller cars will also appear when you fold in the page as shown at right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THOUGHTFUL BUYERS WANT CARS THAT WILL SAVE PRECIOUS GASOLINE BUT FOR SOME TO SACRIFICE THE BIG CAR'S LUXURIES COULD BE A BIG DRAG

A▸ ◂B

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

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OLD DETECTIVES' RETIREMENT HOME

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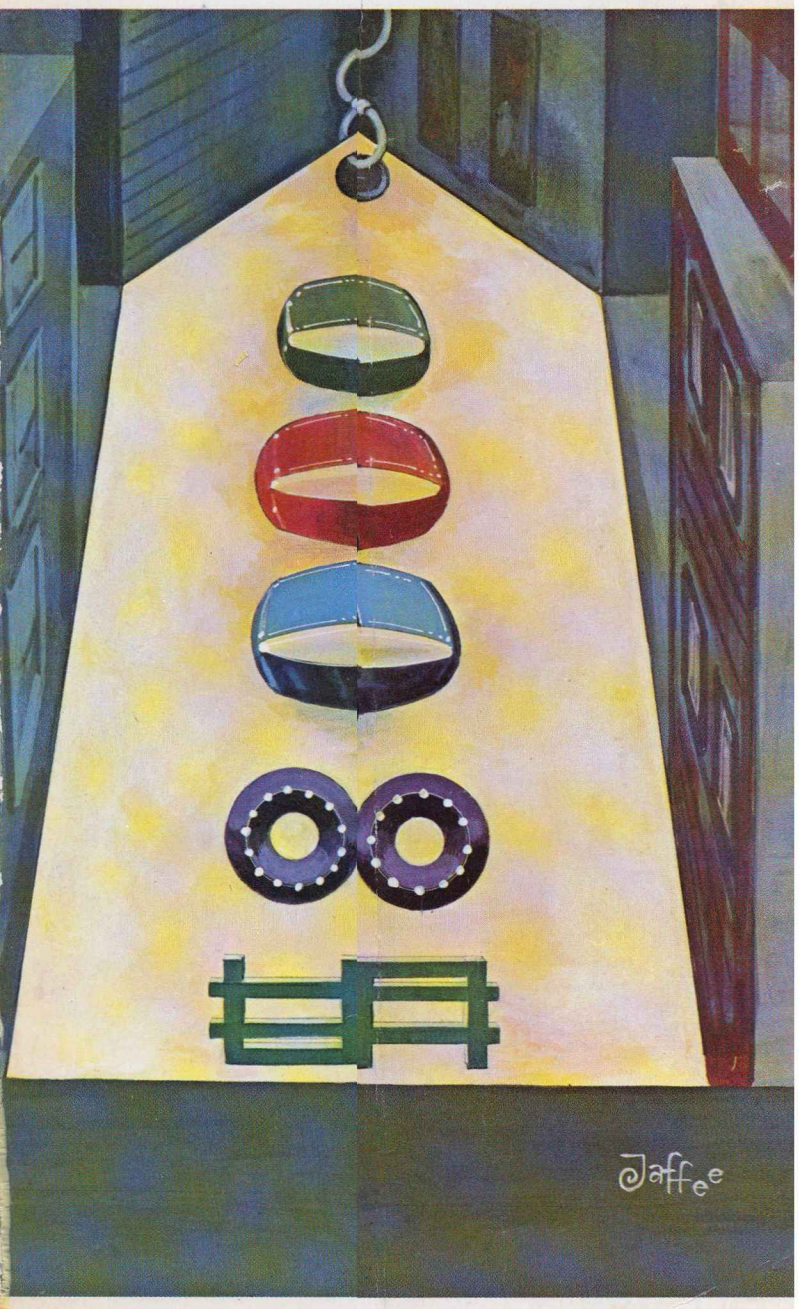

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE PRICE TAG

A▸◂B

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!

PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

THE

MAD

MYSTERY SOUND

"It's A Super-Spectacular Day"

33 1/3 RPM
STEREO

ARRANGED AND PRODUCED BY NORM BLAGMAN

SUPERVISED BY AL FELDSTEIN

LYRICS BY FRANK JACOBS MUSIC BY NORM BLAGMAN

VOCALS BY BOBBY ALTO & BUDDY MANTIA
BACKED BY KINNY LANDRUM AND TABASCO

RECORDING ENGINEERED BY JOE LOPES
MASTER ENGINEERED BY NESEW PRODUCTIONS

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